

# A ROMANCE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

The Albion, A Journal of News, Politics and Literature (1822-1876); Jan 7, 1860; 38, 1; American Periodicals

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brigands, headed by his ex-companion and showman, Guido Mazzarelli, and left for dead. On his recovery, he was only too glad to find his puppet-show once more under the charge of a certain Puffo, and with him he continued his botanical journey, giving performances to cover his expenses. In this way he at length reached Sweden, and the success he attained at Stockholm induced the Baron Olafus to summon him to his castle. This recital was hardly ended, ere the lawyer received a call to the château, where the baron was expecting him, and there he made confusion worse confounded by denying that he had any nephew.

In the mean while, Christian was preparing his puppets for the evening's entertainment, but was interrupted by the entrance of the dead old batiff Stenson, who was much surprised at finding that the castle had been invaded by strangers without his cognizance. But his surprise yielded to a feeling of horror when Christian suddenly stood before him, and he fled, uttering cries of mad alarm. The young man was much amazed that his appearance had twice produced such a sensation, but soon forgot it in his preparations. But he was in a very disagreeable dilemma: his servant Puffo had drunk so deeply with Ulf during the day, that he was quite incapable, and Christian must have an accomplice. Under these circumstances, he induced Herr Goëde to offer his valuable assistance, and they extemporised a *fleur* a new piece, depicting Christian's early life, and aided the effect by a drawing of the Castle of Stolborg, where they were then staying. While thus engaged, the lawyer found time to tell his new friend the sub-plots attaching to the character of the nobleman before whom he was about to perform.

The Baron Magnus von Waldemora, better known as the Great Jarl, had two sons, the elder, Adelstan, quick, impetuous, and ardent; the younger, Olafus, at this time known as the "Man of Snow," gentle, courteous, and studious. Adelstan had travelled through Europe, and brought home with him as wife Hilda von Blixen, of a poor but noble Danish family. At first his father was angry at the match, but at length grew reconciled, though it was whispered that Olafus had tried to fan the flames of dissension. The old man, however, died soon after, and Adelstan inherited his magnificent estates. The other brother proceeded to Stockholm, and Adelstan then fetched his wife, with her son, then a few months old, to the castle of Waldemora. Here they lived very happily for three years, until the baron was forced by business to visit the capital. On his return home he was assassinated in the forests of Dalecarlia, and it was alleged that some poachers, whom he had treated severely, thus revenged themselves. Olafus immediately came to consult his sister-in-law, but on the night after his departure the young baron was seized with convulsions, and died. The baroness, maddened by her double loss, accused the Baron Olafus of being the cause of them, and this accusation seemed so far-fetched, that she was pronounced to be mad from grief. However, she took a desperate step, summoned all the officials of the canton, and declared herself *enemic*. Olafus, thus deprived of his inheritance, did not utter a word of reproach; on the contrary, he proceeded to Stockholm, where he intended to await the auspicious event. Before long, however, he went to the court of Catherine II, and thus obtained the name of the "Man of Snow," because he had then cast his heart against all generous impulses. At this time, however, a report was spread of his death, as it was assumed, to tranquillise the Baroness Hilda, and prevent her proceeding to Stockholm *pour faire ses couches*. She fell into the snare, and just at the period of her supposed confinement, Olafus made his appearance again in the neighbourhood. In her terror, the baroness retired to the old castle. From this point the story was never thoroughly cleared up, one thing, however, appeared certain, that the baroness had feigned her *grossesse*, for on her death bed, three months later, she signed a confession that, in her hatred for her brother-in-law, she had intended to foist a supposititious child upon him. This confession was publicly made known, and the Baron Olafus succeeded to the estates without a suspicion being breathed against him.

The conversation which ensued between the two, and the remembrance of an apparition the lawyer fancied he had seen the night before, bearing a striking resemblance to the Baroness Hilda, suggested to him that he should cross examine the old batiff Stenson on certain points of the story, explanation of which only he could give. For this purpose he proceeded to the other side of the castle, and was much surprised to hear a stranger addressing menaces to Stenson that he would reveal a secret unless he came to terms with him. Stranger still, the conversation was carried on in Italian, which Stenson spoke slowly, but sufficiently well to be understood. As the visitor, however, could make no impression on the batiff, he left him with a scowl, and the lawyer entered to try his fortune. But his efforts to pierce the mystery, were there one, failed. All the old man could do was to hand him a sealed box, which he made him swear not to open before his death.

On returning to Christian, the two friends put on their masks and went off to the new château, where the performance was to take place. While awaiting the moment for commencing, Christian fell back in a chair and slumbered. Suddenly he felt the string of his mask cut: he jumped up, and saw before him his old friend and would-be assassin, Guido Mazzarelli. A violent scuffle took place between them, in which Guido in vain tried to persuade Christian to accept his good services, for he could not him. But the young man repelled him with scorn, and he left the room, vowing revenge. Shortly after, the play commenced, which was to try the conscience of the baron. Luckily or unluckily, the lawyer was so full of the thoughts the day's conversation had aroused, that, instead of calling the wicked uncle Don Sanchez, as had been agreed on, he said twice or thrice Monsieur le Baron. When the culminating point came, and the child was let down from a window in the castle of Stolborg (as presented on the stage), there was a disturbance in the hall. The "Man of Snow" was attacked by another fit, and had to be removed. We fancy we remember something like this in "Hamlet"; but never mind.

After the performance was over, Johann, the baron's major-domo, who had received his orders, and strongly suspected that the mysterious guest at the last night's ball was no other than the fantocino man, made several efforts to see his face, and Christian consented at last. In the obscurity he lifted his mask, and Johann saw a masterpiece of ugliness—a very libel on the human face divine. The major-domo's suspicions were partly removed, and he began cross-examining Christian about the lawyer's pretended nephew, but, of course, got nothing out of him. Johann then proceeded to report to the baron, who had been cross-examining Guido in his turn, to draw from him the secret he offered for sale. After a long conversation, Guido was seized unexpectedly and cast into a dungeon, and having thus secured one of his enemies, the baron and his accomplice proceeded to plot how they should entrap the others. These were the mountebank, the lawyer, who was evidently playing false, and Stenson, the batiff, who knew too much.

The remainder of the evening was to be devoted to a masquerade and sledge expedition on the ice, and Christian and Goëde determined to join it in disguise. The lawyer stated that there were plenty of dresses still preserved at the old castle, and they had only to pick and choose. Among others they found a grey silk dress, and in the pocket was a note, which the lawyer proceeded to read, in spite of Christian's remonstrances, who thought it a sacrifice. It certainly afforded grounds for thought: it had been written by the Baron Adelstan to his wife a few days prior to his assassination, and contained a distinct allusion to her approaching confinement. The lawyer carefully deposited the note among his other papers, and they then proceeded to the sledge procession.

The scene was magnificent. The snow-clad mountains were lighted up by huge fires, while the flashing of the countless torches on the gay dresses produced a dazzling effect. The lawyer entered for the sledge-race, while Christian remained behind seeking for his beloved Marguerite. He soon found her, and boldly avowed his real condition during the course of conversation, and caused her deep pain, for her young dream of love was rudely dispelled by the confession. A marriage with nephew of an eminent lawyer was not quite impossible, but with a mountebank never. Christian, consequently, gained very little by his interview, and proceeded to join Herr Goëde, who, in his turn, had been mistaken for him. After a ludicrous scene, they joined several officers, who had formed Christian's acquaintance at the ball, and to them he also confided his secret. They admired him for his boldness, and while warning him to be on his guard against the baron, promised to help him by all the means in their power. In the mean while, he was invited to join a bear hunt in the Dalecarlian forests the next morning.

As was agreed on, the shooting party proceeded the next day into the forests, and to the Louse of a peasant on the Norwegian frontier, who had tracked a bear to its lair. Twenty miles were covered in a short time by the major's rapid ponies, and they pulled up at the door of the cabin, where breakfast had been prepared for them by the hospitable peasant. Here, to his surprise, Christian found that he comprehended several words of the Dalecarlian language, though he had never heard them before. (This scene bears a suspicious resemblance to a similar one in "Guy Mannering.") But his attention was soon attracted by a peculiar form of locomotion held over him by the peasant's sister, who was generally regarded as a witch, in order to preserve him from the claws of the bear. Then he was equipped in the proper sporting garb, and they set out for the valley where the bear was enjoying its winter sleep. Did not

our limits warn us, we should have pleasure in quoting the vigorous description our author gives of the hunting scene, and how Christian saves the pea-aunt's life by killing two bears; but we must hasten to the catastrophe.

Johann, while the baron was out hunting, had applied a gentle pressure to Guido, and soon drew from him his secret. He gave up a packet of letters, written by Stenson to the Jew Mamases, about the child that had been entrusted to the Perugian professor, and which he had obtained by murdering the Jew. He also affirmed that he recognised the mountebank as the young man he had known in Italy. Armed with these proofs, the major-domo sent off to the baron, and arranged measures by which to entrap the rightful heir. But, as the baron hastened back, his sledge came into collision with that driven by Christian, and was upset. The first thing the baron gazed upon was the fact that he was terrified him on the previous evening; he suffered a relapse, and was borne to the castle in a dying state, while Christian proceeded to join his friend, the lawyer. While they were consulting together, they were surprised by a visit from Marguerite and a young officer, who had overheard Johann arranging a plot with Puffo, by which a gold drinking cup should be concealed in Christian's luggage, and afford excuse for his arrest. At the same time a band of ruffians was hurried off to arrest Stenson, and lay waste to the young man.

We need not describe all the ensuing scenes, or how virtue is at length triumphant. The peasant's sister, who had been waiting-woman to the baroness, revealed the scheme by which the child's life had been saved, and Stenson's papers supplied the gap. There was no moral doubt that Christian was heir to the barony, but his new found relations were loth to give up the prize; and in those days, the Swedish aristocracy were omnipotent. The king decided against Christian, and the young man, declining to accept Goëde's offer to make him his heir, joined the old Dalecarlian peasant, and hunted with him up to the confines of the Arctic Ocean. Growing weary of this, however, he decided on turning miner, and performed prodigies of virtue among his turbulent comrades. Here he was accidentally discovered by Marguerite and a party of friends, who were paying a visit to the mines, and learned from them that the lawyer was awaiting him at Waldemora. But even then he had a narrow escape; Johann had been suborned to kill him, and tried to hurl him out of the bucket. He was unsuccessful, and the miners soon took Jedburgh law on the assassin, by hurling him down the shaft. Of course, in the end, Christian's claim was recognised, and he married Marguerite. Wishing them all felicity, we will leave them here—*Beauties Macallan.*

## A ROMANCE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

A few months ago it was our painful duty to make some rather sharp remarks in this magazine with reference to Mad. George Sand's novel, "Elle et Lui," because we thought that she had stepped beyond the courtesy which authors should show to each other. Nor were we singular in our animadversions; the French press generally reprobated the growing evil of converting private grievance into printer's "copy," and we are glad to find that Madame Sand has accepted the warning in a proper spirit. Her latest novel, "L'Homme du Neige," is an attempt to imitate the thrilling romances of Mrs. Ratcliffe and her school; and, better still, the morality has been preserved. There is not a situation in these two volumes which might not be read by everybody, and they therefore offer an opportunity, rarely found, for studying the peculiar graces of Madame Sand's style.

The scene is laid in Sweden in the middle of the last century, and we are introduced to an old castle, which bears the reputation of being haunted, but in which a certain Christian Wallo and his servant, performer of marionettes, had been obliged to take shelter. They had been summoned to perform at the new castle belonging to Baron Olafus von Waldemora, but owing to the château as being crowded with guests, they were compelled to pass the night in the haunted castle. On arriving there, however, they knocked in vain for the bailiff to open to them; he was very deaf, and nothing would have induced his son Ulf to go out in the dark, for fear of meeting ghosts. Hence the two strangers climbed the outer wall and entered the grand hall, where they found a fire already laid, but nothing to eat. Under these circumstances, Christian ordered his servant to go back to the other castle to obtain provisions, while he remained alone. While walking about the hall he noticed a door opening in a narrow passage, and, in a spirit of adventure, proceeded on a tour of discovery.

While thus engaged, another visitor made his appearance at the castle, in the shape of Herr Goëde, an eminent solicitor, who had been summoned by the baron on urgent private affairs, and, not caring for festivities, had decided on passing the night at the old château, which he had often visited before. He, too, entered the hall with his servant, a little foot-page of ten, where he awaited the arrival of supper, while unpacking his clothes for the purpose of proceeding to the château, and paying his respects to the baron. The boy, though, was worn out with fatigue, and the good old gentleman conveyed him to the bedroom, where he put him to rest. But the boy could not bear to be left alone—he had heard so much of the ghosts—and so the lawyer kindly sat down by the fire-side, waiting for him to sleep. In the mean while he drew some law papers from his pocket, and was soon so engrossed with them that he forgot all else.

During this time Christian had returned to the hall, and was not sorry to find the lawyer's fur cloak and cap lying on a chair, for the fire had burned low. He had found on his cap the way to the pantry, and was just going to fall on to the smoked salmon and reindeer tongue, when the sound of a sledge driving into the court yard disturbed him. Before long a lovely young girl entered the hall, and addressed him as Herr Goëde. He was too fond of an adventure to undervalue her, and, therefore, listened patiently to her story. Her aunt insisted on marrying her to the Baron Olafus, and she had a repulsion from a man who, justly or unjustly, was regarded as the assassin of his brother and his family, who had all died pell-mell and mysteriously. Christian promised faithfully to do all in his power to dismisse the baron, and the young lady returned to the hall somewhat comforted. With Christian, however, it was a decided case of love at first sight; he longed to join the *fleur* creature, but how could he, a travelling mountebank, dare to venture among the haughty company, for whose amusement he had been summoned? While revolving these things, his eye fell on the lawyer's dress suit, hung across the back of a chair, and his resolve was promptly formed. He dressed himself rapidly, went to the stable, put to the lawyer's horse, and hastened to the new château on the wings of love. But, here, a new difficulty beset him; he had no card of invitation, and without that he could not enter. Mechanically thrusting his hand in his pocket, he found the card belonging to the lawyer, which he handed to the major-domo with consummate impudence, announcing himself as the nephew of Herr Goëde, educated in foreign parts, and only just returned to Sweden.

The handsome young stranger excited quite a sensation among the primitive nobility, and he very skilfully worked himself into the good graces of the party, not excepting Marguerite's aunt, the Countess Elfrida. In fact, he soon won on that lady that she made him the confidante of her schemes, and urged him to induce her niece to accept the brilliant offers made to her by the baron. We need not say how gladly he accepted the offer, and before long Marguerite and himself were on the most friendly terms. The young lady had alleged the excuse of a sprained ankle, to escape dancing with the baron; but she regretted it too late, when she noticed the charming cavalier who now offered her arm. At length, the temptation was too great, a party of young people stepped away to a gallery whence the music could be distinctly heard, and were in the full swing of enjoyment, when they were caught in the act by the baron and the aunt. The baron again invited her to dance with him, and she could only stammer that she was already engaged. The baron looked black, and pressed to know who had thwarted him, when Christian sprang forward and confronted him. The baron gazed on him, uttered hoarsely, "It is he!" and fell back in a fit. The confusion was great; Christian's new friends told him that he would have a merciless enemy in the baron, and urged him to fly at once. At first the young man derided all such hints, but, on being told of the unlimited powers Swedish seigneurs exercised in those days, and of the dungeons the castle contained, he thought it advisable to return to the old castle without heat of drum. He trusted to his *incognito* to preserve his secret, and besides, in performing, he always wore a mask. Worn out by excitement and fatigue, he dropped asleep very quietly in the great hall, where he was found the next morning by the worthy lawyer, who was much surprised at this unexpected company. But his surprise yielded to a feeling of annoyance when he noticed how coolly the stranger had appropriated his own dress suit, and he woke him up very unmercifully. The worthy lawyer's wrath was, however, soon dissipated by the handsome apologies Christian offered him, and they became such excellent friends, that the young man proceeded to tell him his life-story, as is usually the case in novels.

His earliest reminiscences were connected with Italy, where he was known by the name of Christiano del Lago. Some person, whether of high or low birth unknown, found it necessary to get rid of her child, legitimate or not, and for that purpose had let it down by means of a basket and rope into a boat. Thence, the infant was transferred to another country, equally unknown, and afterwards to Italy, where Christian's narrative assumed a tangible form. A mysterious stranger, poorly attired, brought the lad to the house of a Professor Goffredi, at Perugia, who adopted him as his own child. The only thing apparently attaching him to the outer world was a visit annually received by the family from a Jew in the town, who interested himself in the boy's welfare. When the professor died, Christian was turned out alone on the world, and proceeded to Naples, where he obtained an appointment as tutor to a nephew of a cardinal. Having had the misfortune, however, to kill a young nobleman, Christian was compelled to fly by the country, and evaded the researches of the police by joining a performer with the marionettes. But his mission was botany and geology, and thus, after arriving safely in Paris, he formed the acquaintance of all the eminent savans, and, under their auspices, proceeded on a walking tour through Europe, to collect specimens. While in Bohemia he was attacked by a band of

# A VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.

LOUISA

*Merry's Museum, Parley's Magazine, Woodworth's Cabinet, and the Schoolfellow (1858-1866); Jan 1, 1860; American Periodicals*  
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## A VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.



LITTLE boys and girls often ask, "Is this story a true one?" I am going to tell you of a real visit to the sea-side, which I wish every little reader could have shared. You must fancy a lonely little spot, away from the bustle of a railway, where there is the fine open sea and the beautiful richly-wooded country, and kind, honest, contented country people. Almost all the work is done with donkeys, with quite small boys to tend and drive them. The donkey-boys and their different masters all seem very kindly disposed to each other; and I am truly glad to tell you, we have never seen one case of cruelty of any kind to these hard-working animals—the useful donkeys. There are good schools in the town, and the children can mostly read pretty well, we think. They are

glad enough to have tracts and little books given them.

At a small village we went in search of pretty pebbles; a troop of children followed us on the beach, or climbed over the rocks, giving us bright stones and fine seaweed. Well pleased were they with some tiny books; and we hope some of the lessons thus learnt would be treasured in their young minds. We were soon good friends with these children, whose joy at the gift of some reading was beautiful to see. They told us of uncles gone to the war far, far away, and how they at home looked for letters, "in the hope that uncle would not have to go to the *real war*, but be

set to something else." These uncles had been coast-guard men, and had lived far away from "war's alarms," in this small village. Now, they were obliged to go to the war.

The children picked up no stones as we walked and talked about the mysteries of war, but listened very earnestly. I hope they will find some of the commands to "love one another," of which we spoke, in the Bible.

Tired of the shingly beach walk, I sat down on the round pebbles to gaze on the great waves dashing into white foam, and the children sat down around me.

"Shall I read you a little book while I rest?"

"Oh, yes; they would like that *very much*," and boys and girls sat listening most attentively to the history of a lit-

tle girl, who was a great comfort and help to her mother. Then we had a talk about Temperance; for I had given them a tract each for father and mother. They laughed at the picture in one of a poor drunkard leaning against a wall, with his battered old hat, looking most dismally wretched. They were reminded that the poor man was once a sober little boy; that by taking a little, he fell into this awful state, and that too much drink made men and women drunkards everywhere; and that the Bible tells us, "no drunkard shall enter heaven."

Now, dear children, I want you too to remember this.

These boys and girls would all gladly help a weaker brother up a steep hill with his basket of sea-weed from the beach, which the farmer likes to put on the land, to make it more fertile; and I tried to persuade them to do *all* they could to prevent drunkenness, by never touching a drop of beer themselves, or anything that can intoxicate or make drunken.

We had a happy time on the beach; and I should like every little child who reads this to have the double pleasure of giving away these little books, as well as of reading them. A packet of sixty-four only costs six-pence, and may gladden many little hearts too.

LOUISA.

[ORIGINAL.]

## ADDIE'S ESCORT.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

MISS ADDIE CHANDLER, the merriest, prettiest little sprite in the whole world—was, to use a somewhat inelegant term, in “a peck of trouble.” To have seen her as she fidgetted about, first into the ladies’ room (she was waiting in the depot to take the first northern train), then out upon the platform, looking and staring about this way and that, her brows knitted, and her little mouth drawn out of shape—to have seen her, I say, one would have thought the fate of empires rested upon her delicate shoulders, so troubled did she look.

“What shall I do, Mr. Morris?” she asked, running against an elderly gentleman, who answered her in a way that showed he was not ignorant of the nature of her grievances.

“I do not know, Miss Addie, I am sure. I have looked about in every direction, but I cannot find anybody to whose care I could feel warranted in entrusting you. When the train comes in I will speak to the conductor.”

“I’m so afraid you cannot find any one. If it wasn’t for my baggage, I wouldn’t care. But we have to change cars so many times, and in the night, too. O, I’m sure, Mr. Morris, by to-morrow morning I shan’t know whether I’m myself or a band-box!”

“But if I can’t find an escort, will you wait a week longer, as you first thought of doing?”

“No. I must see Longbrook to-morrow, at any rate, escort or no escort—and yet, O dear!”

Mr. Morris smiled. In all his life, he thought, he had never seen such a strange, perverse, contradictory little piece of womanhood. He came near saying as much in words, in spite of his dignity (he was a teacher in the school where Miss Addie Chandler had graduated the week before, and from which she was just then going), but at that moment a familiar face in the crowd attracted his attention, and making his excuses to Miss Addie, he left her and sprang across the platform. He did not return to the young lady until five minutes before the cars started, and then he had the pleasure of informing her that he had met with a friend, who was going quite the same way with herself, and who would be pleased to take charge of her. Addie clapped her hands for joy, in spite of the fact that the gentleman who was to accompany her was waiting at Mr. Morris’s elbow to be presented.

“O, I am so glad!” she said, again and again, without giving good Mr. Morris a chance to put

in a “word edgeways.” To be sure, Miss Addie Chandler had quite forgotten herself, that was proved beyond a doubt by her confused manner, and the way her face crimsoned when her teacher said to her a little sternly, looking her full in the face at the time :

“Miss Chandler, allow me to present to you Mr. Havens?”

Addie returned the gentleman’s salutation, and made an attempt to say something (she afterwards declared she could not tell what, Mr. Morris frightened her so with his big eyes), but all that could be heard of her pretty speech, was the name with which she concluded it, “*Mr. Hazen!*”

Mr. Morris was about to correct her, by saying it was *Mr. Havens*, not *Hazen*—when the gentleman, giving him a sly, half-roguish glance, telegraphed to him to remain silent. And without questioning his motive, though he was puzzled somewhat, the good man complied with his request. In three minutes more their adieux were spoken, and the great northern train swept out of the city. (In parentheses let me say to you, reader, that Mr. Morris looked relieved as he saw it go.)

*En route* for Longbrook. It seemed to Addie Chandler that she could never stand it in the world until she got home, her heart and head were so full. As Mr. Havens handed her to a seat in the cars, she was resolved to be very dignified and polite the whole of the journey, to make up for her apparent rudeness at the depot, and after glancing over the gentleman’s face and figure (he was a very fine-looking man, Mr. Frank Havens), as he seated himself by her side, she doubly resolved that she would out Turveydrop Turveydrop in deportment. She would be as prim and proper as could be, she would.

But O, dear little Addie Chandler, that was a long, long way to Longbrook, and you had a rattling tongue in your girlish head; how did you think you could live so long without being your own, bright, merry little self? Strange Addie!

So, for three hours Addie sat back in her seat and was dignified, to the evident disquiet of her companion. True, she amused herself in the somewhat girlish way of admiring Mr. Hazen’s (she called him so) whiskers, and speculating as to who he was and where he was going; and then she turned her head away from him, perhaps to give him a chance at studying her face (it was as sweet as a wild rose.) Whatever her object was, at any rate it resulted in this, with an attempt to start a conversation.

“You reside at Longbrook, Miss Chandler, I think Mr. Morris told me?” he said.

"Yes, sir; or, at least my connections reside there. It has been but a year since my father purchased his place there, and I have not been home in the meantime."

"Then you cannot tell whether you like it or not?"

"Yes, I can tell—I do not like it!"

"Strange!" said Mr. Havens, smiling. "Pray why not?"

Addie smiled. Something in her smile betokened that she was not quite sure it was right for her to tell a stranger why she disliked Longbrook. He noticed her hesitancy, and went on in the easiest way in the world with the remark:

"There are some very pleasant people in Longbrook, I believe. I have a friend who resides there."

Addie shrugged her shoulders.

"O, I don't doubt that there are some pleasant people there; it would be strange if there were not; and yet, if I can trust my senses, there are some very *un*-pleasant ones, too!"

"And yet you have never been there?" queried the gentleman, looking into her bright, piquant face with an interested smile.

"No, but I know enough about Longbrook to know that it holds one (at least) old curmudgeon, and I don't know how many more."

"Indeed!" he said, laughing heartily.

He was very much amused. How he wished she would tell him about it! It was lucky for Mr. Havens that his wish looked out from his eyes. Had he ventured to speak it, little Miss Addie Chandler would have betaken herself to her dignity again. But he was a quick reader of human hearts and faces, and so he allowed her to take her own course without word or suggestion.

And dear me, how the child rattled on! For her life's sake, she could not help talking to Mr. Havens as though she had known him for years.

She told him about her school, about her music and drawing, her French, and lastly about her school compositions—how she disliked to write them when she was obliged to, and then, when they were not wanted, how fast her words would come. It seemed as if she never could stop writing!

"Do you ever write verses?"

The long lashes drooped low upon the crimsoning cheek, and the small white teeth were dented into the cherry lip.

"I try to sometimes, but the gentleman (the old fogey, I mean) at Longbrook assured sister Fannie that I didn't make out much."

There rested the whole truth in a nutshell—Miss Addie's dislike for her father's new place!

As it flashed across Mr. Havens's mind, an interested observer would have said perhaps, that a corresponding expression was visible upon his face. But he said, looking down upon her flushed features:

"Pray tell me, Miss Chandler, whom this offender may be?"

How strange it was that the young girl was so destitute of caution! But she answered as readily as need be:

"A Mr.—Mr.—(his name sounds something like yours) Mr. Havens, I believe—and you are Mr. Hazen!"

The gentleman bowed. A very suspicious color was creeping up from his cheeks to his forehead.

"Well, to tell the truth, Mr. Hazen, this crusty old bachelor—so Fan said he was—abused me most shockingly. If I could only have sent him a challenge through an enterprising second, why he would have been whizzing around here without his head some months ago. But as it is, he is a marked man, as they say in stories—perhaps I'll shoot him yet!"

"Very possible," replied Mr. Havens, smiling.

"But the best of all is," Addie went on, "that I sent him a Valentine last February, and made it as provoking as I could. I'd really like to know what he thought of the verses in that!"

Foolish, foolish Addie Chandler, why didn't you look into your companion's face just then? What an expression of countenance he had on! Did you think because he turned away and hid his face in his handkerchief and coughed and hemmed that he was afflicted with a bronchial difficulty, did you, Addie? Did you think he was trying to answer you, and was distressed because he could not find his voice? Pshaw, Addie!

"I believe I never wrote a letter home, or at least, I have not since he abused my poetry, without giving the gentlemanly critic a little stab with my pen. Ah, Mr. Hazen, I'll have him yet!" she continued, in high glee.

"In all good truth, I hope that you may!" the gentleman answered, seriously.

"How he sympathizes with me!" thought Addie, "and what a dear, kind person he is!"

"But truly, though," she went on to say, "I am intending to thank him for his kindness, if I can without father or mother knowing anything about it. I shall call on Mr. Havens in a quiet, unostentatious manner, and tell him how many mortifications his sweeping denunciation of my little poem has saved me; that but for that, I should have issued this very summer, a ten-volumed romance, a folio volume of my poems,

besides three or four pamphlets of sermons and prose-essays. Why, he'll believe every word that I tell him!"

Addie—Addie Chandler, why *didn't* you look into your companion's face? You would have thought he was in a high fever, or that he was ill of the measles, and they had just "come out," to use a phrase familiar to nurses. But you lost all that.

In this lively way the night came on, and in the meantime Addie grew tired and sleepy. She thought she should never be able to get along until morning, she was so terribly tired and sleepy. Try as best she would to keep awake, her head nodded off in this direction and that, and then back again. Mr. Havens offered her his shoulder for a pillow, but no, she thanked him, she could keep awake. It was a pitiable kind of waking for the poor child—from his heart Mr. Havens pitied her. But at last with a faint "I can't help it," she dropped her head upon his shoulder, and in a moment was off to the land of dreams.

"What a pretty, sweet face she had!" thought Mr. Havens as he watched her sleeping. Her complexion was as fair and fresh as a babe's, and her soft, wavy hair drooping low over her white temples, was like a cloud of gold!"

Kind, thoughtful Mr. Havens! How the ears jostled and jolted the beautiful sleeper just then! It would tire his arm considerably, to be sure, to put it around her, but there was no other way, and Frank Havens was not the man to think of himself when a friend was to be served!—I repeat it—kind Mr. Havens!

The morning sun shone into the ear windows before Addie awakened. When she came fully to her senses, she gave a start of surprise at her situation, which, together with the blush which accompanied it, seemed highly amusing to Mr. Havens. But of course he was too wise to venture the first remark upon the occasion, so that in good time the young lady quite recovered from her shock, and was as laughing and gay as ever.

"I suppose your first thought will be for your critic, after you have rested from your journey, Miss Chandler," remarked Mr. Havens, as they stood together at the depot at Longbrook.

"I don't know," she answered, laughing; "what is best?"

The question was a *naïve* one. It was asked in such a pretty, childlike way, and with such a womanly deference of manner withal, that he was completely charmed.

"In two years more what a sweet woman she will be!" he said, to himself. But to Addie, he

made answer in a soft tone, as he looked into her face: "Do just as you please about it, dear!"

The "dear" was involuntary on his part, and so was the quick glance and crimsoned cheeks on hers. An embarrassing silence might have followed, but at that moment Mr. Chandler's carriage drove up, and glancing out of the window, Addie saw her sister Fannie alighting from it. Her first thought was (after she had kissed her sister until she was nearly breathless, and been kissed in return till her lips felt as though they were blistered), for Mr. Hazen, whom, for his kindness to her, she wished in some way to repay.

"A gentleman took charge of me from C—; he was so kind and gentlemanly, that I am greatly his debtor. Come this way and let me present you. His name is Hazen!"

"My sister, Miss Chandler, Mr. Hazen," commenced Addie, with a blush.

"I am happy indeed, to make your acquaintance, Mr. Havens," bursting into a fit of merriment that was more hearty than elegant. "Dear me," Addie!

What did it mean? Poor Addie looked first from her sister to her escort, but she could make but little from their laughter. At last, a bright thought struck her. What a dull thing she had been!

"Are you Mr. Havens,—my critic?" she asked, going up to the supposed Mr. Hazen.

"Mr. Havens, most certainly, Miss Addie; and your critic if you'll but keep to the resolve you made yesterday in the ears," he added in a lower tone.

"To a part of it I will, most emphatically," she answered. "I shall not allow you to escape."

"I shall not make the attempt," he replied, in an insinuating tone, which greatly added to Miss Addie's confusion.

But what is the use for me to say more, unless it be that Mr. Frank Havens, the "carmudgeon" and "critic" commenced his wooing in good earnest? It was a very short one, considering what a staid, dignified bachelor he had always been. But fact is stranger than fiction they say, and in just three months from the time that he journeyed with Miss Addie as Mr. Hazen, he started off on a tour with her as *Mrs. Havens!* So Addie kept her promise of the ears, that "she would have him yet!"

# AFTER THE STORM.: CHAP. I. CHAPTER II.

Arthur, T S

*Lady's Home Magazine (1857-1860); Jan 1860; 15, American Periodicals*  
pg. 33

## A F T E R T H E S T O R M.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

### CHAP. I.

No June day ever opened with a fairer promise. Not a single cloud flecked the sky, and the sun coursed onwards through the azure sea until past meridian, without throwing to the earth a single shadow. Then, low in the west, appeared something obscure and hazy, blending the hill tops with the horizon; an hour later, and three or four small fleecy islands were seen, clearly outlined in the airy ocean, and slowly ascending—avant couriers of a coming storm. Following these were mountain peaks, snow-capped and craggy, with desolate valleys between. Then, over all this arctic panorama, fell a sudden shadow. The white tops of the cloudy hills lost their clear, gleaming outlines, and their slumberous stillness. The atmosphere was in motion, and a white scud began to drive across the heavy, dark masses of clouds that lay far back against the sky in mountain-like repose.

How grandly now began the onward march of the tempest, which had already invaded the sun's domain, and shrouded his face in the smoke of approaching battle. Dark and heavy it lay along more than half the visible horizon; while its crown invaded the zenith.

As yet, all was silence and portentous gloom. Nature seemed to pause and hold her breath in dread anticipation. Then came a muffled, jarring sound, as of far distant artillery, which died away into an oppressive stillness. Suddenly from zenith to horizon the cloud was cut by a fiery stroke, an instant visible. Following this, a heavy thunder peal shook the solid earth and rattled in booming echoes along the hill sides and amid the cloudy caverns above.

At last the storm came down on the wind's strong pinions, swooping fiercely to the earth, like an eagle to its prey. For one wild hour it raged, as if the Angel of Destruction were abroad.

At the window of a house, standing picturesquely among the Hudson highlands, and looking down upon the river, stood a maiden and her lover, gazing upon this wild war among the elements. Fear had pressed her closely to his side, and he had drawn an arm around her in assurance of safety.

Suddenly the maiden clasped her hands over her face, cried out and shuddered. The lightning had shivered a tree upon which her gaze was fixed, rending it as she could have rent a willow wand.

"God is in the storm," said the lover, bending to her ear. He spoke reverently, and in a voice that had in it no tremor of fear.

The maiden withdrew her hands from before her shut eyes, and looking up into his face, answered, in a voice which she strove to make steady:

"Thank you, Hartley, for the words. Yes, God is present in the storm, as well as in the sunshine."

"Look!" exclaimed the young man, suddenly, pointing to the river. A boat had just come in sight. It contained a man and a woman. The former was striving with a pair of oars to keep the boat right in the eye of the wind; but while the maiden and her lover still gazed at them, a wild gust swept down upon the water and drove their frail bark under. There was no hope in their case; the floods had swallowed them, and would not give up their living prey.

A moment afterwards and an elm, whose great arms had, for nearly a century, spread themselves out in the sunshine tranquilly, or battled with the storms, fell crashing against the house, shaking it to the very foundations.

The maiden drew back from the window, overcome with terror. These shocks were too much for her nerves. But her lover restrained her, saying, with a covert chiding in his voice:

"Stay, Irene! There is a wild delight in all this, and are you not brave enough to share it with me?"

But she struggled to release herself from his arm, replying, with a shade of impatience—

"Let me go, Hartley! Let me go!"

The flexed arm was instantly relaxed, and the maiden was free. She went back, hastily, from the window, and sitting down on a sofa, buried her face in her hands. The young man did not follow her, but remained standing by the window, gazing out upon nature in her strong convulsion. It may, however, be doubted whether his mind took note of the wild images that were pictured in his eyes. A cloud was in the horizon of his mind, dimming its heavenly azure. And the maiden's sky was shadowed also.

For two or three minutes the young man stood by the window, looking out at the writhing trees, and the rain pouring down an avalanche of water, and then, with a movement that indicated a struggle and a conquest, turned and walked towards the sofa on which the maiden still sat, with her face hidden from view. Sitting down beside her, he took her hand. It lay passive in his. He pressed it

gently; but she gave back no returning pressure. There came a sharp, quick gleam of lightning, followed by a crash that jarred the house. But Irene did not start—we may question whether she even saw the one, or heard the other, except as something remote.

"Irene!"

She did not stir.

The young man leaned closer, and said, in a tender voice—

"Irene—darling—"

Her hand moved in his—just moved—but did not return the pressure of his own.

"Irene." And now his arm stole around her. She yielded, and turning, laid her head upon his shoulder.

There had been a little storm in the maiden's heart, consequent upon the slight restraint ventured on by her lover when she drew back from the window; and it was only now subsiding.

"I did not mean to offend you," said the young man, penitently.

"Who said that I was offended?" She looked up, with a smile that only half obliterated the shadow. "I was frightened, Hartley. It is a fearful storm!" And she glanced towards the window.

The lover accepted this affirmation, though he knew better in his heart. He knew that his slight attempt at constraint had chafed her naturally impatient spirit, and that it had taken her some time to regain her lost self-control.

Without, the wild rush of winds was subsiding, the lightning gleamed out less frequently, and the thunder rolled at a farther distance. Then came that deep stillness of nature which follows in the wake of the tempest, and in its hush the lovers stood again at the window, looking out upon the wrecks that were strewn in its path. They were silent, for on both hearts was a shadow, which had not rested there when they first stood by the window, although the sky was then more deeply veiled. So slight was the cause on which these shadows depended, that memory scarcely retained its impression. He was tender, and she was yielding; and each tried to atone by loving acts for a moment of willfulness.

The sun went down while yet the skirts of the storm were spread over the western sky, and without a single glance at the ruins which lightning, wind, and rain had scattered over the earth's fair surface. But he arose gloriously in the coming morning, and went upward in his strength, consuming the vapors at a breath, and drinking up every bright dew drop

that welcomed him with a quiver of joy. The branches shook themselves in the gentle breezes his presence had called forth to daily amid their foliage and sport with the flowers; and every green thing put on a fresher beauty in delight at his return; while from the bosom of the trees—from hedge row and from meadow—went up the melody of birds.

In the brightness of this morning, the lovers went out to look at the storm-wrecks, that lay scattered around. Here a tree had been twisted off where the tough wood measured by feet instead of inches; there stood the white and shivered trunk of another sylvan lord, blasted in an instant by a lightning stroke: and there lay, prone upon the ground, giant limbs, which, but the day before, spread themselves abroad in proud defiance of the storm. Vines were torn from their fastenings; flower beds destroyed; choice shrubbery, tended with care for years, shorn of its beauty. Even the solid earth had been invaded by floods of water, which plowed deep furrows along its surface. And saddest of all, two human lives had gone out while the mad tempest raged in uncontrollable fury.

As the lover and maiden stood looking at the signs of violence so thickly scattered around, the former said, in a cheerful tone—

"For all his wild, desolating power, the tempest is vassal to the sun and dew. He may spread his sad trophies around, in brief, blind rage; but they soon obliterate all traces of his path, and make beautiful what he has scarred with wounds or disfigured by the tramp of his iron heel."

"Not so, my children," said the calm voice of the maiden's father, to whose ears the remark had come. "Not so, my children. The sun and dew never fully restore what the storm has broken and trampled upon. They may hide disfiguring marks, and cover with new forms of life and beauty the ruins which time can never restore. This is something, and we may take the blessing thankfully, and try to forget what is lost, or so changed as to be no longer desirable. Look at this fallen and shattered elm, my children. Is there any hope for that in the dew, the rain and sunshine? Can these build it up again, and spread out its arms as of old, bringing back to me, as it has done daily, the image of my early years? No, my children. After every storm are ruins which can never be repaired. Is it not so with that lightning-stricken oak? And what art can restore to its exquisite loveliness this statue of Hope, thrown down by the ruthless

hand of the unsparing tempest? Moreover, is there human vitality in the sunshine and fructifying dew? Can they put life into the dead?

"No—no—my children. And take the lesson to heart. Outward tempests but typify and represent the fiercer tempests that too often desolate the human soul. In either case something is lost that can never be restored. Beware, then, of storms, for wreck and ruin follow as surely as the passions rage."

## CHAPTER II.

Irene Delancy was a girl of quick, strong feelings, and an undisciplined will. Her mother died before she reached her tenth year. From that time, she was either at home under the care of domestics, or within the scarcely more favorable surroundings of a boarding school. She grew up beautiful and accomplished, but capricious and with a natural impatience of control, that unwise reactions on the part of those who attempted to govern her, in no degree tempered.

Hartley Emerson, as a boy, was self-willed and passionate; but possessed many fine qualities. A weak mother yielded to his resolute struggles to have his own way, and so he acquired, at an early age, control over his own movements. He went to college, studied hard, because he was ambitious, and graduated with honor. Law he chose as a profession; and in order to secure the highest advantages, entered the office of a distinguished attorney in the city of New York, and gave to its study the best efforts of a clear, acute and logical mind. Self-reliant, proud, and in the habit of reaching his ends by the nearest ways, he took his place at the bar with a promise of success rarely exceeded. From his widowed mother, who died before he reached his majority, Hartley Emerson inherited a moderate fortune, with which to begin the world. Few young men started forward on their life-journey with so small a number of vices, or with so spotless a moral character. The fine intellectual cast of his mind, and his devotion to study, lifted him above the baser allurements of sense, and kept his garments pure.

Such were Irene Delancy and Hartley Emerson—lovers and betrothed at the time we present them to our readers. They met, two years before, at Saratoga, and drew together by a mutual attraction. She was the first to whom his heart had bowed in homage; and until she looked upon him, her pulse had never beat quicker at sight of a manly form.

Mr. Edmund Delancy, a gentleman of some

wealth and advanced in years, saw no reason to interpose objections. The family of Emerson occupied a social position equal with his own; and the young man's character and habits were blameless. So far, the course of love ran smooth; and only three months intervened until the wedding day.

The closer relation into which the minds of the lovers came, after their betrothal and the removal of a degree of deference and self-constraint, gave opportunity for the real character of each to show itself. Irene could not always repress her willfulness and impatience of another's control; nor her lover hold a firm hand on quick-springing anger when anything checked his purpose. Pride, and adhesiveness of character, under such conditions of mind, were dangerous foes to peace—and both were proud and tenacious.

The little break in the harmonious flow of their lives, noticed as occurring while the tempest raged, was one of many such incidents; and it was in consequence of Mr. Delancy's observation of these unpromising features in their intercourse, that he spoke with so much earnestness about the irreparable ruin that followed in the wake of storms.

At least once a week Emerson left the city, and his books and cases, to spend a day with Irene in her tasteful home; and sometimes he lingered there for two or three days at a time. It happened, almost invariably, that some harsh notes jarred in the music of their lives during these pleasant seasons, and left on both their hearts a feeling of oppression; or worse, a brooding sense of injustice. Then there grew up between them an affected opposition and indifference—and a kind of half sportive, half-earnest wrangling about trifles, which too often grew serious.

Mr. Delancy saw this with a feeling of regret, and often interposed to restore some broken links in the chain of harmony.

"You must be more conciliating, Irene," he would often say to his daughter. "Hartley is earnest and impulsive, and you should yield to him gracefully, even when you do not always see and feel as he does. This constant opposition, and standing on your dignity about trifles, is fretting both of you, and bodes evil in the future."

"Would you have me assent if he said black was white?" she answered to her father's remonstrance, one day, balancing her little head firmly and setting her lips together in a resolute way.

"It might be wiser to say nothing than to

utter dissent, if, in so doing, both were made unhappy," returned her father.

"And so let him think me a passive fool."

"No; a prudent girl, shaming his unreasonableness by her self-control."

"I have read somewhere," said Irene, "that all men are self-willed tyrants—the words do not apply to you, my father, and so there is an exception to the rule." She smiled a tender smile as she looked into the face of a parent who had ever been too indulgent. "But, from my experience with a lover, I can well believe the sentiment based in truth. Hartley must have me think just as he thinks, and do what he wants me to do, or he gets ruffled. Now, I don't expect, when I am married, to sink into a mere nobody—to be my husband's echo and shadow; and the quicker I can make Hartley comprehend this, the better will it be for both of us. A few rufflings of his feathers now, will teach him how to keep them smooth and glossy in the time to come."

"You are in error, my child," replied Mr. Delancy, speaking very seriously. "Between those who love a cloud should never interpose; and I pray you, Irene, as you value your peace, and that of the man who is about to become your husband, to be wise in the very beginning, and dissolve with a smile of affection every vapor that threatens a coming storm. Keep the sky always bright."

"I will do everything that I can, father, to keep the sky of our lives always bright, except give up my own freedom of thought and independence of action. A wife should not sink her individuality in that of her husband, any more than a husband should sink his individuality in that of his wife. They are two equals, and should be content to remain equals. There is no love in subordination."

Mr. Delancy sighed deeply. "Is argument of any avail here? Can words stir conviction in her mind?" He was silent for a time, and then said—

"Better, Irene, that you stop where you are, and go through life alone, than venture upon marriage, in your state of feeling, with a man like Hartley Emerson."

"Dear father! you are altogether too serious!" exclaimed the warm-hearted girl, putting her arms around his neck and kissing him. "Hartley and I love each other too well to be made very unhappy by any little jar that takes place in the first reciprocal movement of our lives. We shall soon come to understand each other, and then the harmonies will be restored."

"The harmonies should never be lost, my child," returned Mr. Delancy. "In that lies the danger. When the enemy gets into the citadel, who can say that he will ever be dislodged? There is no safety but in keeping him out."

"Still too serious, father," said Irene. "There is no danger to be feared from any formidable enemy. All these are very little things."

"It is the little foxes that spoil the tender grapes, my daughter," Mr. Delancy replied—and if the tender grapes are spoiled, what hope is there in the time of vintage? Alas for us, if, in the later years, the wine of life shall fail!"

There was so sad a tone in her father's voice, and so sad an expression on his face, that Irene was touched with a new feeling towards him. She again put her arms around his neck, and kissed him tenderly.

"Do not fear for us," she replied. "These are only little summer showers, that make the earth greener and the flowers more beautiful. The sky is of a more heavenly azure when they pass away, and the sun shines more gloriously than before."

But the father could not be satisfied, and answered—

"Beware of even summer showers, my darling. I have known fearful ravages to follow in their path—seen many a goodly tree go down. After every storm, though the sky may be clearer, the earth upon which it fell has suffered some loss, which is a loss forever. Begin, then, by conciliation and forbearance. Look past the external, which may seem at times too exacting or imperative, and see only the true heart pulsing beneath—the true, brave heart, that would give to every muscle the strength of steel for your protection, if danger threatened. Can you not be satisfied with knowing that you are loved—deeply, truly, tenderly? What more can a woman ask? Can you not wait until this love puts on its rightly adjusted exterior, as it assuredly will. It is yet mingled with self-love, and its action modified by impulse and habit. Wait—wait—wait, my daughter. Bear and forbear for a time, as you value peace on earth and happiness in heaven."

"I will try, father, for your sake, to guard myself," she answered.

"No—no, Irene. Not for my sake, but for the sake of right," returned Mr. Delancy.

They were sitting in the vine-covered portico, that looked down over a sloping lawn towards the river.

"There is Hartley now!" exclaimed Irene, as the form of her lover came suddenly into view, moving forward along the road that approached from the landing, and she sprung forward, and went rapidly down to meet him. There was an ardent kiss, a twining of arms, warmly spoken words and earnest gestures. Mr. Delancy looked at them as they stood fondly together, and sighed. He could not help it, for he knew there was trouble before them. After standing and talking for a short time, they began moving towards the house, but paused at every few paces—sometimes to admire a picturesque view—sometimes to listen, one to the other, and respond to pleasant sentiments—and sometimes in fond dispute. This was Mr. Delancy's reading of their actions and gestures, as he sat looking at and observing them closely.

A little way from the path, by which they were advancing towards the house, was a rustic arbor, so placed as to command a fine sweep of river from one line of view, and West Point from another. Irene paused, and made a motion of her hand towards this arbor, as if she wished to go there; but Hartley looked to the house, and plainly signified a wish to go there first. At this, Irene pulled him gently towards the arbor; he resisted, and she drew upon his arm more resolutely, when, planting his feet firmly, he stood like a rock. Still she urged, and still he declined going in that direction. It was play at first, but Mr. Delancy saw that it was growing to be earnest. A few moments longer, and he saw Irene separate from Hartley, and move towards the arbor; at the same time, the young man came forward in the direction of the house. Mr. Delancy, as he stepped from the portico to meet him, noticed that his color was heightened, and his eyes unusually bright.

"What's the matter with that self-willed girl of mine?" he asked, as he took the hand of Emerson, affecting a lightness of tone that did not correspond with his real feelings.

"Oh, nothing serious," the young man replied. "She's only in a little pet, because I wouldn't go with her to the arbor, before I paid my respects to you."

"She's a spoiled little puss," said the father, in a fond, yet serious way; "and you'll have to humor her a little at first, Hartley. She never had the wise discipline of a mother, and so has grown up unused to that salutary control which is so necessary for young persons. But, she has a warm, true heart, and pure principles—and these are the foundation stones on which to build the temple of happiness."

"Don't fear but that it will be all right between us. I love her too well, to let any fitting humors affect me."

He stepped upon the portico as he spoke, and sat down. Irene had before this reached the arbor, and taken a seat there. Mr. Delancy could do no less than resume the chair from which he had arisen, on the young man's approach. In looking into Hartley's face, he noticed a resolute expression about his mouth. For nearly ten minutes they sat and talked, Irene remaining alone in the arbor. Mr. Delancy then said, in a pleasant way,

"Come, Hartley, you have punished her long enough. I don't like to see you even play at disagreement."

He did not seem to notice the remark, but started a subject of conversation, that it was almost impossible to dismiss for the next ten minutes. Then he stepped down from the portico, and was moving leisurely towards the arbor, when he perceived that Irene had already left it, and was returning by another path. So he came back, and seated himself again, to await her approach. But, instead of joining him, she passed round the house, and entered on the opposite side. For several minutes he sat, expecting every instant to see her come out on the portico; but she did not make her appearance.

It was early in the afternoon. Hartley affecting not to notice the absence of Irene, kept up an animated conversation with Mr. Delancy. A whole hour went by, and still the young lady was absent. Suddenly starting up, at the end of this time, Hartley exclaimed—

"As I live! there comes the boat; and I must be in New York to-night."

"Stay," said Mr. Delancy, "until I call Irene."

"I can't linger for a moment, sir. It will take quick walking to reach the landing by the time the boat is there." The young man spoke hurriedly—shook hands with Mr. Delancy—and then sprung away, moving at a rapid pace.

"What's the matter, father? Where is Hartley going?" exclaimed Irene, coming out into the portico, and grasping her father's arm. Her face was pale, and her lips trembled.

"He is going to New York," replied Mr. Delancy.

"To New York!" She looked almost frightened.

"Yes. The boat is coming, and he says that he must be in the city to-night."

Irene sat down, looking pale and troubled...

"Why have you remained away from Hart-

ley ever since his arrival?" asked Mr. Delancy, fixing his eyes upon Irene, and evincing some displeasure.

Irene did not answer, but her father saw the color coming back to her face.

"I think, from his manner, that he was hurt by your singular treatment. What possessed you to do so?"

"Because I was not pleased with him," said Irene. Her voice was now steady.

"Why not?"

"I wished him to go to the arbor."

"He was your guest, and, in simple courtesy, if there was no other motive, you should have let his wishes govern your movements," Mr. Delancy replied.

"He is always opposing me!" said Irene, giving way to a flood of tears, and weeping for a time bitterly.

"It is not at all unlikely, my daughter," replied Mr. Delancy, after the tears began to flow less freely, "that Hartley is now saying the same thing of you, and treasuring up bitter things in his heart. I have no idea that any business calls him to New York to-night."

"Nor I. He takes this means to punish me," said Irene.

"Don't take that for granted. Your conduct has blinded him; and he is acting now from blind impulse. Before he is half way to New York, he will regret this hasty step as sincerely as I trust you are already regretting its occasion."

Irene did not reply.

"I did not think!" he resumed, "that my late earnest remonstrance would have so soon received an illustration like this. But, it may be as well. Trifles, light as air, have, many times, proved the beginning of life-long separations between friends and lovers, who possessed all the substantial qualities for a life-long and happy companionship. Oh, my daughter, beware! beware of these little beginnings of discord. How easy would it have been for you to have yielded to Hartley's wishes—how hard will it be to endure the pain that must now be suffered! And remember, that you do not suffer alone; your conduct has made him an equal sufferer. He came up all the way from the city full of sweet anticipations. It was for your sake that he came; and love pictured you as embodying all attractions. But, how has he found you? Ah, my daughter, your caprice has wounded the heart that turned to you for love. He came in joy, but goes back in sorrow."

Irene went up to her chamber, feeling sadder than she had ever felt in her life; yet, mingling

with her sadness and self-reproaches, were complaining thoughts of her lover. For a little, half playful, pettishness, was she to be visited with a punishment like this? If he had really loved her—so she queried—would he have flung himself away, after this hasty fashion? Pride came to her aid in the conflict of feeling, and gave her self-control and endurance. At tea-time she met her father, and surprised him with her calm, almost cheerful aspect. But his glance was too keen, not to penetrate the disguise. After tea, she sat reading—or at least affecting to read—in the portico, until the evening shadows came down, and then she retired to her chamber.

Not many hours of sleep brought forgetfulness of suffering through the night that followed. Sometimes the unhappy girl heaped mountains of reproaches upon her own head; and sometimes, pride and indignation gaining rule in her heart, would whisper self-justification, and throw the weight of responsibility upon her lover.

Her pale face and troubled eyes revealed too plainly, on the next morning, the conflict through which she had passed.

"Write him a letter of apology, or explanation," said Mr. Delancy.

But, Irene was not in a state of mind for this. Pride came whispering too many humiliating objections in her ear. Morning passed, and in the early hours of the afternoon, when the New York boat usually came up the river, she was out on the portico watching for its appearance. Hope whispered, that, repenting of his hasty return on the day before, her lover was now hurrying back to meet her. At last, the white hull of the boat came gliding into view, and in less than half an hour it was at the landing. Then it moved on its course again. Almost to a second of time had Irene learned to calculate the minutes it required for Hartley to make the distance between the landing and the nearest point in the road, where his form could meet her view. She held her breath, in eager expectation, as that moment of time approached. It came—it passed—the white spot in the road, where his dark form first revealed itself, was touched by no obscuring shadow. For more than ten minutes Irene sat motionless, gazing still towards that point. Then, sighing deeply, she arose and went up to her room, from which she did not come down until summoned to join her father at tea.

The next day passed as this had done, and so did the next. Hartley neither came, nor sent a message of any kind. The maiden's heart

began to fail. Grief and fear took the place of accusation and self-reproach. What if he had left her forever! The thought made her heart shiver, as if an icy wind had passed over it. Two or three times she took up her pen to write him a few words, and entreat him to come back to her again. But, she could form no sentences against which pride did not come with strong objection; and so she suffered on, and made no sign.

A whole week at last intervened. Then the enduring heart began to grow stronger to bear, and, in self-protection, to put on sterner moods. Hers was not a spirit to yield weakly in any struggle. She was formed for endurance; pride and self-reliance giving her strength above common natures. But, this did not really lessen her suffering, for she was not only capable of deep affection, but really loved Hartley almost as her own life; and the thought of losing him, whenever it grew distinct, filled her with terrible anguish.

With pain her father saw the color leave her cheeks, her eyes grow fixed and dreamy, and her lips shrink from their full outline.

"Write to Hartley," he said to her one day, after a week had passed.

"Never!" was her quick, firm, almost sharply uttered response, "I would die first!"

"But, my daughter—"

"Father!" she interrupted him, two bright spots suddenly burning on her cheeks, "Don't, I pray you, urge me on this point. I have courage enough to break; but I will not bend. I gave him no offence. What right has he to assume that I was not engaged in domestic duties, while he sat talking with you? He said that he had an engagement in New York. Very well; there was a sufficient reason for his sudden departure; and I accept the reason. But, why does he remain away? If, simply because I preferred a seat in the arbor, to one in the portico—why, the whole thing is so unmanly, that I can have no patience with it. Write to him, and humor a whim like this! No—no—Irene Delancy is not made of the right stuff. He went from me, and he must return again. I cannot go to him. Maiden modesty and pride forbid. And so I shall remain silent and passive, if my heart breaks."

It was in the afternoon, and they were sitting in the portico, where, at this hour, Irene might have been found every day for the past week. The boat from New York came in sight, as she closed the last sentence. She saw it, for her eyes were on the look-out, the moment it turned the distant point of land that hid the river

beyond. Mr. Delancy also observed the boat. Its appearance was an incident of sufficient importance, taking things as they were, to check the conversation, which was far from being satisfactory on either side.

The figure of Irene was half buried in a deep cushioned chair, which had been wheeled out upon the portico, and now her small slender form seemed to shrink farther back among the cushions, and she sat as motionless as one asleep. Steadily onwards came the boat, throwing backwards her dusky trail, and lashing with her great revolving wheels the quiet waters into foamy turbulence—onwards, until the dark crowd of human forms could be seen upon her decks. Then, turning sharply, she was lost to view behind a bank of forest trees. Ten minutes more, and the shriek of escaping steam was heard, as she stopped her ponderous machinery at the landing.

From that time Irene almost held her breath, as she counted the moments that must elapse before Hartley could reach the point of view in the road that led up from the river, should he have been a passenger in the steamboat. The number was fully told, but it was to-day as yesterday. There was no sign of his coming. And so the eyelids, weary with vain expectation, drooped heavily over the dimming eyes. But, she had not stirred, nor shown a sign of feeling. A little while she sat with her long lashes shading her pale cheeks; then she slowly raised them, and looked out towards the river again. What a quick start she gave! Did her eyes deceive her? No, it was Hartley, just in the spot she had looked to see him only a minute or two before. But, how slowly he moved, and with what a weary step; and even at this long distance, his face looked white against the wavy masses of his dark brown hair.

Irene started up with an exclamation—stood, as if in doubt for a moment; then, springing from the portico, she went flying to meet him, as swiftly as if moving on winged feet. All the forces of her ardent, impulsive nature, was bearing her forward. There was no remembrance of coldness or imagined wrong—pride did not even struggle to lift its head—love conquered everything. The young man stood still, from weariness or surprise, ere she reached him. As she drew near, Irene saw that his face was not only pale, but thin and wasted.

"Oh, Hartley! Dear Hartley!" came almost wildly from her lips, as she flung her arms around his neck, and kissed him over and over again on lips, cheeks and brow, with an ardor and tenderness that no maiden delicacy could

restrain. "Have you been sick, or hurt? Why are you so pale, darling?"

"I have been ill for a week—ever since I was last here." The young man replied, speaking in a slow, tremulous voice.

"And I knew it not!" Tears were glittering in her eyes, and pressing out in great pearly beads from between the fringing lashes. "Why did you not send for me, Hartley?"

And she laid her small hands upon each side of his face, as you have seen a mother press the cheeks of her child, and looked up tenderly into his love-beaming eyes.

"But, come, dear," she added, removing her hands from his face, and drawing her arm within his—not to lean on, but to offer support—"My father, who has, with me, suffered great anxiety on your account, is waiting your arrival at the house."

Then, with slow steps, they moved along the upward sloping way, crowding the moments with loving words.

And so the storm passed, and the sun came out again in the firmament of their souls. But, looked he down on no tempest marks? Had not the ruthless tread of passion marred the earth's fair surface? Were no goodly trees upthorn, or clinging vines wrenched from their support? Alas! was there ever a storm that did not leave some ruined hope behind?—Ever a storm that did not strew the sea with wrecks, or mar the earth's fair beauty?

As when the pain of a crushed limb ceases, there comes to the sufferer a sense of delicious ease, so, after the storm had passed, the lovers sat in the warm sunshine, and dreamed of unclouded happiness in the future. But, in the week that Hartley spent with his betrothed, were revealed to their eyes, many times, desolate places where flowers had been; and their hearts grew sad as they turned their eyes away, and sighed for hopes departed, faith shaken, and untroubled confidence in each other for the future that was before them, forever gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ANECDOTE OF A CHILD.

The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); Jan 5, 1860; 34, 1; American Periodicals

pg. 3

her heart to the Saviour. How many of our dear children, looking to Jesus to help them, will commence the new year thus?—Hasten to him; tell him how wicked you have been to refuse so long to love him after his great goodness to you. So shall you be folded in his arms, and with joyful hearts you will find this the happiest year you have ever known.

### THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

I KNOW—that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

I Know—in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.

We Know—that all things work together for good to them that love God.

We Know—that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

We Know—that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as he is.

Ye Know—that He was manifested to take away our sins.

### THE INFANT'S BURIAL.

'Twas noon-day in a city's street, and crowds were hurrying by,  
With worldly cunning on their lip, and coldness in their eye.  
Within their midst a little band of naval sailors came,  
Their dress bespeak a foreign land, they bore Do Joinville's name.

With curious air they gazed around in light and joyous mood,  
When suddenly they form a line—each man uncovered stood.  
A stranger in a tattered garb, with trembling step and form,  
Was bearing through the crowded street a coffin 'neath his arm.

The mother followed at his side, no covering on her head,  
In sorrow going forth to seek a burial for their dead;  
And no one in that heartless crowd had turned a pitying eye,  
As in its little coffin-bed the pauper child passed by.

No one, save they the gallant brave who hushed their martial tread,  
And stood in silent reverence before the unknown dead;  
And until Death had sealed the heart of those sad mourners there,  
The sailors of that "La Belle Poule" shall have their earnest prayer.

### TEXTS TO FIND AND QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

9. Who is the brother of him "who is slothful in his work?"

10. Who was commended by God for "labor and patience?"

11. Who is it that must "direct our hearts into the love of God?"

12. To whom did Jesus say, "My kingdom is not of this world?"

13. What country is spoken of as being "exceeding proud?"

14. What lesson may be learnt from the stork, the turtle, the crane, and the swallow?

15. Where is God said to be a "sun and a shield?"

16. Who is said to have "lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation?"

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS LAST WEEK.

(1.) *Ps. lxx. 17.* (2.) *Prov. xvi. 32.* (3.) *Isa. xlv. 22.* (4.)

*Rom. xv. 3.* (5.) *Phil. ii. 11.* (6.) *Nahum i. 7.* (7.) *2 Sam.*

*xlii. 23.* (8.) *Exod. xiii. 19.*

### P R A Y E R .

Our Father which art in heaven, we confess how often we have sinned against thee—how much sin there is in all we think, and say, and do. O forgive us, for Jesus' sake. And help us to love him more who died for our sins; and to show our love by trying more every day to do the things that please him. May the Holy Spirit make our hearts new, and teach us to hate and fear all that is evil, and love all that is holy. Make us kind, and gentle, and forgiving to each other; take away all anger and bad tempers from our hearts. Hear us for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Isn't it rather an odd fact in natural history that the *softest* water is caught when it rains the *hardest*?

### ANECDOTE OF A CHILD.

A gentleman was, some little time since, called upon to visit a dying female. He quickly obeyed the call; and entering the humble cottage where she dwelt, he heard, in an adjoining room, an infant voice. He listened, and found that it was the child of the poor dying woman, engaged in prayer.

"O Lord, bless my poor mother," cried the little boy, "and prepare her to die. O God, I thank thee that I have been sent to a Sunday school and there have been taught to read my Bible, and there learned that when my father and mother forsake me, thou wilt take me up. This comforts me, now my poor mother is going to leave me. May it comfort her, and may she go to heaven! and may I go there too! O Jesus, pity a poor child, and pity my poor dear mother, and help me to say, 'Thy will be done!'"

He ceased, and the visitor, opening the door, approached the bedside of the poor woman.

"Your child has been praying with you," said he: "I have listened to his prayer."

"Yes," said she, making an effort to rise, "he is a dear child; thank God, he has been sent to a Sunday school. I cannot read myself, but he can, and he has read the Bible to me; and I hope I have reason to bless God for it. Yes, I have learned from him that I am a sinner; I have learned from him of Jesus Christ; and I do—yes, I do, as a poor sinner—put my trust in him. I hope he will forgive me; I hope he has forgiven me. I am going to die; but I am not afraid. My dear child has been the means of saving my soul. O how thankful am I that he was sent to a Sunday school!"

### A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

"Mamma, I mean to begin the new year to love Jesus." So said a sweet little girl of six summers.

"But," said her mother, "how do you know you shall live to the new year?"

Emma dropped her eyes upon the floor, and sat for some moments in silence. At length she looked up, the tears glistening in her eyes, and said,

"Perhaps I shall not. I will begin now, and then, mamma, I shall be a Christian when the new year begins, if God lets me live."

And by the side of her dear mamma she knelt, and repeated the words of a favorite hymn.

"Jesus, I give myself to thee."

A sweet season followed. Before a week had passed away, Emma hoped she had given

From Chambers's Journal.

## AUNT JANET'S DIAMONDS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### LOST!

"I AM glad you like the style of the setting, my love; it certainly is old fashioned; but the taste is very good, and the stones are particularly beautiful. Directly you become my son's wife, I shall give them up to you.

"You wonder I should like to part with them at my time of life! The truth is, for all their beauty, they afford me very little pleasure; their sparkling brilliancy recalls the saddest events of my life. It wants half an hour to dinner. I shall just have time to tell you the story."

These diamonds were a gift from my Aunt Janet, my mother's sister. I was left an orphan at an early age, and went to live with Aunt Janet. She had a very pleasant house on Clapham Common, with a large garden; and she possessed an excellent income, arising from various sources. Aunt Janet was a widow, and her property had been left her by her husband in her sole control. She had no children, and she had brought me up as her daughter: not that I was by any means spoiled: in truth, I was by no means as great a favorite as a little cousin of mine, Josiah Wilson, a child of my own age, who used to come and stay occasionally with us. On the plea of little Josiah being a visitor, I was always forced to give way to his whims and fancies, and let him be first in every thing. Even at that early age, I am sorry to say, I began to dislike my cousin; and my dislike was increased to positive hatred by his being constantly held up to me as a pattern-child. I believe that Josiah was naturally better behaved than I was; but even at that early age, I could perceive that he was particularly sly, and always took care to put on his best behavior in my aunt's presence. I can recollect, too, I was constantly punished for his faults: he used stoutly to deny every thing; it was useless for me to speak; he was always believed, and I received the punishment.

When my aunt purchased these diamonds, Josiah and myself were taken as a great treat to the shop—a very old established jeweler's in town. I was too young at the time to know any thing about the value of diamonds, but I perfectly recollect seeing the man in the shop show this very set to my aunt for her approval. After some demur at the price, she gave a check for the money, and took the diamonds home with her in the carriage.

It happened on that day my aunt was in excellent humor with me; and while Josiah and myself were playing in her dressing-room, she called me to her, and put the diamond necklace on my neck, in order, as she said, to see how it looked on another person. I was delighted at the glitter, and ran off to survey myself in the glass. My aunt promised me, in reply to my expressions of admiration, that if I grew up a good girl, those diamonds one day would be mine. Thereupon, Josiah began to cry furiously; and he declared, with childish vehemence, that he *would* have the diamonds.

I suppose this early recollection would never have come to mind, but for its connection with subsequent events.

As we grew older, Josiah was sent to school, and we only met during his holidays. At these periods, he was always spoiled by my aunt, and his chief amusement was plaguing and teasing me: any appeal to my aunt was useless, for she always took his part. When Josiah's education was finished, he was placed in a stock-broker's office to learn the business; and to my dismay, it was arranged that he should reside with us.

However, matters did not turn out so unpleasantly as I had anticipated. Josiah, whenever we were thrown together, was civil and courteous; and though I could never tolerate his sly manner, and the false way in which he always treated my aunt, yet we contrived, on the whole, to live harmoniously together.

At last Josiah came of age. I recollect how surprised I was, on the morning of

that day, when he presented me, in the presence of my aunt, with a very handsome bracelet. As he was my cousin, and as we had been so much together, I never dreamed for a moment that there could be any significance in the gift, and I saw from my aunt's manner that she would have been hurt had I refused it. My aunt gave a grand party in honor of the birthday, and I was still more surprised to find that all Josiah's attentions were paid to me, although there were several very pretty girls present, who, I knew, would have been nothing loth to receive the addresses of Mrs. Wilson's favorite nephew.

This most unexpected conduct greatly embarrassed me; independently of my positive dislike for Josiah Wilson, my feelings were already set in a particular direction. I was dreadfully distressed lest Mr. Huntly should fancy that I was gratified by my cousin's attention; and then I found that my aunt had been whispering here and there mysteriously that my new bracelet was Josiah's present. I would have given any thing to tear it from my arm, and strove as much as possible to bury it in my dress.

The truth came out next morning. After I had read to my aunt, as was our custom, the lessons for the day, she spoke to me in a serious tone. She felt she was growing old, she said: in the event of her death, I should be left without a protector; it was the dearest wish of her heart to see me Josiah's wife.

I trembled at her words, for I knew, with all her kindness, that my aunt was of a very determined disposition, that she could never bear to be thwarted.

I replied that Josiah's conduct had never led me to suppose that he regarded me other than in the light of a sister. "Ay," replied my aunt, "I have talked the matter over with your cousin, and he confessed that he has liked you very much for years past, but that your manner towards him has always checked any demonstration of his true feelings: I then told him," continued my aunt, "that it was for him to take the initiative in a courtship."

I was sick at heart, and escaped, as soon as possible, from the room, on some housekeeping excuse. I understood the matter clearly enough: Josiah saw how deeply my aunt had set her heart on our marriage, and he resolved, for his own interest, not to be the person to thwart her.

My persecution began from that day. I was to be taught to like Josiah Wilson. My aunt devised all sorts of plans for forcing us together: he used constantly to bring me home presents from the city, jewelry, bouquets, and the like, which I was forced to accept. My aunt frequently told her friends that we were very much attached to one another, and that she supposed, one day or other, we should ask her consent to our union. My greatest distress was to see how piqued and angry Edward, Mr. Huntly, was at the attentions I received from my cousin; he evidently thought I was on the point of being engaged. My lips were sealed; it was impossible for me to give him any indication of my real feelings. Josiah was always at my side, paying me the most assiduous court.

After a short time, Josiah made me an offer, and I refused him without hesitation. I was certainly astonished by the warmth with which he pressed his suit, for I had fancied he was only acting out of compliances with my aunt's wishes. He begged and prayed that I would not pronounce an ultimate decision: he had perhaps been rather premature in his declaration; he only asked further time to prove the sincerity of his love. He would take no refusal; and we parted.

As might be imagined, my aunt was very angry at my conduct: she expostulated earnestly with me; and in order to show how deeply she had the matter at heart, she detailed to me the plans she had formed for our future mode of life. We were to live with her; at her death, she would bequeath us all her property; and on the day of our engagement, she intended to present us each with five thousand pounds.

I was placed in a most delicate position: I was wholly dependent on my aunt; I had not a single relation in the world who could help me; Mr. Huntly, as was natural under the circumstances, had ceased to pay me any attention.

Things took the course I feared: my aunt, finding that her arguments in Josiah's favor were unavailing, had recourse to threats; she reminded me that the disobedience was wholly on my side; she declared that it would be the worse for me if I persisted in my refusal; and she concluded a very painful conversation by desiring me to give her my final decision after the dinner-party to which we were

going on the following evening: in the mean while, I was to think over the matter well.

When she had ceased speaking, my aunt recollects she had left the book she was reading in the summer-house, near the end of the garden: she was about to ring for the servant to fetch it; I said I would go instead of her. It was a lovely summer night, and the cool air was very refreshing after the excitement I had gone through.

I found the book in the summer-house, but I did not return immediately, the intense calm of night was so delightful. I was in a strange condition, half-musing, half-crying, when I heard voices behind the summer-house. I felt frightened, and drew back into the shade. Listening very intently, I could distinguish my cousin's voice, then another voice—a woman's—my aunt's maid, Lucy! To my utter amazement, I heard him ask the girl to meet him at that spot on the following evening, after we returned home from the party. It was my cousin's voice—I was certain of that. They passed away. This was the excellent man my aunt wanted me to marry! I was quite overcome with anger and indignation. I would denounce his conduct at once! When I had sufficiently recovered myself, I hurried back to the house; my aunt was not in the drawing-room; I had time for reflection. How did matters stand? Why, only my word against his! Of course, the girl would deny every thing: his word from childhood had always been preferred to mine; my aunt, at most, would believe I had mistaken the voice.

I resolved to hold my peace till the following evening. What a night and day of agitation I passed! Not one word did my aunt say about Josiah during the next day, but her manner was all kindness towards me.

The dinner-party was to be a very grand affair; and my aunt, as was usual on such occasions, wore her diamonds.

You may imagine how little I enjoyed myself seated next my cousin. Mrs. Huntly, Edward's mother, was at the party, and I could see she watched us very intently.

It happened after dinner, before the gentlemen came up, that Mrs. Huntly and myself were left alone together in one of the drawing-rooms. She addressed me, and laughingly said she supposed she

would soon have the pleasure of congratulating me on my engagement with my cousin. I longed to speak out to her, to tell her how I disliked my cousin, and loved her son, but I dared not. I strove to say something; my tongue was powerless; I burst into a flood of tears. Fortunately, I recovered myself before my aunt caught sight of me.

We left the party at about eleven o'clock. As soon as we got home, my aunt bade Josiah good-night, retired to her dressing-room, and sent for her maid. When my aunt wore her diamonds it was the custom for me to take them from her dressing-room, and put them away, and they were kept in a room opening into the dressing-room, which was used as a boudoir. In this room was a large fire-proof safe, which on the outside had the appearance of an ordinary chiffonnière. I was in such a state of nervous agitation when I entered my aunt's room to obtain the diamonds, that at moments I seemed to lose my head. Lucy was assisting my aunt to undress; the diamonds lay on the dressing-table; I placed them in their box, and took them out of the room without saying a word. To my dismay, I found Josiah in the boudoir. There was always some difficulty about the lock of the safe, which was very elaborate: he took the keys out of my hand, and opened the door for me, and almost before I had placed the diamonds in their usual place, he renewed his hateful offer. It was on my lips to tell him that I knew of his baseness: luckily, as events will show, I restrained myself; but I did solemnly declare that, come what might, I would never be his wife. He tried to frighten me with my aunt's displeasure. In the midst of our discussion, in came Lucy from the dressing-room with a message that her mistress wished to see me immediately.

It was a relief, at all costs, to be out of Josiah's presence.

My aunt was sitting in her easy-chair, wrapped in her dressing-gown. Her manner was all kindness towards me—she made me sit close by her. To my surprise she did not say one word about the marriage; she began talking, accidentally as it were, about the alterations she intended to make in the house; she asked my opinion of her different plans. I replied incoherently enough, I'm sure, but she took no notice of my manner.

As we lived in the neighborhood of London, it was Josiah's custom very frequently to discharge a pistol out of his bedroom window. Hearing the report, recalled to my mind that I had left the keys of the safe with him. My aunt kept these keys in a secret place in her room, and was always very careful to see that they were safely deposited before she went to bed. I was puzzling my head how to get these keys from Josiah, for I had not the courage to go for them myself, when there came a tap at the door, and Lucy brought in the keys, saying that Mr. Josiah had told her to give them to my aunt.

The conversation about the improvements was resumed, and I soon found that all this had really reference to our marriage—my aunt choosing to assume, by implication, that I had consented to the match.

It was a warm sultry night, and, on pretense of wanting air, I went to the window. How my heart beat! Looking out, I could just perceive in the breaks of light on the path, a figure hurrying down the garden; I strained my sight hard to be assured of the fact. The time had come to tell my aunt of my cousin's conduct.

I turned abruptly from the window, and threw myself at her feet. "Aunt, I can not marry my cousin!" At that moment, to my utter astonishment and dismay, there was a knock outside the door: it was Josiah; he had come to ask whether Lucy had delivered the keys.

My aunt answered Josiah's question, and he went away; then turning to me, she asked, in a severe voice, what I had to say.

I knew it was in vain for me to speak without proof. I was silent through painful helplessness. My aunt waiting a while for me to speak, sternly declared I had willfully thrown away my best chance in life; henceforth she should never recur to the subject, and she bade me good-night. I reminded her that this was my first act of disobedience to her wishes; I declared I would never marry without her consent. It was all in vain: notwithstanding my tears and protestations, I could not move her to forgiveness.

But however great my distress of mind, it was for the time lost in bewilderment at Josiah's conduct. It could not have

been more than five minutes after he had inquired about the keys, that he hurried into my aunt's dressing-room without so much as knocking at the door, and told us, in going the rounds of the house, he had found one of the dining-room windows, which opened on the garden, unbarred, and the window open. He was certain there was some collusion with people outside; thieves might even now be secreted in the house. He rang the alarm-bell which was connected with the room. His manner seemed so perfectly natural, that I began to believe I must have mistaken the voice. The women-servants, dreadfully frightened, came huddling into the room, all but Lucy! Where was Lucy? Nobody knew; she was not up-stairs. Josiah and the two men were to search the house. The butler declared he had himself shut and barred the dining-room windows. Presently, we heard voices outside in the garden, and Josiah came back to my aunt's room, laughing; he said it was all a false alarm. The butler and footman had pounced upon Lucy just as she was coming in at the window. The wretched girl was hurried into my aunt's presence, and cross-questioned, Josiah standing by quite unconcerned. What had she been doing? she was so scared and frightened. All we could gain from her was, she had gone to meet her sweetheart.

My aunt gave her warning on the spot, and declared she should leave the house next day.

I was far too excited to sleep that night. Josiah's voice! was it Josiah's voice? I could think of nothing else.

Early in the morning, Lucy came into my room, crying bitterly. She begged and prayed I would intercede for her with my aunt.

"Tell me, Lucy, whom did you really go to meet?"

"Why, miss, only my young man," she replied.

"What an hour to choose, Lucy!"

"Yes, miss; but he's at work in London all day long."

I was determined to solve the mystery about Josiah.

"Listen to me, Lucy." I watched her closely as I spoke. "The night before last, about half-past ten, I went to fetch a book from the summer-house." She blushed scarlet at my words. "I heard

the meeting between you and that man arranged! I knew your voice, Lucy, and I knew his voice too!"

She turned deadly pale, and sank to the floor.

"O miss!" she said, in a low tone, "you never can forgive me. It was very, very wrong; but if you knew all, you would pity me. Mr. Josiah promised to get my brother let off being a soldier—he did indeed! Mother's broken-hearted about poor James."

I knew it was true that Lucy's brother had enlisted.

"Have you any proof to give of Mr. Josiah's promise?" I asked.

"Only my word; but that's worth nothing now," she replied, in accents of despair. "I've told one lie; nobody will believe me."

The girl's confession, which was so greatly to her detriment, left no doubt in my mind respecting my cousin; but the motive for his extraordinary conduct was still hidden in mystery. I cautioned the girl not to say a word about the affair with Mr. Josiah, which, unsupported as it was by any sufficient evidence, would only render her case worse with my aunt.

My aunt, of her own accord, after very serious admonition, awarded to Lucy the grace of a month's warning.

Never again did my aunt allude to my marriage with Josiah; but she treated me with the utmost coldness and distance.

It appeared that Mrs. Huntly had perfectly comprehended the reason of my silence and tears when she addressed me at the dinner. In a few days, I received a letter from her son, making me an offer.

Rejoiced as I was at this evidence of Mr. Huntly's love, I could have given any thing that his avowal should have been postponed till my aunt had become more reconciled to my rejection of Josiah.

I placed the letter in my aunt's hand, telling her that I held myself fully bound by my promise not to marry without her consent. She read the letter without making any remark on the contents, told me to acknowledge its receipt, and say that the subject should be fully answered in a few days. I little imagined the reply that letter was destined to receive.

One morning, about ten days after the dinner-party, I was summoned to my aunt's room: of course I believed she

wished to see me respecting Mr. Huntly's offer. When I entered the room, I could see she was much agitated; she motioned me to shut the door.

"Where did you put the diamonds on the night of the dinner?" she inquired.

"In their usual place, at the top of the drawer," I replied.

"Find them, then!"

I knelt down, and looked into the safe; the diamonds were not in their place. I felt dreadfully alarmed; it was my fault, for letting the keys go out of my hands. I pulled out all the contents of the safe, parchments, legal documents, dusty bundles of letters, bills, plate—the diamonds were gone!

"I have had the keys in my possession from the time Lucy brought them to me the night of the dinner; I can swear to it!" exclaimed my aunt. "Why, that was the night the girl was found in the garden."

"You don't suspect Lucy, aunt?"

"I do!" she replied with decision.

I protested it was impossible Lucy could have been guilty of such a crime.

"Well," rejoined my aunt, "we women are not fit judges in such a matter. I'll send for Mr. Chapman."

This gentleman was a solicitor, and had always been a great friend and chief adviser to my aunt.

A messenger was dispatched to Mr. Chapman, and the coachman sent, post haste, to fetch Josiah home from the city.

In about two hours, Mr. Chapman was with us. My aunt related to him the occurrences of that night, calling upon me to supply the particulars in which I was concerned.

He desired that Lucy should be sent for. I would have willingly escaped from the room, but my aunt ordered me to remain.

Mr. Chapman placed his chair so that the light from the window fell full on Lucy's face as she stood before him.

I was in a perfect agony; I knew the girl was innocent. There was a sickening presentiment weighing in my mind, strive against it as I would, that Josiah was involved in the affair.

Mr. Chapman stated to Lucy, that in consequence of something which had just transpired, it was necessary for him to know the name of the person she had gone into the garden to see.

The girl looked anxiously at me; I

averted my eyes, but I felt my face burn beneath her gaze.

She said it was her lover!

"His name?" demanded Mr. Chapman.

She refused to give any name, and though he pressed her on the point, she remained obstinately silent.

"Now, Lucy," said he, "this is how matters stand: your mistress's diamonds were placed in that press: the keys were last in your possession: the diamonds are gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed the girl in terror. "Not me, sir; you don't suspect me?"

Mr. Chapman made no reply. Lucy turned from him to my aunt, and vehemently protested her innocence.

"It is in your own power, Lucy," said Mr. Chapman, "to clear yourself from suspicion by telling us the name of your lover."

In sheer desperation, the girl uttered some name. Mr. Chapman noted it down.

"Now, the address. Mind, I shall send a person instantly to verify what you say."

She stammered, prevaricated, and threw herself in an agony of grief on the floor.

Mr. Chapman told my aunt that a constable had better be sent for.

At this juncture, Josiah entered the room; he was not himself—I could see that: he peered anxiously round.

To my amazement, Lucy started up. "I will tell you who this man is, sir," she exclaimed to Mr. Chapman. "There he is;" and pointing to Josiah, she looked him steadfastly in the face.

"The girl's mad," said Josiah with affected coolness.

"This is a sheer loss of time," said Mr. Chapman; "we had better send her off."

"I'm not mad," cried the girl. "He knows he asked me to meet him in the garden; he promised to get off my poor brother, if I would."

I saw Josiah wince at her words.

"It's a base lie," interposed my aunt. "Mr. Josiah never went into the garden the night you were found there."

"Wretched creature, this falsehood won't serve you," exclaimed Mr. Chapman indignantly.

"But I've a witness," she retorted boldly. "We were overheard the night before."

I saw Josiah grow pale. "Really,

aunt," said he, "you won't believe this nonsense."

"Of course not," replied my aunt; then turning to the girl, she told her to produce her witness.

Lucy flew up to me, and with determined energy drew me into the middle of the room. "Speak for me," she exclaimed.

It was a terrible moment; to speak, was to criminate Josiah.

"You must speak," said the girl fiercely; "if you don't, it will be on your conscience to your dying-day."

I shall never forget the terrible ordeal of questioning and cross-questioning I underwent. Lucy, now that the truth was out, had grown quite reckless and defiant, and she positively forced the words out of my mouth. My aunt, on the other hand, was strangely calm and composed, and seized with eagerness on every weak point in my narrative. I had stated that I had heard Josiah ask the girl to meet him. "Had I seen Josiah?" inquired my aunt; "that was the great point."

"No, I had certainly not seen him."

"Then I might, after all, have mistaken the voice."

I was ready enough to confess that I might have done so.

"But how had Lucy discovered my knowledge of the affair?"

I related my conversation with the girl on the following morning.

"It seems to me only to amount to this," said my aunt: "you have been all along prejudiced against your cousin. In the first place, you fancied you heard his voice; instead of openly speaking to me, and having the matter cleared up, you allowed the idea to remain in your mind. This wretched girl, cleverly enough, perceives the nature of your vile suspicions; very likely, long ere this, has been the confidante in the feelings you entertain towards your cousin; so she endeavors to gain your favor by debasing his character, and at the same time, for her own advantage, she converts you into a witness in support of the most palpable lie ever invented."

Mr. Chapman fully assented to my aunt's view of the matter.

I was in a perfect agony at the course things had taken. I denied, with truth, that I had ever spoken to Lucy about my cousin.

"No doubt," said Josiah, with a sneer, "my very charitable relation believes I have stolen these diamonds!"

"No, no, Josiah," I replied, "I know it can all be explained."

"It shall be explained," said he, sullenly. "I'll go to town instantly, and have the best man from Bow street to examine into the affair."

My aunt readily assented to this, and Josiah left the room. She then ordered Lucy to go down-stairs, telling her she would be strictly watched.

From the moment my aunt and Mr. Chapman began to discredit my evidence about Josiah, the girl's boldness had ebbed away, and utter despair again took possession of her. She begged and prayed most piteously not to be sent down-stairs; they might lock her up where they liked, but she dare not face the other servants.

My aunt, without noticing me in the slightest degree, left the room with Mr. Chapman. Lucy dragged herself with effort to where I was sitting.

"O miss!" said she. "I know you don't think me guilty. But do say so; the words would do me good; it's so terrible to bear!"

I assured her that I fully believed her innocent.

"Ah!" she continued, "I know I've got you into trouble, telling, as I did, about Mr. Josiah. Any other way, they might have burnt me before I'd have told it; but to be accused of stealing those diamonds—I could not hold my tongue."

I gave the poor girl what comfort I could, and then hurried away to my own room, for I was afraid to encounter my aunt. I heard what was going on from one of the servants, who came up to me from time to time.

Josiah returned from London after an absence of about three hours; a Bow street officer was to follow him immediately. From my bedroom window I saw a strange, forbidding-looking man with a slow, heavy step, come up the house-walk from the common. He was admitted into the house. I listened anxiously over the staircase to hear what was going on below. I heard them all—my aunt, Mr. Chapman, and the man—go to the room where I knew Lucy was. The man's heavy tramp went pit-pat with my heart. I felt perfectly ill with suspense. Then I heard the man's footsteps going towards my aunt's boudoir, tramp, tramp, down the

passage; all was silent. Presently, the footsteps returned down the passage to the room where they were all assembled. There was a sudden, loud shriek—Lucy's voice. I sank down, clinging to the bannisters. I don't know what time had elapsed when one of the servants rushed up, breathless.

"Thank God! they're found!" she exclaimed.

"The diamonds?"

"Yes, miss; they were all the time in the safe."

"Impossible!" I replied. "I searched it myself;" and I hurried down-stairs to learn the truth.

## CHAPTER II.

### FOUND.

My aunt, Josiah, Mr. Chapman, and Lucy were in the room; the officer had been sent down-stairs. "The diamonds were in the safe after all," said my aunt to me the moment I entered. "The officer, on pulling the drawer right out, found them in the space behind the back of the drawer and the safe. He says, that as the drawer was crammed full, the case must have got hitched against the cover of the drawer, and when the drawer was pulled out, the case fell behind it, and so got pushed back by the drawer."

I could see vindictive triumph in Josiah's eyes. "And now," said my aunt, "I have got to perform an act of justice towards Lucy. She has been wrongfully accused of stealing those diamonds. Under ordinary circumstances, I should have felt that no reparation which I could make would be too great; but she met the accusation with an infamous story—a story which, no doubt, she had originally trumped up for the purpose of gaining the good-will and assistance of a person who should have been above listening to such wicked insinuations."

My aunt's words were positive torture in my ears.

"However," continued my aunt, "if Lucy will sign a paper, declaring that story utterly false, I will, on my part, buy her brother off from the army, give her a clear year's wages, and, as far as I dare in justice, not concealing what has occurred, give her such a character as may gain her

a respectable place. Mr. Chapman will draw out the statement."

There was a dead silence while Mr. Chapman was writing; I raised my eyes to look at Lucy. The girl was evidently so entirely untroubled by what had occurred, that she seemed quite unconscious that the matter on hand concerned her.

"Now, Lucy," said Mr. Chapman briskly, "sign this."

"Read it to her first," exclaimed my aunt.

"But it is not a lie, sir, indeed," said Lucy faintly, interrupting Mr. Chapman as he read.

Mr. Chapman paid no attention to her, but read on to the end.

"Now," said he, "we won't argue the question of it's being a lie or not; that would be an utter loss of time, for every person of common-sense must be convinced that it is. If you sign this paper, you obtain the advantages your mistress has offered; if you refuse, you leave this house a beggar, without a character. Choose;" and he offered her a pen.

"Lucy!" I cried involuntarily.

The girl turned and looked at me with unmeaning gaze.

"Silence!" said my aunt to me in a severe tone; "don't you interfere with her."

Mr. Chapman was whispering to Lucy. From what I overheard, it was evident that he merely attributed her hesitation to an obstinate persistence in her story.

But I could not keep silence. I had been forced to speak against Josiah upon strong conviction. I should never have felt convinced of my mistake if I thought that the girl had signed the paper from mercenary motives.

"Lucy," said I, "listen to me. The question is, was Mr. Josiah with you in the garden that evening before the dinner, or not? They say it was your interest once to declare he was; it is now clearly your interest to deny it. Lay aside this wretched question of interest, and speak the truth. You will have to speak the truth one day. It is better to speak it now, though it makes you a beggar, than speak it hereafter with shame and remorse."

I could see how agitated the girl was; pain of irresolution flushed her face; she abruptly left Mr. Chapman and came to my side.

"I won't sign it!" she exclaimed. "I did speak the truth."

My aunt was the first to recover from the surprise which my conduct created. She rang the bell; the butler entered. "Pay that girl," said she, "a month's wages, and turn her out of the house. Mind, she leaves this house not a thief, but a liar."

My courage had ebbed away with the words I had addressed to Lucy; I sank into a chair overwhelmed with an intense feeling of moral exhaustion; then my aunt, in the bitterest words, upbraided me for the opinion I persisted in entertaining about Josiah. She would insist upon it, notwithstanding all my assurances, that I had eagerly caught at the girl's story, in the hopes of undermining Josiah's character; but the scheme had failed—the blow had fallen on my head. She called upon Mr. Chapman to witness her words: "Not one penny of her fortune should be mine; henceforth, I should work for my bread as a governess, and cease to be an inmate of her house." Suddenly recollecting herself, she drew Mr. Huntly's letter from her pocket. "There," said she, "the sooner you answer that, the better. Now! this evening! go, and say you are a beggar, and see if he will care for you."

I was very angry—indignant at her cruel challenge. I spoke at random. "I will go," said I, and I left the room. I was far too excited to think. I put on my bonnet, hurried down-stairs, and shut the hall-door after me. Whither?—to Mrs. Huntly's—but—? I began to think as I turned on the door step, and looked forth on the common: the old home-scene, so familiar, years and years I had looked out upon it from my bed-room window. The sun was beginning to set as I lingered on the door-step; the whole scene was bright and warm, but it chilled me through and through. The feeling of home was gone—I felt I was face to face with the cold hard world. Then doubt and desolation came upon me. If my aunt had been alone, I would have returned, and swallowed my words, and prayed on my knees to be taken back; but I thought of Josiah's triumph—I dare not face that; and I turned away, and left the house.

I shall never forget the cruel doubts which beset me in that short walk to Mrs. Huntly's, the sad possibilities which

thronged my brain; not that I doubted of his love, but I knew he was not rich; he might have looked for something on my part to enable us to marry. At the very least, I was throwing myself on his generosity, not only accepting, but seizing eagerly at his offer, as a drowning wretch clutches at a straw. Then my circumstances were so totally changed since the offer was made, that my pride revolted at the idea of forcing him, out of honor, to take me as his wife. The idea of going to Mrs. Huntly's, which, on the spur of the moment, had appeared perfectly natural and proper, began to seem nothing short of utter boldness and impudence.

I am sure I must have given it up, and gone back humbly to my aunt's, had he—Mr. Huntly—not overtaken me on the common; he only bowed, and would have passed on, (he said afterwards he thought he had no right to address me till his letter was answered.) I spoke his name only very low, but he caught it, and turned. I felt terribly frightened, and could scarcely speak, but this was only at first; a few words from him, and doubt was over, and he took me home to his mother.

Mrs. Huntly was very kind to me; she called me from the very first her daughter, listening with a mother's sympathy to all I had to say. I was to call their house my home; and in a very short time it really was my own home. We were married as speedily as arrangements would permit.

I did all in my power to obtain my aunt's forgiveness, but in vain. The day after I was at Mrs. Huntly's, my wardrobe, and every thing I possessed, were sent to me, but no letter or message; and though I wrote very often, I received no reply. This was the only drawback to my happiness. Though Mr. Huntly's income was small, it was quite sufficient for every comfort. He was so thoughtfully kind: he bought Lucy's brother out of the army, and Lucy, poor girl, Mrs. Huntly took at once into her service, and she never left us till she went away to be married many years afterwards.

I had been married three months, and I had never even chanced to meet my aunt in my walks, but I heard of her from time to time from mutual friends.

One day, intelligence was brought me that she was seriously ill—a paralytic seizure. In the greatest anxiety, I has-

tended to the house; the doctor's carriage was at the door. I asked how my aunt was. The butler said she was very ill. Could I see her? The man said he had strict orders to refuse me admittance.

"Whose orders?" I inquired.

"Mr. Josiah's," was the reply. I was reflecting upon what I had better do, when the doctor came down-stairs. He had always been a very kind friend of mine.

"I'm so glad you are here," said he; "I think it might do your aunt good; she has mentioned your name several times." He begged to have a few words with me in the dining-room.

"But I'm refused admittance."

"Mr. Josiah's orders, sir," said the butler, puzzled what to do.

"I'll be responsible," replied the doctor, and I followed him into the dining-room.

The doctor did not disguise from me that it was a most serious attack. It was agreed that I should enter my aunt's room as if nothing had occurred between us, and busy myself with the general arrangements.

My aunt's face did brighten up when I approached her, and she smiled faintly. I was very distressed to see her in so sad a condition. I was on the point of referring to the past, and begging her forgiveness, but the doctor drew me back, and motioned to me to be silent.

My presence and attentions seemed to cause my aunt so much satisfaction, that the doctor expressed a strong wish, if possible, that I should remain and nurse her. I could sleep on the sofa in the room. He feared that my services would not be very long required. I was so very glad to be of any comfort to my aunt, that I readily agreed to the proposition; then I recollect about Josiah, and reminded the doctor of the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed. He promised me that I should have no annoyance or anxiety on that score. I was thus fully established as chief nurse. My first meeting with Josiah was not nearly so embarrassing as I had feared; he was certainly cold and distant in his manner, but he expressed himself very pleased that my aunt should have me with her; nevertheless, I heard afterwards, that the unfortunate butler who had admitted me was peremptorily dismissed.

At the first, when my aunt was so ill and helpless, Josiah came very little into

the sick-room; but as soon as she grew better, and began thoroughly to regain her consciousness and the use of her limbs, he was in and out of the room all day. On the plea that I should be over-fatigued, he wanted me to let the nurse sleep in the room. I would not consent to this; I said, that as my aunt was so accustomed to my nursing, I knew she would never like any body else with her. He was very reluctant to forego his proposal. The nurse slept in the boudoir, and I observed that she became far more active and attentive in the night than she had been during the worst of the illness. If I got up ever so softly to go to my aunt's bed, she was sure to be in the room; and more than that, the slightest movement always brought Josiah tapping at the door to know if we wanted any thing.

My aunt was so pleased with Josiah's attentions, she would call out as loud as she could: "Thank you, Josiah; you go to bed; it's nothing, Josiah."

I remember wanting to send a note home; there was no ink in my aunt's inkstand, so I asked the nurse to get some. She left the room, and Josiah presently came in with his own inkstand, and placed it before me. I wrote my note, which he undertook to send, and then he carried his inkstand off with him.

Some how, I could never get any ink kept in my aunt's inkstand, and whenever I inquired for ink, Josiah was sure to come into the room.

I soon discovered that every movement of mine was closely watched; but it was all done so cleverly and naturally, that I had not a word to say.

One morning, Josiah was sitting in the room with my aunt and myself; I had been up several times in the night, and was in a sort of half-doze, when I heard my aunt address Josiah in a low tone: "She has been very good to me during my illness, giving up her time so entirely. You feel that, Josiah, don't you?"

"Yes, aunt."

"Then, Josiah, forgive her, for my sake."

"For your sake, aunt, I do forgive her."

"You hear that?" said my aunt to me, "Josiah forgives you."

"From the bottom of your heart—say so, Josiah."

"From the bottom of my heart," echoed Josiah; but I could see the scowl on his face as he spoke.

"I must do something for her," continued my aunt.

"O aunt!" exclaimed Josiah, starting from his seat and coming to the bedside, "haven't I been always affectionate, and attentive, and dutiful? Did I marry against your commands? Did I spurn your kindness?"

"You have been very good, Josiah—very good," replied my aunt. "I only want to do some little thing for her, because she has been so attentive during this illness."

My pride was aroused, and but for fear of over-exciting my aunt, I should have declined any return for doing what was merely my duty.

"I can't give her any money; I've sworn not," said my aunt, addressing Josiah.

"You did swear it," he replied very deliberately; "Mr. Chapman was witness."

"But there are the diamonds, Josiah."

"The diamonds!" he exclaimed, raising his voice.

"I could give the diamonds, Josiah."

"What! your own diamonds, aunt," said he, "which you have always worn?"

"They're not money, Josiah."

"But she married out of the family. Your diamonds go to strangers?"

I could not endure this. I begged my aunt to let Josiah have the diamonds.

"She *shall* have the diamonds!" said my aunt peremptorily. "Go and get them, Josiah;" and with some difficulty, she took off her neck the key of the drawer.

Josiah, much to his discontent, was forced to obey: he went to the boudoir, and brought in the diamonds, which he placed on the bed.

I was so dreadfully afraid of some scene taking place, which I knew would be very prejudicial to my aunt, that I was greatly relieved at the doctor being announced.

"There," said my aunt, pushing the case towards me with great effort, "I said they should be yours the first day I bought them, if you were a good girl: you have been very good during this illness; take them; and do what you like with them."

"One word," said Josiah, speaking to me: "never forget that those were once Aunt Janet's diamonds, which she bought years ago. They are very precious to me. If you ever desire to part with them,

or even to modernize the setting, let me know. I will strive to scrape money together to give the full worth as they stand now."

Poor Aunt Janet! she little knew what she was doing when she gave me those diamonds.

The doctor was quite right; my services were not required very long; another seizure took place; and after lingering a few days, my aunt died. The whole of the property was left to Josiah, with the reservation that, if he died without children, the land was to go to my eldest son.

Of course, we kept up no intercourse with Josiah; but I heard quite enough of his goings-on to show that I had formed a true estimate of his character. As soon as he came into his wealth, he began to lead a very wild and dissipated life.

When I placed the diamonds in my husband's hands, I told him that Aunt Janet had given me the option of parting with them, which, if he thought advisable, I should be very happy to do, as I felt our circumstances would not permit of my wearing them. He would not listen to my proposal: he was not pressed for money, he said, and in a few years, I might be fully entitled to wear them.

Ah! my love, I am so glad that you are not going to marry a man on that horrid Stock Exchange! I am sure the dreadful anxiety I have undergone about Mr. Huntly. In those days, he was without the experience which he now possesses, and at a time when steady business was very dull, he took to speculating on his own account, and on behalf of others who were very cunning and plausible. It seemed that he was successful at first, and I used to be quite surprised at his elation of spirits. One day he came home sadly downcast; he had had very heavy losses, chiefly through the villainy of a client, whose debts my husband was bound to make good. He feared it would be necessary for me to part with the diamonds. Of course, I was only too glad to think that we yet possessed the means of setting things to rights.

According to my promise, I resolved at once to write to Josiah, and offer him the diamonds; and we agreed that I had better ascertain their value from an experienced jeweler, and so mention a sum in the letter.

Taking Lucy as an escort, I went off the next morning to a very old-established

jeweler's at the top of the Strand, where Mr. Huntly's family had dealt for many years.

I gave the case into the hands of the chief partner of the firm, who happened to be in the shop, and asked him to give me some idea of the market-value of the stones.

He made a very careful examination.

"I suppose, ma'am," said he, "you are aware that these are *not* diamonds?"

I said, with great warmth, that they had belonged to an aunt of mine, that they were bought at —'s.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he replied; "they could not have been sold for diamonds; but they are very perfect imitations; at first, I was deceived by them myself."

"Why," I replied, in a state of the greatest excitement, "I was present, years ago, when they were bought—I know they are diamonds."

"You have asked my opinion," said the jeweler kindly, "and I am very sorry to be obliged to undeceive you. The proof is very simple: I shall, if you will allow me, draw a file over one of these stones; if the stone remains uninjured, it is a diamond."

"Do it!" said I with desperation; but, as I spoke, I felt the man was right. We were ruined—my husband compromised!

Crash went the file—the stone was starred! I looked for a moment, and fainted.

When I came to myself, Lucy was attending to me.

"Mr. Josiah," she whispered in my ear.

"What?" said I, dreadfully confused.

"He took them that night; I know he did."

The shop-people were about us; I bade her be silent. We regained our coach, and returned home. I felt convinced that Josiah had changed the diamonds. Ah! me! it was very weary and sad waiting as that day dragged slowly on, and Mr. Huntly was so late. When he did come home, he was far calmer than I had expected.

"Thank God," said he, "I know the worst of it—a thousand pounds will set things straight. You told me your aunt gave more than twelve hundred for the diamonds —."

"But —" said I, in a perfect agony.

"But what?" he exclaimed impatiently.

"O Edward!" I replied, "the sooner I tell you the better. They are not diamonds: they are worth nothing!"

I recounted the events of the morning.

I shall never forget the end of that day; its utter hopelessness and despair; ay, and the bitter days that followed close upon it. How to raise that thousand pounds? Why, selling all we possessed, at the price things fetch at a sale, we knew would not realize one half; and then my husband would stand compromised for the rest, a defaulter, with his name posted up. I remember it was all so sad, that I felt I was almost doing wrong to smile at baby as he laughed and crowded in my arms.

In the absence of direct proof, my husband thought it was hopeless to do any thing with regard to Josiah; but I was determined to have Mr. Chapman's advice in the matter. That gentleman received me very kindly. I found that Josiah had given him serious offense with regard to some pecuniary transaction arising out of my aunt's will. He was greatly astonished when I told him that the diamonds were false. He confessed that, on after-reflection, he had been very much puzzled by Lucy's persistence in her statement; but if he had entertained any suspicions against Josiah, it was of course nothing beyond the supposition, that Josiah, having asked the girl to meet him, and fearing the affair had been discovered, had endeavored to shift out of it as best he might. The false diamonds gave a totally new color to the transaction. The case would stand thus—Josiah might have fallen into extravagances before my aunt's death; indeed he, Mr. Chapman, had received pretty strong proof that such was the fact. Unwilling to confess his delinquencies, he had sought some other mode of extrication. Marriage with me would have given him the immediate command of money. That failed. Then the abstraction of the diamonds. He knew that my aunt would wear the diamonds on the night of the dinner-party; Lucy is asked to meet him at the end of the garden on that night; he takes care that she has the keys of the press left for a time in her hands; the diamonds are missing; suspicion naturally falls on Lucy. Ten days have elapsed between the party and the loss of the diamonds being discovered; the diamonds are altered during that

period; and at the very last moment, the false stones are cleverly deposited in a place in which nineteen people out of twenty would never dream of looking for them. But all this supposition, urged Mr. Chapman, is worth nothing, unless we can get hold of Josiah's accomplice in the affair.

Mr. Chapman very warmly pledged himself to assist me, though he could not hold out any strong hopes of success.

"In the first place," said he, "we must ascertain whether your aunt ever purchased diamonds or not."

We found, on application, that the jeweler's books showed that certain diamond ornaments had been sold to my aunt at the price of thirteen hundred and seventy pounds. Moreover, the late foreman, an old man, who had since become a partner, was prepared to swear to their being diamonds.

In order to ascertain Josiah's cognizance of the fraud, Mr. Chapman directed me to write to my cousin; and he sketched out a letter which stated that my circumstances obliged me to part with the diamonds; and according to my promise, I gave him the first offer at the price my aunt had originally paid.

To my surprise, Josiah sent an answer almost by return of post. The letter was written in his usual hypocritical style: he deplored the necessity of my parting with the diamonds, but he was truly obliged to me for not forgetting his request. He believed that diamonds had lately risen in value; and he thought the fairest plan would be that the diamonds should be taken to his jewelers', and he would direct them to give me the highest market-price; my own jeweler had of course better be consulted.

"He knows all about it," said Mr. Chapman, reading the letter, "or he would not have made such a proposal."

"But," said I impatiently, "how will this avail us? The auctioneer is now in our house."

"Have faith, madam," he replied; "I am acting under the advice of a very clever detective."

He then directed me to write again to Josiah, and say that I had been advised that the most satisfactory mode of disposing of the diamonds would be by public competition.

Josiah did not communicate with me

again, but he wrote to the auctioneer, commissioning him to bid any fair sum at the sale.

I confess I had given up all hopes of success; but on the very evening of the day on which the sale took place, while we were anxiously waiting for the auctioneer's account of the proceeds, in came Mr. Chapman, exhibiting as much glee as his dry legal face would permit.

"Josiah's bought the diamonds!" he exclaimed.

"What! the paste?"

"No. Josiah's not such a fool as to give ten thousand pounds for paste."

We believed that Mr. Chapman must have been suddenly bereft of his senses; but he proved his words by a check on his own banker's for eight thousand pounds; and further than that, he placed in my hands a little box containing Aunt Janet's veritable diamonds.

This was Mr. Chapman's story. It had been arranged that the false diamonds should be on view with the rest of the effects; but they were to be placed under a glass case, and the detective, as an auctioneer's man in charge, was to watch narrowly all the people who came to view them. It was also agreed, on any person desiring a closer inspection, that the detective was to make excuses about the key of the case having been mislaid. Several people, evidently dealers in jewelry, had grumbled a great deal at only being able to see the diamonds through the glass, but nobody had expressed a doubt as to their being real. At last, two men came in together, and while the one was complaining about the key, the other, at a glance, told his companion that it did not matter; he knew they were only paste.

How could that man be certain at a glance that the stones were paste?

The detective motioned to Mr. Chapman, who was standing near. Mr. Chapman went up to the man, and drawing him aside, told him that he was quite right; the diamonds were only paste, and it would be worth money to any person who could say how they came to be paste.

By dint of clever examination, and promises of reward, the man confessed that he had made those very imitation stones himself! When? Somewhere about two years before. For whom? Well, he didn't mind saying that—the fellow was lately dead—Benson, the Jew

money-lender, who often employed him for that sort of job. On whose behalf was Benson acting? Ah! Benson kept his affairs very close; but it did happen there was a great press at the end to get this work done; and when he took it home to Benson's, he hurried at once into the private office, and there was the gentleman, all impatient to get possession of the false stones. Benson was angry with him for coming into the office. He never found out the gentleman's name; but he was certain he should know him again. And the diamonds? Yes, he fancied he knew where the diamonds were; the set had not been broken up; they were in the hands of a man who wanted a long price—diamonds were rising in the market; the man could bide his time.

"Now," said Mr. Chapman, "that gentleman you chanced to see is very anxious to get those diamonds back again; he will give the man his own price for them if they are brought to my office to-morrow morning, and something handsome to you in the bargain."

The man agreed. Mr. Chapman wrote to Josiah, making an appointment for the following morning, at eleven o'clock, respecting some executor business.

The man duly arrived at the office with the diamonds, and Mr. Chapman had them inspected by an experienced jeweler, who declared that they were genuine, and that they exactly corresponded with the original setting.

Josiah kept the appointment.

I can almost see Mr. Chapman before me now as he described his interview with Josiah. His features never lost their sedate business aspect, but his small gray eyes twinkled with waggish exultation.

Josiah was very ill-tempered, rude, about some proposal of Mr. Chapman's respecting my aunt's affairs.

"You are an ungrateful fellow, Josiah," said Mr. Chapman: "I'm always doing what I can for you. I heard that you were very anxious to get hold of your aunt's diamonds."

"Yes," replied Josiah; "I told the auctioneer to bid for me; but he says those diamonds have turned out to be sham."

"That's just it, Josiah; I have given myself all the pains in the world to get the real ones for you."

"Fiddlesticks!"

"Fact. They were in the hands of a

Mr. Benson. (Josiah turned deadly pale.) I find that person is dead; but I've a young man in the next office who was employed by Mr. Benson; he says he once saw a gentleman in Mr. Benson's office —”

“I am very much indebted to you for your trouble,” exclaimed Josiah, with the deepest of scowls on his countenance; “I'm only too glad to get my poor aunt's diamonds. What am I to pay?”

“Ten thousand pounds!” replied Mr. Chapman very deliberately. (Josiah made use of very strong expressions.) “Perhaps you don't think they are genuine,” said Mr. Chapman. “Shall we have the young man in?”

“I'll give the money,” said Josiah hastily.

“Write a check.”

“I have not so much money at my banker's.”

“You forget,” said Mr. Chapman, “that

the money for that estate is lodged at your banker's, pending the completion of the purchase: it will just suffice.”

Josiah wrote the check. “Curse you,” he exclaimed, as he gave it to Mr. Chapman.

“You ought to say thank you, Josiah. I'm sure I've taken a deal of trouble for you, acting as a friend. Now, if I had acted as a lawyer —”

“Give me the diamonds,” said Josiah.

Mr. Chapman placed the box in Josiah's hand. Josiah was about to leave the room. “You will excuse me,” said Mr. Chapman blandly, “for making the remark; but your late aunt gave her *diamonds* — not the paste-stones — to your cousin. It is of course for you to consider what claim your cousin has to those diamonds.

Josiah considered for a moment, placed the box on the table, and skulked out of the room.

# AUNT MARGARET'S STORY.

BY EMILIE GRAHAM.

Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Mar 1860; VOL. XXXVII., No. 3.; American Periodicals  
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## AUNT MARGARET'S STORY.

BY EMILIE GRAHAM.

"We were two sisters of one race,  
She was the fairest in the face.  
The wind is sounding in turret and tree."

DEAR aunt Margaret! Of all the friends I have ever had, she was the wisest, kindest, best; of all the human beings I have ever known, the most refreshing and elevating companion. There was in the moral atmosphere about her something pure and pleasant as the breath of pines, and the simplest thing she said or did had a peculiar charm, the charm of perfect naturalness and truth, which—alas for us exiled from paradise!—is the rarest in the world.

When I first remember aunt Margaret, she was an established old maid, but it seemed as if all her nature were so steeped in morning dew, that time could never wither one leaf of thought or feeling, nor dim its wonderful freshness. She was my father's sister, and I, an orphan girl, found in her house a happy home. She was to me father and mother, brother, sister, and friend; and now, when I look back upon the years which I spent with her, they shine out like one long, cloudless summer's day. We dwelt in a rambling farm house, surrounded by orchards and fields, for my aunt was native to a country life, and found a pleasure in all its simple details, of which the inhabitants of cities have no conception. She was also a great reader, and as there was scarcely a subject which had not its place in the large circle of her tastes and sympathies, her well filled library was a never-ending source of delight to me, a delight which was doubled when her occupations permitted my reading aloud to my aunt, whose comments were often more interesting than the text.

One day, we received from a friend in town, a curious volume, a newly published translation from the German, treating of the superstitions of various nations, and of the authenticated facts upon which they are based. It came just in time for our afternoon reading, and I cut the leaves and began at once.

Aunt Margaret was unusually silent, and when I had concluded the first chapter, I asked, for the sake of drawing from her some remark,

"Did you ever see a ghost, aunt Maggy?"

I raised my eyes to her face as I spoke, and was amazed at the effect of my words. She flushed painfully, and her hands, busy with some

knitting work, trembled, but she replied in her usual sweet and serene voice,

"Yes, love, I believe I have."

Her evident emotion stayed the expression of surprise which rose to my lips, and, from a feeling of delicacy, I resumed my reading. I was soon, however, forced to lay it aside by the fast gathering shades of evening, and, resting my arms on the broad window-sill, I gazed out thoughtfully upon the beauty of the summer night. After a long silence, my aunt, who had left her seat, and was standing by my side, repeated, as if to herself, "Then stars arose, and the night was holy!" I pressed my cheek caressingly on the kind hand that rested on my shoulder, but did not speak. Presently she resumed, addressing herself to me,

"I have thought more than once, my child, that it would do us both good if I were to relate to you my past history. I am your nearest relative and friend—although I hope I may not always be so—and you are my only remaining earthly treasure. You are old enough and wise enough to understand things, which, although they are out of the range of your actual experience, lie as possibilities in the heart of every true woman. I think you have a sort of right to my confidence, and I believe I shall feel comfort after I have opened my heart to you."

She paused, as if to collect her thoughts, and then, taking the chair I had placed for her, proceeded,

"I, like you, was left an orphan in my youth, an orphan, and poor, for the property which is now mine had at that time passed unjustly into other hands, and was only restored to me after long and expensive law suits. Your father was a mere lad, and far from giving me any protection or pecuniary assistance, was a constant source of anxiety to me; but—why should I delay to speak the word?—I had a sister."

I could not avoid a slight start at this disclosure, for I had always supposed my father and aunt Margaret to be the only children of their parents. Too much absorbed in her recital to observe my involuntary expression of surprise, my aunt continued,

"At the time when our father's death cast us upon the world, she was but sixteen, while I had entered my twenty-first year, and day is not more different from night than were we two sisters from each other. I possessed no peculiar talent, and in appearance was less attractive than most girls of my age; while she was beautiful exceedingly, and gifted beyond the common lot of mortals. Left motherless, poor lamb! before she was old enough to feel her loss, (our mother died at your father's birth,) she had always been our pet and darling, our pearl of price, and my father's last words to me were, 'Take care of Maud,' for it seemed as natural to stand between her and the rough world, as to shelter some rich exotic from the blasts of winter. If I could only picture her to you! but every attempt to do so in words must be vain. Extreme delicacy, mental and physical, was perhaps her leading characteristic; not the delicacy of weakness, for she was overflowing with health and buoyancy, vivacious and graceful as a little child. The very fineness of her organization, however, rendered her peculiarly susceptible to depressing influences, and, from early childhood, her gay spirits had alternated with occasional fits of melancholy; when her tremulous mouth, and the tears standing in her great blue eyes, filled us with an anxiety which almost amounted to the presumptuous feeling that God, having created so tender a soul, should by an especial Providence, shield it from pain, the common lot of humanity. But His ways are not as our ways.

"She had returned our father's indulgent love with the most admiring and extravagant devotion, and the effect upon her of his sudden death was terrible. I feared she would lose her mind altogether, and my own grief was almost swallowed up in my care for her. The shelter of more than one home was offered us by old friends, but an incentive even more powerful than the honest pride of independence induced me to reject these offers, and to enter at once upon the new path which poverty opened before us. Maud must, at all costs, be roused from the state into which she had fallen; so, the very night after our father's remains were carried to their last resting-place, I said to her, kissing her closed lids, from beneath which tears were streaming,

"'Maud, my darling, listen to me. In a few days we shall be turned out of the house where we were born, without one shilling we can call our own. Mrs. Egerton urges me to make her house our home, and she will be kind as a mother. What shall we do? Shall our father's daughters live upon charity, or shall they do

honor to his name by working for their daily bread?'

"Her convulsive sobs here burst out afresh, and, choking down my own tears, I waited with outward composure until her paroxysm of grief had subsided, and the faint voice whispered,

"'I am listening. Go on.'

"Then I unfolded quietly the particulars of the plan which I had formed. It was to remove immediately to lodgings in town, and to open a small school. I was sure we should meet with success, for our father had spared neither expense nor pains in our education. Maud's fine musical talents had been carefully cultivated, and our circle of friends was large enough to ensure us immediate patronage. I urged upon Maud the necessity of keeping our brother George at school, and endeavored to make her feel how important to us her own exertions would be. She raised herself on her elbow, and, resting her wan cheek on her hand, listened attentively. When I had concluded, she threw her arms round my neck, saying,

"'Dear, good Maggy! Yes, we will work. I have been very wicked and selfish. We will do all you say.'

"Somewhat of the peace that passeth understanding is always the immediate fruit of a good resolution, and I think it was under its calming influence that Maud soon dropped asleep, and rested as she had not done since our father's death. The morning found her refreshed and strengthened, and she assisted me in my preparations for our removal, with a composure which I had scarcely hoped to see.

"Once established in our new quarters, we put our hands to the plough with hearty good will, and an abundant harvest rewarded our efforts. The healthful stimulus of labor, aided by that happy elasticity which is generally triumphant over the sorrows of youth, gradually restored the bloom to Maud's fair cheek, and the silvery ring to her voice, although her face still kept a shade of thoughtfulness it had not worn before.

"We were very busy, though not overworked, and very happy, in those days. It was impossible to feel ourselves lonely or unprotected, for not only was the most active and constant kindness extended to us by old friends of my father, but Maud's pure beauty, and her graceful, winning ways won the hearts of all whom she approached. Mrs. Egerton, who, among all our acquaintances, was the most unremitting in her attentions, had been a schoolmate of my mother, and was the widow of my father's eldest and dearest friend. She was the kindest of old

ladies; so ready with her offers of advice and assistance to all whom she imagined to stand in need of them, that an ill-natured critic might have called her officious; but we, who understood and loved her, saw in her peculiarities only a sincere desire to make every one about her happy. She was an active supporter of our school, and superintended all our little arrangements with the delight of a busy child. Our refusal of her generous proposition to adopt us as her own children sorely disappointed, and almost offended her; but she was one of those good souls whose ill feelings are so shallow that they evaporate utterly in the act of expressing them.

"She had no daughters, and but one son, Frank, who, inheriting his father's talents, also followed his profession of the law. Although he had but just entered his twenty-fifth year, my father, when he felt his end approaching, sent for Frank Egerton, and entrusted to him the management of his affairs; for notwithstanding that he was usually little disposed to put confidence in young and inexperienced men, he made Frank an exception to all such general rules, and indeed seemed to feel almost as much pride in the son of his old friend as if he had been his own. I sometimes thought he cherished a secret wish that Egerton might become the nearest earthly protector of our darling Maud, but he was not one to betray such a desire, and it may not have existed, except in my own fancy. I have already said, I believe, that Frank possessed talents of no common order, but so paramount to every other was the impression made by the force, breadth, and princely nobleness of his character, that in thinking of him one forgot his intellectual gifts. In his invigorating presence, all virtue seemed natural and easy, for although his moral standard was higher and more strict than that of any man whom I have ever known, he appeared to live up to it almost without an effort; and it was with an absolute freedom from egotism, and a grand unconsciousness of anything unreasonable in his demands, that he exacted from all about him the same singleness of purpose and purity of heart with which he was himself endowed.

"The conscientious sternness of his character would have been terrible, had it not been relieved by a depth of tenderness and sensitive feeling never found in any but just such strong natures, and also by a fine vein of hearty humor, which found frequent expression in a merry and irresistibly contagious laugh. He could scarcely have been called handsome, still in every line of his athletic form and animated face, there was

an union of strength and refinement, which rendered his appearance as agreeable as it was striking.

"The sound of his elastic step and cheerful voice, whose every deep vibration was rife with physical and mental health, was always welcome to us both. But if it brightened the delicate rose upon Maud's cheek, and the light within her eyes, so did every passing thought or emotion; for the 'Aurora, flushing in the northern night,' is not more fluctuating in brilliancy and color than was her beautiful face. There was no shadow of embarrassment, nothing hidden or shy in her manner toward him. If he had been her brother, she could not have been more open and simply happy in her intercourse with him. That he loved her, or would learn to love her, I scarcely entertained a doubt. How could he fail to do so? But I was sure that she cherished for him only the regard of a sister. Still, she was very young, almost childish, and as she developed in mind and heart, the character of her feelings might change, I thought.

"When they sang together, she was plainly absorbed in the music, and looked upon him, for the time, only as an instrument for its production. When they read together, she threw herself entirely into the book or the discussions it called forth; and during our walks and drives with him, she was all eye and ear for every beauty in the heavens above and the earth beneath; while he never forgot her in these things, nor indeed in anything, but acted with delicate and thoughtful care for her comfort and happiness. God knows how my heart ached with gratitude toward him for his unflagging and considerate kindness to her during the first few months after our father's death, and I sometimes almost blamed her for seeming to appreciate it so little. With his mother she was a great favorite, and Mrs. Egerton had no reason to complain of coldness in return, for Maud loved her sincerely, and was never happier than when passing some holiday at their house, which was two miles out of town, listening to the dear old lady's rambling talk, or assisting her in the garden or the poultry yard.

"Thus the days rolled on. A summer had passed, and a winter, and spring was bursting its fragrant buds, when, one afternoon, at a rather unusual hour, Frank entered our little sitting-room.

"I have not come too early? Your day's work is done?" he asked.

"School is just dismissed, and we have nothing more important to do, just now, than to entertain you. I cannot exactly say that my

day's work is done though, for I have that small mountain of exercises to correct this evening,' I replied, pointing to a pile of papers on the table beside me.

"He seated himself, and turned them over, absently. He looked pale, and I rather perceived than saw an unwonted nervousness about him. Presently he said, quietly,

"I have news to-day from India. My uncle Sanford is dead, and has left me a small property, enough to render me an independent man."

"Maud clapped her hands.

"Oh! that is good!" she cried.

"Frank looked at her with an amused smile.

"Good for my uncle, or for me?"

"For both, I hope," she answered, laughing gayly. "You never knew your uncle, so you cannot be grieved at his loss, and he was so old, I am sure he could not have any pleasure in life. What is the use of living when one is old and miserable?"

"I know an old lady whose life you can render tolerable for one evening at least, by passing it with her," said he. "My mother has been longing for you ever since the arrival of the mail. She wants to consult your taste and wisdom concerning various improvements about her dairy and hen-coops, which this new access of fortune immediately suggested to her. Will you go?"

"He addressed himself to Maud, and she looked hesitatingly toward me.

"Certainly she will go," I answered, promptly for her.

"I was never a touchy person, and yet I felt hurt at being so deliberately set aside, and was also provokingly conscious of a certain dryness in my tone, and a heightened color very likely to betray me to watchful eyes. Frank's eyes were fixed full on my face, and he said, coolly,

"You have a mountain of exercises to correct, which will occupy you all the evening," and then added, "I have business which will bring me into town again, and, with your permission, I will call and help you."

"There was such a depth of reassuring kindness in his voice, that it was easy to look up with a smile and to say, 'Thank you.'

"In a few minutes I was left alone, and, as I stood at the window, watching my sister's light figure, and the stalwart form of her companion, until they passed out of sight, the thought of what a handsome couple they would make forced itself upon me, and I wondered why Frank seemed so disturbed by his new fortune, and whether his disquiet had anything to do with Maud. Dismissing these idle thoughts, I

returned to my seat, and entered upon the task before me.

"I had not been very long so occupied when the door opened, and Frank re-entered the room. He drew a chair to the table immediately, and proceeded in silence to correct page after page. Presently he observed,

"Your girls improve."

"Yes," I replied: and not another word passed between us for the next half hour, at the close of which the exercises were completed and laid aside. He pushed back his chair, and, leaning forward, rested his arms upon his knees. His eyes were fixed upon the floor, while an irresistible attraction drew mine to his pale face.

"Margaret," he said.

"I would have spoken, but a sickening sense of suffocation stopped the voice in my throat. 'He is going to ask me for my Maud,' I thought.

"Margaret," he repeated, "yesterday I was a poor man, and would not ask any friend to share my poverty with me—still I was rich in hope and courage. To-day both seem to have deserted me. Is the wealth I have coveted for one sole sake, to make me rich indeed, or to rob me of a hope which has grown to be the light of my existence? Tell me."

"He raised his head, and looked me in the face as if he would read my very soul. With a great effort I controlled myself to speak, and my own voice sounded strange in my ears,

"She must answer you. You have my consent."

"She!—who?" and as I failed to reply, he repeated,

"Who?—who must answer me? In heaven's name, what do you mean?"

"Nay, what do you mean? Pardon me! Indeed I do not understand you."

"Not understand me? You do not understand me! Is my love so utterly lost upon you that you cannot even understand it? Have I not spoken plainly? Do you not understand me when I tell you that I love you with a love which has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength, till it has become part and parcel of my very being? Why are you so white, and your hands so deathly cold? What ails you, Margaret? Have I, during these years, when I dared not speak, concealed my love so successfully that you cannot now believe in its existence? Or is it that you fear to tell the truth, and crush my hopes forever? Fear not. I can bear certainty, however bitter, like a man. I can bear anything but this strange mystery and suspense. Speak to me, Margaret!"

"Maud—" I began, but my voice failed me.

"What of Maud? Do you doubt I will be faithful to the charge? Have I not always cared for her as if she were my own sister? If I have been remiss, tell me so, and the future shall make amends for the past."

"You have been perfect in your kindness," I replied, "and I have mistaken its character. I thought you loved her, and had come to ask her hand to-night."

"Great heaven!—and she?"

"Oh!" I replied, hastily; "dismiss every such fear from your mind. I am certain, absolutely certain, that no thought which can disturb you has ever entered her innocent young heart. She looks upon you as a friend and brother only."

"Thank God!" he said, heaving a sigh of great relief. "Thank God!"

"Full of cheer and comfort to us both was all the talk that followed; and when he left me, I felt as if the misunderstanding of an hour ago had existed in some remote period of time, and I had been for years his promised wife. Feeling much nervous exhaustion from the great revulsion of feeling through which I had passed, I retired at once to my room, and, drawing back the curtains for the admission of such light as stars and a young moon afforded, throw myself across the bed to await Maud's return. It was then a few minutes past nine o'clock, and as Frank was to be her escort, I could not look for her in less than an hour. I knew that she would come, for she never passed the night away from me, and Frank had besides promised to bring her home without delay.

"Closing my eyes, I reviewed the hard, actual past, which nothing now could change, and filled the future with airy, fluctuating dreams. I should have been happy, and yet I was not. A warning sense of unreality weighed upon me like a nightmare, and I became intensely impatient to hear the sound of Maud's step and voice upon the stair. I longed unutterably for her loving sympathy, and the touch of her warm, soft lips. The hour passed, and I had heard the old town clock tell eleven with a drowsy, lagging stroke, when I fell into an uneasy doze. I must have lain in this state for a considerable length of time, when I was roused by my own voice calling passionately, 'Maud! Maud!' I sat bolt upright, my pulses bounding with terror, and there, before me, in the faint moonlight, she stood. Her long, fair hair was all unbound, and streaming with water; her dress streamed with water, too, and as she stood there, in horrible silence, wringing her white hands, I distinctly heard it drop upon the floor. It seemed as if I never should have moved, but she held out her arms to me. With

a cry, I sprang to clasp her to my breast, and, clasping the air, stood there alone in the very spot which her form had just occupied. Pressing both hands to my head, I gazed about me stupidly. Yes! I was alone. Winged with fear, I fled through the town, and up the lonely road over which she should have passed. The hollow tramp of my feet upon the little bridge which spanned one end of a tiny lake, a mere pool, deep and clear, by whose margin we had often strayed together, arrested me, and I paused. Trees overhung it upon every side, but the thin foliage of early spring cast no shadow. Not a living thing was within the range of my vision. I listened; only the beating of my own heart, and the low gurgle of the water, lapping about the supports of the bridge, met my ear. I looked down upon the smooth, black surface, but if anything lay beneath which should not be there, it was well hidden. Shuddering, I sped on swiftly as before, nor stopped for breath till I reached the threshold of Mrs. Egerton's house. I leaned, panting, against the door for a few moments, and then knocked. Steps descended the stair, and Frank opened to me. I did not give him time to speak, but grasping his arm with both my hands, shrieked, 'Maud! where is she?'

"Come in, Margaret," he said, and drew me into the house.

"No! I will not sit! Answer me! What have you done with my sister? Where is Maud?"

"I took her home two hours ago, and saw her ascend the porch steps, and enter, as I supposed, by the side door. Were you not at home? Have you not seen her?"

"Yes! I have seen her, but not in her earthly form. She is dead! drowned!—drowned! Come quick!" I cried, struggling wildly to draw him to the door. "We must drag the pool—come!"

"Margaret!—my wife!" he murmured, and held me firmly in his arms. I saw his thought, and, as by magic, a sudden calmness fell upon me.

"I am not mad, Frank Egerton," I said; "I saw my sister, Maud, leave the house with you this afternoon at six o'clock. With mortal eyes I have not seen her since, and shall never see her again. I tell you she is dead—drowned. Go, drag the pool, by the bridge, and you will find my words are true."

"Will you not go in to my mother," he asked, tenderly, "and await my return?"

"Yes," I answered, sighing wearily, "I will do anything you like," and, supported by his arm, I approached his mother's room. Before entering, I inquired whether there had been anything unusual in Maud's appearance or manner during her walk home.

"Nothing unusual for her," he said; "she was silent, very silent, but not more so than I have frequently seen her."

"Did you tell her—"

"Of our engagement? Yes, just before we parted at your gate, I told her. She made no remark at all, but bid me good night in her usual voice."

"Mrs. Egerton was in bed, and there was a dim night lamp burning in the room.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Frank answered for me.

"It seems that when I left Maud at her own door, she did not enter, as I supposed, but went elsewhere. Margaret became alarmed, and has come here alone. I have brought her to you to be taken care of while I go to seek for Maud. Do not rise, mother; I will make Margaret comfortable here on the lounge, and you must not expect her to talk, for she is very tired."

"I yielded myself passively to his control, while he laid me on the sofa, and covered me with a shawl. He kissed my forehead, as he stooped over me, whispering some endearing words; but my senses were dull, I heard him as in a dream.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Egerton, when he was gone, "I do not want you to talk at all, but just to make yourself as comfortable as you can. I do not wonder that you feel a little uneasy at Maud's running away in that strange manner, but I can tell you something which will explain the matter quite satisfactorily—that is, if you will not repeat what I say to Frank, for he is so peculiar, you know, my dear, and has such high idea of honor, and all that sort of thing, that I am afraid he would feel hurt with me. Are you listening? but don't answer me; you must not talk, you know."

"I am listening," I replied.

"Very well, then, I will tell you about it, only you must not talk any more. Where was I? Oh, yes! I remember. Well, as I was saying, my Frank is so peculiar, and does not like to be interfered with. He is exactly like his father—you have no idea how much he is like his father. His father was just such another reserved, fastidious fellow as Frank, and just as particular about offering himself to a woman before he was able to support her. I knew very well that Frank would never come to the point until he had laid by money, and I thought it was a pity, because with his fine talents, and Maud's good sense, he could not fail to make his way in the world; besides, I wanted to see them man and wife before I was laid in my grave. But, whenever I approached the subject

of marriage, he set it aside with that quiet, unanswerable way of his, so like his father's, and I did not dare to press the matter, or even to mention Maud's name, although it was plain to see how well he loved her. As for her, little puss! it was not from indifference she would sit for hours at my feet, with her head bent down over her work, and the color coming and going in her pretty face, while I talked to her of Frank, and told her all the history of his childhood. She never wearied of the same old tales, day after day, but listened as if they were something quite new. When this new fortune came yesterday, I could not resist saying to Frank, "Now you will bring me home a daughter?" He did not answer a word, but I judged by the color of his face, and his way of looking, that I was not far wrong. I was so pleased, you cannot think. I felt that I must take Maud into my arms at once, and so I sent for her. Not that I had the faintest idea of saying anything to her; that only came, of itself, afterward, and is just what I do not want you to repeat to Frank. When he left her with me, and went again into town, I understood directly that he had gone to you, as Maud's only natural protector, to ask your permission to speak to her on her way home that night, and I felt so worked up I could not contain myself, nor sit still. I should not have spoken though, if she had not put her arms about my neck, and begged, so sweetly, to know my trouble, that she might comfort me. It was impossible to say her nay. I bid her call me mother, and told her all the truth. At first I was frightened, she sobbed so convulsively. But after, as she sat upon my lap, with her head drooping like a flower, all pale and drenched with rain, I was glad I had prepared her to meet his proposals with dignity, as a woman should, for I saw that a new life had entered into her. I besought her again to call me mother. She looked up, and her lips parted with a smile. Her face was like an angel's, transparent, and full of light. 'Mother,' she said, and blushed red as a rose. I brought her to my room; and bathed her eyes, and then sent her out into the fresh air to regain her composure before Frank's return. But she is such a delicate, timid little thing, and when he came, I could see the very soul flicker and tremble within her like a flame in the wind. You see, Margaret, my dear, it is not at all to be wondered at that she feared meeting you, she is so shy, and would naturally dread the first talk. I think I can just see her standing, with her hand on the latch of the door, after parting with Frank, unable to make up her

mind to go in, and then running away again, perhaps to old Katy's, or to the parsonage, or to Dr. Gray's house, with some pretty excuse for passing the night there.' And the old lady laughed at her own pleasant fancy.

"Each separate word fell on my brain like a drop of molten lead. A hand was at my throat, strangling me. It was my own, but I did not know it. I leaped to my feet for breath, and fell heavily forward into the lap of a blessed oblivion.

"Weeks followed, which were to me a blank, and to those around me a ceaseless day and night watch over a lingerer between life and death. At last, weak as a new-born child, I opened my eyes to conscious wakefulness, but not to a recollection of the past. Before me, by the half shaded window, Frank sat reading, pale, thin, and ten years older than when I saw him last, but I gazed at him with no emotion, except one of vague wonder. I made an effort to move, which drew his attention, and he came and leaned over me. I looked up in his changed face, and asked faintly, 'Where am I? Where is Maud?'

"You have been ill. You must not talk, and you will soon be better. Drink this,' and he raised me in his arms and put a glass to my lips.

"I drank. He laid me down again, and I fell asleep.

"As my health gradually returned, under Mrs. Egerton's indefatigable care, memory revived, with all its painful details; but Maud's name was never mentioned, nor the events of the past alluded to by either one of us, and months elapsed before I learned that her body had been found, and the last rites paid to it during my illness. Frank remained at home till I was able to move about the house without assistance, and then made preparations for his voyage to India, whither he was going to take possession of the property left him by his uncle. A few days before his departure I sat with him alone, by the library window, and my hand lay passively in his. He had been talking of indifferent matters connected with his journey, when timidly, and in a voice that was tremulous and husky, he spoke of the future, once more calling me his 'wife.' My mind had not recovered its tone, I was like one only half sane, and the bare thought of marrying him seemed to make me my sister's willful murderer. I withdrew my hand from his clasp, and silently shook my head. Too well he understood me! The shadow of a terrible anguish settled upon his face. I could not bear to see it. I rose and left the room.

"From that moment he troubled me with no more tenderness. Considerate, gentle, and attentive as ever, he still neither sought nor avoided me, but the shadow never left his noble face. I was glad when the time came for him to go, so intolerable was the pain that I endured. He went. Weak and weary, I sought refuge in forgetfulness—in vain! A craving restlessness possessed me, and drove me forth to wander alone through fields and woods. When I could walk no longer, I lay down upon the grass, and was often out all day. If the walls of a city had pent me in, I believe I should have died; but potent is the balm Nature distills into every suffering heart that comes to her for aid. My constitution was naturally vigorous, and its resources turned to good account the constant air and exercise to which a restless spirit exposed me. My bodily health began steadily to improve, and with it my health of mind. A conviction grew upon me that I had done, and was doing a great wrong—that I had no right thus to blast the earthly future of my friend, or wantonly to cast away the blessing which God had given me, in the love of a faithful heart. I resolved to write to Frank at once, and tell him all the truth. The next mail that went out, bore my letter to him, and something like repose visited me once more.

"How I longed for his reply! It came, pure and peaceful as a breath from heaven, and with it the promise of his speedy return. 'We might look for him,' he said, 'in a week or ten days after his letter reached us.' The ten days passed, and we looked for him, but he did not come.

"The ten days grew to twenty, and brought no vessel, nor any news of her. News came, at last; the vessel, never. She had gone down with every soul on board. I was too well schooled in grief to sink under this last blow. The new sorrow took its place among the rest, in my heart, naturally and calmly.

"I had now an opportunity to return the devoted attentions which Mrs. Egerton had so lately lavished upon me. The sudden shock was followed by a paralytic stroke, which for many days endangered her life, and left her afterward helpless and almost childish. During five years I tended her with a daughter's love, and received in return a lesson of cheerful, patient resignation, which, I trust, I never shall forget. One morning I went, as was my custom, early to her bedside to learn how she had passed the night. I saw, without asking, that she had passed it well, and the morning indeed dawned brightly upon her. Another angel had spread its wings for flight.

“One more earthly tie, your father, still remained to me. He was at college. Two years after Mrs. Egerton’s death, I returned to the old home again, which had lately been restored to me, and here I have been from that time till now.

“Your father passed his holidays with me,

looking upon this as his home, until he married his pretty, foreign wife, and went, with her, to practice his profession in London. The rest you know, my little girl. I hope I have not saddened you, my child. Pain is the common lot of all, but, rightly borne, becomes the root of an eternal joy.” \*

## AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

*Merry's Museum, Parley's Magazine, Woodworth's Cabinet, and the Schoolfellow (1858-1866); Jan 1, 1860; American Periodicals*  
pg. 44

## AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

IN reading various newspapers I meet with scraps of fun and wisdom, some of which I shall jot down for the benefit of our Merry cousins. If any of you meet with old friends, perhaps it will do no harm to shake hands once more with them.

Here is a paragraph from *Life Illustrated*, expressing my sentiments exactly:

**FUN AT HOME.**—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other, and perhaps less profitable, places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home-nest delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and fire-light of a home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

**EMERSON** says, "What a man most needs is a friend to make him do what he is *capable* of doing."

**AN ARTFUL MISER.**—Some time ago, a gentleman called upon a certain nobleman in Paris, a very wealthy

and inordinately mean character, and found him at the breakfast-table, quite alone, and doing his utmost to catch a fly which was buzzing about the room.

"What the deuce are you about?" demanded the astonished visitor, to whom the spectacle of an old man amusing himself by catching flies, seemed very singular, to say the least.

"Hush!" exclaimed the other. "I'll tell you presently."

After many efforts, the old fellow at last succeeded in entrapping the fly. Taking the insect carefully between his thumb and forefinger, he put it into the sugar-bowl, and quickly dropped the lid over his prisoner. His visitor, more annoyed than ever, knowing as he did the avaricious character of the man before him, repeated the question.

"I'll tell you," replied the miser, a triumphant grin overspreading his countenance as he spoke. "I want to ascertain if the servants steal the sugar."

**AGRICULTURAL FAIR.**—Farmers' pretty daughters.

He who plants kindness, gathers love.

Why is a bed-cover like a blister? Because it's a counterpane (counter-pain).

**A QUESTION FOR SURVEYORS.**—Is a crazy tenement a madhouse?

A LARGE elk-horn was recently found imbedded in the trunk of a tree twenty inches in diameter, upon a farm near Zanesville, Wis., and as there was no apparent hollow or opening in the tree, it is quite a mystery how it got there.

WHEN a man looks well, can he see any better?



ORIGIN OF WARS.—The history of every war is very like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale. Two boys from different schools met one fine day upon the ice. They eyed each other with rather indignant looks, and with defiance on each brow. "What are you glowrin' at, Billy?" "What's that to you? I'll look where I have a mind, an' hinder me if you daur." A hearty blow was the return to this, and then such a battle began! It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice, and the fight instantly became general and desperate. I asked one of the party what they were peltin' the other for? What they had done to them? "O naething at a', man; we just want to gie them a good

thrashin'." After fighting until they were exhausted, one of the principal heroes stepped forth between, covered with blood and his clothes torn to tatters, and addressed the bellicent parties thus: Weel, I'll tell you what we'll do wi' ye; if ye'll let us alone we'll let you alone." There was no more of it; the war was at an end, and the boys scattered away to their play. I thought at the time, and have often thought since, that that trivial affray was

the best epitome of war in general that I have ever seen. Kings and ministers of state are just a set of grown-up children exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that instead of fighting out the needless quarrels they have raised, they sit in safety and look on; hound on their innocent but servile subjects to battle, and then, after a waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boys' conditions, "if ye'll let us alone we'll let you alone."—*Lay Sermon.*

PERSONS who stand upon ceremony have a precarious footing.

THE Ocean of Love is not always a Pacific Ocean.

WHAT is society, after all, but a mixture of Mister-ies and Miss-eries?

**EFFECTS OF FEAR.**—Most readers have heard of the East-Indian practice (native) of compelling persons suspected of crimes to chew rice as an ordeal. The simple philosophy of the trial is, that fear exerts an intense influence on the salivary glands; if the person is really guilty there is no secretion of saliva, and chewing is impossible. On the contrary, consciousness of innocence allows a proper flow of fluid for softening the rice.

“WHAT church do you attend, Mrs. Partington?”

“Oh, any paradox church, where the Gospel is dispensed with!”

A WELL-BRED woman never hears an impertinent remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults.

A HAPPY DESIGNATION.—The Savannahites prettily call one of their charities—an asylum for boys—the “Isle of Hope.”

**ABOUT BEES.**—A swarm of bees, in their natural state, contains from 10,000 to 20,000 of the insects, while in hives they number from 30,000 to 40,000. In a square foot of honeycomb there are about 9,000 cells. A queen bee lays her eggs for fifty or sixty consecutive days, laying about 500 daily. It takes three days to hatch each egg. In one season a single queen bee hatches about 100,000 bees. It takes 5,000 bees to weigh a pound.

A YOUNG lady engaged to be married, and getting sick of her bargain, applied to a friend to help her untie the knot before it was too late. “Oh, certainly,” he replied; “it’s very easy to untie it now, while it is only a *beau knot.*”

WHAT is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison? One can not see to go, and the other can not go to sea.

**WHEN A YOUNG MAN SHOULD TAKE HIS HAT.**—Young man, a word. We want to tell you when you should take your hat and be off. It is—

When you are asked to take a drink.

When you find out that you are courting an extravagant or slovenly girl.

When you find yourself in doubtful company.

When you discover that your expenses run ahead of your income.

When you are abusing the confidence of your friends.

When you think that you are a great deal wiser than people older and more experienced than yourselves.

When you feel like getting trusted for a suit of clothes, because you haven’t the money to pay for them.

When you “wait upon” a lady just for the fun of it.

When you don’t perform your duty, your whole duty, and nothing but your duty.

**THE INSTINCT OF APPETITE.**—Sir James Hall relates that while experimenting on hatching eggs artificially, he on one occasion observed a chick just breaking from its shell as a spider happened to run past it; the chicken darted forward, seized, and swallowed it.

**CURIOS CHANGE OF TASTE.**—The leaves of the *Gymnema Sylvestre*—a plant of Northern India—when chewed, take away the power of tasting sugar for twenty-four hours, without otherwise injuring the general sense of taste.

“DOES the razor take hold well?” inquired a barber, who was shaving a gentleman from the country. “Yes,” replied the customer, with tears in his eyes, “it takes hold first rate, but don’t let go worth a cent.”

# CHARLIE'S DILEMMA.

A G H  
*The Youth's Companion* (1827-1929); Jan 26, 1860; 34, 4; American Periodicals  
 pg. 13

For the Companion.  
**CHARLIE'S DILEMMA.**  
 CONCLUDED.

In our last paper we left Charlie upon his way to the watchmaker's with his master's watch. His curiosity had led him to take it from its case, and he was examining the elegant flowers that were cut upon its back, when

"Bow-wow-wow! Wow! wow! wow!" Leo jumped joyously upon his shoulder, Charlie's heart beat furiously, his limbs trembled so he could scarcely stand—but he pushed the dog off instantly, and clutched the case tightly with his other hand. Still, the affectionate creature was not to be set aside so easily; he rejoiced in having gained his liberty, and wanted his master to congratulate him, so kept up his barking and leaping.

"Be still, Leo!" he said, stamping upon the pavement. "Oh, what shall I do? You mustn't be out here, at large!" The dog still fondled over him, but more quietly, and whined in reply.

These proceedings had been noticed from the store, in front of which Leo had interrupted Charlie's walk. A gentlemanly appearing person came to the door.—Seeing the watch in the still open case, he said, "Walk in, walk in, my little man; I can accommo ate you."

Charles stared in amazement. He knew not what to reply. "I am quite liberal, and will make the payment easy. I shall be happy to assist you—that looks like a nice watch."

As the boy closed the case he looked up again, and his eyes fell on a sign fastened at the window. The man stepped from the door and extended his hand for the case.—Leo sprang at him with a low growl, and he retreated a few paces.

"I d d not intend stopping here," said Charlie, "I am going to Mr. Drake's with Mr. Browning's watch to be repaired."

"Ah! indeed; well, I should like to look at it; you'll not object to that, surely. I have a large collection, and wish to compare it with them. Come, just for a moment; I'll not detain you longer."

Charles hesitated. He thought it a singular request; still, it did not seem any way improper, and he was about complying when Leo growled, and gnashed his teeth furiously at the man.

"What a savage creature that is! Oh, off, I say!" he exclaimed, shaking his fist at the dog.

"No, he is not generally savage. I don't know why he should behave so now; he is my dog, sir."

"Then why don't you make him obey you, and not allow him to treat gentlemen in this manner?"

At this, Charles assumed an air of authority, and bade him go home. Immediately Leo turned around, and walked slowly and silently away; looking back occasionally to see if his young master had relented, and would call him again. At last he passed round the corner of the street. Then the man said again that he wished to look at the watch, and Charles, presuming no harm could result from his compliance, handed him the case, and followed him into the store. He had never been in such a fine place. It seemed to be filled with all sorts of elegant things. Gold and silver articles of use and of ornament glittered in every direction. Jewelry of all kinds sparkled in the sunshine, that seemed to dance around and all over the store.—Dazzled by the brightness, he drew a long sigh—something like a wish for just enough of this wealth to amount to a dollar—and



A NEAPOLITAN PEASANT GIRL KISSING A DOG.

went towards the counter, behind which the man stood, still holding the watch. "Ah! this is something valuable," he said, smiling and nodding his head. "Let me see, let me see; yes, a real Geneva! I believe I've got the very next number," holding it in one hand, while with the other he brought forward a large box, and took out several.

"Will you please go quick, sir?" said Charles, "I must return to school as soon as possible."

"Oh, certainly I wait a moment, this is not the right set," and he came again into the centre of the store, and reached over the opposite counter.

He took thence a long, narrow case, and opening it, glanced along the watches it held. At this instant Leo came bounding, panting, into the store, and stood at Charlie's side. The man, seeing his lolling tongue, forgetting his watches, retreated to the back part of the store, crying,

"Saved him right! Hain't no collar, or license, nor nothing," said a bystander, Morris, out of patience with waiting, took "Haul him down to the dock, and make an up what he supposed to be Mr. Browning's end of him. There's one less to give

watch and lost, the dog trotting behind him, the hydrophobia." Hearing this, he took off as fast as he could to Mr. Drake's, the dog carefully in his arms, and hugging

in order to make up for lost time. Great him tightly, said to the officer, "You must

was his consternation to hear him say, as take us both; I can't leave Leo, sir."

He looked at the watch the boy handed him.

Mr. Drake having heard the noise in the

that it was not the one Mr. Browning prom- street, had come up to discover the cause.

ised to send.

Charles saw him, and said immediately,

"O dear! then I have made a mistake."

"O speak for me, sir. I havn't done

said the boy, darting off before he had op- wrong.

Not so wrong as they think I have,

portunity to question him farther.

He in- Tell them to go with me to that store, and

stated going directly to that stranger's then to the school.

Mr. Browning will say

He saw a crowd of men and boys up the

Seeing him appeal to so respectable a

street, hurrying towards him; at their head gentleman in corroboration of his honesty,

the very man who was in his thoughts. The the crowd became silent, and the officer

cried excitedly, "There he is. Stop bado them disperse, while the man walked

thief! stop thief!" and the next instant back to his store, leaving the officer, Mr.

police officer took Charlie by the arm.

Drake, and Charles still holding Leo where

There was great shouting, and Leo had fallen.

barked angrily, and flew first at one, and

"What is it?" asked the policeman,

then another growling and howling as they looking to Mr. Drake.

"The accuser

beat, and kicked him. Then somebody seems to have left us."

hallooed "Mad dog! mad dog!" and all the

"Perhaps we had better follow him,

people came to the doors and windows,—said he, in reply.

and one man with a long bar of iron rushed

"No, no; please to go to the school

"Why, my little friend," said Mr. Browning, "cheer up! we'll have Leo well soon. Lend me your handkerchief; I'll bind up the broken leg, and he'll be hopping about again before night."

The clock struck the hour for recess, and so the boys all came huddling round, while their teacher tenderly bound up the wound. Even John Barnes, who had spoken so harshly a few hours before, came to tell Charlie how sorry he was,—that he hoped the dog would get well soon. And Leo, who scarcely winced during the operation, after it was over, by sundry low whinings, and attempts to lick his benefactor's hand, showed plainly his gratitude.

"O, Mr. Browning," said Charles, as he placed Leo on the floor in the sunshine, "I can never pay you for your kindness. I will tell you what I was going to do to get that dollar." Then he went to his desk, and brought to him his pretty box, and showed what it contained. "If I can sell these, sir, I can pay you partly, and I will bring you all the cents I have in my money-box; then I will work for the rest. Perhaps I can earn enough by next winter to pay the money, but I never can pay you for making me feel happy as I do now."

"There, there, Charlie," answered the master, almost crying himself—and a good many of the big boys too, who always called themselves *brave*—there, don't say another word. Keep your pretty things, and come and do my errands every day; you will soon pay me."

"O, sir, but I would like to give you something. Will you take this? I know my mother would like you to take it," and he held up the cornelian heart.

"Yes, my boy," replied Mr. Browning, while his lip quivered, and his eyes grew dim; for the sight of that little trinket recalled the memory of a dear friend, who had died long ago, who always wore a similar ornament with a silken cord around her fair white throat.

Next he offered his knife. "Nothing more!" said Mr. B., gently, "this alone is of more value than all I have done for you."

So to Mr. Drake the knife was handed, with a low bow, and a few words of thanks for the interest he had taken in him. That gentleman smilingly took the gift, because he knew, humble as it was, its refusal would hurt the boy's feelings.

"Now," said the master, "if I were you, I would divide the other things among the boys—give them to your best friends."

They had all been watching the proceeding intently, some of them secretly wishing that they might own the muguet and the whistle; yet they felt that they had, no claim upon his generosity—not one of them had shown himself friendly towards the lonely boy, because they thought that he was proud. Boys, and girls too, are very apt to call others *proud*, when they do not talk much with them, or are dissident in their manners. These boys found that Charlie Morris was not generally proud, and that he might never have shown pride at all, if they had treated him politely and pleasantly. Looking first at one, then at another, he decided on whom to bestow the other articles, till the box was emptied.—John Barnes did not expect anything, for he knew that not one of the scholars had ever troubled Charlie so much as he, still he would have liked to have received something. Charles beckoned to him, and led him to a corner—then pointed out the picture on the box-cover, and told him of his sister; said how dear the box was to him; but, that he might have it, if he would never annoy him or Leo again.

"O, I never will."

"Then I desire you to go immediately," said the schoolmaster to the officer, "and demand the watch. Also, stop as you return, and procure a license for the dog.—Hero is the money," as he spoke, opening his pocket-book and taking thence a bank-note.

Charlie could scarcely believe his senses, that the master was so kind as to do that for him! He could not speak, and again the tears began to flow.

Charlie!" said the rude boy, completely subdued; "but I can't take the box; it is too handsome for me."

"Yes, yes, take it, do, John," answered Charlie. But no, he would not be persuaded to accept the gift.

"Then we'll own it together," said Charles. "I'll keep it one week and you the next, so it will belong to both."

This arrangement satisfied John, and he carried it to his seat, followed by the admiring eyes of all his school-fellows.

In a few minutes the officer returned with Mr. Browning's watch, a collar for Leo, and a written certificate that the license had been paid.

"But the young rogue has taken a watch from that store, I think," said he; "one is missing, and the man says no one else has been in since he left."

"O, here it is, in my pocket!" exclaimed Charlie. "O how careless I am! To think I never mentioned that when I told about their calling me 'thief!'" and he looked very much distressed at his heedlessness.

"Yes, yes, it was through his haste to recover yours," said Mr. Drake. When I told him it was not the right one, he went like an honest boy as he is, Mr. Browning, for that. Here, I will take it to the man. I must go back to my work now, but first, with your leave, I will speak to your pupils."

The master rang his bell, and called for the attention of the school. Then Mr. Drake went on to speak of Charlie's troubles, and how by a slight act of disobedience he had brought so much unhappiness upon himself and others this forenoon. "If he had kept the watch-case closed," said he, "and walked steadily on to do the errand for his master—as he ought—and as a really faithful and careful lad would have done—there would have been no chance for that bad man to have led him into his store, and he would have escaped all the distress he has since felt, and even Leo might not have suffered as he has. In all probability—as the dog had broken from his fastening—he would have met him, but he could then, after the errand was finished, have taken him home again. You see, boys, that you are never safe out of the path of duty. Go conscientiously about all your tasks, and perform faithfully, and with alacrity and diligence, everything that is required of you, and you will be more likely to succeed in life, as well as to avoid thereby many temptations to wrong doing. A person who is diligent in business, never is easily led astray. It is the idle, the careless, the lazy, whom unprincipled men and evil-disposed boys choose to become such as they are. So, boys, remember to keep yourselves occupied in doing something, always, and do it faithfully, too, with all your energies—if you would keep out of harm's way—if you would avoid danger, both of soul and body."

Charlie Morris has not yet forgotten the events of that morning, nor Mr. Drake's advice, and I hope he never will. He is one of the most conscientious, industrious lads in the school. Leo, as well as himself, became a great favorite with the boys. His leg is now healed, but he limps a little, and as he goes every day with his young master to Mr. Browning's, he invariably extends that paw to bid him good morning; and when that gentleman was sick, not long since, and he did not see him as usual, he remained a great while at the door whining for admittance, and was not satisfied till he had spoken to him. "He sets an example," said Mr. B., on that occasion, "which many of us might copy with great advantage. If ever anybody was truly grateful for kind attention, it is Leo."

Mrs. Morris has begun to think that even the bad reputation of some of Charlie's schoolfellows need not debar him from the companionship of the others, especially since she has noticed the change which has taken place in John Barnes. Charlie's generosity towards him has made him his firmest friend, though John is three years older than Charlie. Nobody dares to call Charles Morris proud, now, for John Barnes is considered the smartest boy in the school, and he would soon put such pretentious fellows down. Yet he never troubles the little ones, seems even to take delight in pleasing them, or in helping them when they get into difficulty; and is altogether as promising and agreeable a lad as one would wish to see.

# THE CONFESSIONS OF A PEDAGOGUE

PEDAGOGUE

*The Southern Literary Messenger; Devoted to Every Department of Literature, and the Fine Arts* 18...Jan 1, 1860; 30, 1; American Periodicals

pg. 46

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A PEDAGOGUE.

Various are the characters who, in different ages and countries, have put themselves in the public confessional. Unlike good Catholics, they seek the brightest light and most exposed situation for their confessionals, and uniting, in their own persons, penitent and priest, proclaim their most private actions and most secret thoughts on the very house-tops.

Among these confession makers, or mongers, a conspicuous place is occupied by the good Bishop, Augustine, whose passions were, in early youth, stimulated by the burning sun of Africa, and whose pious vanity was, in old age, gratified by telling the world how he had sinned above all others. As far above him in vanity, as he was below him in principle, Rousseau disgusted the good city of Geneva, where Calvin had preached and established the doctrines of Augustine, by exposing, in the most piquant style, a heart foul with sensuality and every kind of vice.

In this 19th century, when almost everything in physical science seems to have been discovered, and nothing spiritual to be considered as fixed, the young De Quincey "saw visions and dreamed dreams," and attempted, in his opium confessions, to make his readers dream with him. He has grown old, surrounded with a sort of halo of mystery.

I have been actuated to confess by motives far different to those which moved African, Gaul, or Briton. They chose confession as one of the avenues to fame; I as one means of relieving an over-burdened heart. Confession led them to the summit of that steep on which "Fame's proud temple shines afar;" while it can only show me, as one of those wretched beings who seek to lead asinine juveniles, whom I am forbidden to drive, and in whom the spirit of recalcitrance is the most prominent characteristic.

The apostle tells us that the Old Testament is the schoolmaster (pedagogue), leading us to Christ, the great professor or prophet of true religion. I hope that

I shall not appear profane or presuming, in wishing that I may be able to lead those, whose leading-strings I hold, to something higher than the alphabet and the multiplication table, albeit they may be the essential foundation of the super-structure. But alas! my life has proved too short to attain an art "so long," and so useful to my interests, as the power of recommending myself to public favour would be. A very short tale will show, at once, my failure and my sorrow.

My father was an old Virginia gentleman. I do not mean that he was one of those F. F. Vs., whose pride and pretensions have been, for years, a laughing-stock, from the Atlantic border to the blooming prairies of the far West. "The Mother of States and Statesmen" gave birth in him to no politician. He loved his book, his family, his farm and his tranquillity too much to fish in the muddy waters of political strife. Opinions he had on the questions of the day, and expressed them, on proper occasions, with manly boldness, and sometimes, when provoked by unjust attacks, with warmth and energy. But he never impeached the motives of others, merely because they differed from him; his voice was "never heard in the streets," nor at the cross-roads, save when he voted, which he always did with exemplary punctuality.

Although educated for the bar, and deeply read in English and American law, he never appeared as an advocate, nor aspired, through forensic displays, to the legislative chamber. The historic page, the stores of elegant literature, the society of his wife—a woman of uncommon mind and information, and more energetic and ambitious than himself—and that of his two sons, his pipe, dog and gun, made his days pass very pleasantly in the Tide-Water region of the Old Dominion.

There was, however, one drawback on his happiness. Among his talents, the pecuniary talent was entirely wanting. His neighbours united in calling him "the best man they ever knew;" but

they saw, and often experienced to their own advantage, that he could not or would not learn to make bargains, or to resist exactions, in the shape of extravagant charges. In consequence of this ignorance or carelessness, his finances, in spite of his rich farm, numerous slaves, good crops, and efficient helpmate, were usually in a dilapidated condition.

He managed, indeed, to live in a plenteous and hospitable manner, and to give an excellent education to his elder son, who had just grown up at the time of his death, and had inherited from both parents a taste for literature, and from his father a distaste for money making. My education was not finished until after his death, which took place when I was fifteen, but was carried on afterwards by my mother, with her usual energy and discretion, in a private school. My natural powers and their means of culture were, however, decidedly inferior to those of my brother.

Yet they were not contemptible for the period, and, like most other young Virginians of that day, I aspired to one of the learned professions, viz: medicine or law; for, thanks to our divorce of church and state, the church is not reckoned among us a means of livelihood.

But my stomach would not bear a dissecting-room, nor my nerves a surgical operation, so that I soon found myself unable to rank among the votaries of *Aesculapius*, or the colleagues of *Sangrado*.

My ambition, which was, in early life, an intense flame, consuming me for want of other carbon, was next, and more earnestly turned towards the law. But here, too, my wretched indecision and want of confidence led to entire failure. When at ease, I did not want words, nor fire to burn them into the minds or hearts of an audience; but too often, when an opportunity of speaking arose, my heart failed me, and I awkwardly, sometimes offensively, declined. This *mauvaise honte*, and a total want of tact, soon made me abandon the bar, not in disgust, but in despair.

What, then, could I do? "I could not dig; to beg I was ashamed." I made

some attempts at authorship, but was easily discouraged, and deterred from further efforts, by the objections of publishers.

My last, my only resource, was to use the moderate capacity and knowledge which I possessed, in the profession of teaching, then held in no high esteem in our good old Commonwealth. This was a prejudice about as reasonable as that of the Roman nobles against commerce. My old schoolmates and companions laughed at my transformation into a pedagogue, and considered me lost to fame, if not utterly useless to society. Circumstances induced, I may say, compelled, me to begin with what has been called an old-field school. The prefix, *old-field school-houses*, is a complete misnomer for those peculiar edifices, generally erected in the center of a thick forest, skirting some road-side, and furnishing the abundant fuel necessary in winter to keep the inmates from freezing, and sheltering them alike from the cooling zephyrs of summer and the chilling aquilus of winter.

In one of these houses, daubed with untempered clay, to fill up the wide cracks between the rough logs, I was installed as "monarch of all I surveyed." My survey, indeed, did not extend beyond the 20 feet square of the house, and such glimpses of the surrounding woodland as the long slit, denominated a window, allowed me to enjoy. Like Conrad's on the ocean, however, "my flag was the sceptre all who met obeyed."

Those who knew my impatient temper, predicted that the hickories, which were to be my substitutes for the immemorial birches, would, with my patience, be soon exhausted on the battle-field of my school-house. But commencing my didactic career with a firm resolution to falsify these predictions, I succeeded amazingly in swallowing down my wrath, and stimulating young ideas into blossom and fruit. Sometimes, indeed, in this experimentum crucis, "forbearance ceased to be a virtue," and I was compelled to stimulate the mental buds by an application of physical branches. This ordi-

nary patience and these extraordinary branchings out, both contributed to my fame, which, like the schoolmaster, "was abroad in the land." I was soon thereby promoted to a grammar school, in which, for many long years, I have been busily, I hope usefully, I cannot say profitably, employed.

A great and salutary "change" "has come over the spirit of Virginia's dream" in regard to teaching, since the days of my youth, when, I have already mentioned, it was considered a bore and degradation. This feeling, although not openly avowed, then deterred many a young man from useful occupation in that way, and often occasioned cold and supercilious treatment towards those who had embarked in the half-tabooed occupation. Now, many are using it as an honourable means of making fortunes, and benefitting society.

Those who are making these great profits, are mainly graduates of our two favorite State institutions, the University and Military Institute. More Collegiate graduates are compelled to "hide their diminished heads" before "these bright and particular stars." The excellence of these institutions, I hear, is unquestioned, and their popularity deserved. They say that much severer tests of scholarship are applied in our University, than in any other institution in the country; but, at the same time, they allege, that a new sense has been very unnecessarily given to the term *graduate*, applied from the earliest period of scholastic history, in modern times at least, to one who has finished the curriculum of studies, established at the institution, where it is given, but at our institution to any student, who has given the required amount of attention to any one language or science. They admit the object of this change: viz. higher scholarship in each department, and a distribution of honors exactly proportioned to merit, to be a laudable one, but think it could have been just as well accomplished without the change of names. The result has been a "confusion worse confounded" of graduate, A. M. and A. B., which sadly puzzles uninitiated brains, like mine.

The Institute is no doubt, a good scientific institution; yet it has been whispered, that the mere fact of graduation there, it may be at the tail of a large class, by no means insures competent knowledge, and still less the requisite character for successful teaching.

Yet, wherever these pet alumni go, they entirely supersede those of colleges, whatever may be the attainments and other qualifications of the latter. Men are far more easily humbugged in the instruction of their children, and treatment of their diseases, than in matters which "come home to their business" and pecuniary interest. They have strong faith, that the walls of the University and Institute are unfailing specifics for dull brains and empty heads.

Whatever may be the truth or falsehood of these criticisms and objections, my sufferings are undoubtedly real. The Professors of our University and Institute may be thriving in their pecuniary concerns, although they will not admit it; some of their teaching Alumni are certainly making fortunes: but the professors of the colleges, and nearly all other teachers are struggling for existence.

For my humble self, whose portrait I set out to paint, although betrayed into a more agreeable use of my pencil in painting others, I am an old-fashioned pedagogue, without even the prestige of a college diploma, to aid me in battling with poverty. Formerly I had to compete with Yankee teachers, who, by dint of impudence and advertisements, completely overshadowed me, and carried off all the scholars, and, with them, the far more valuable tuition fees. This race, in this time of abolition excitement, is nearly extinct. The only teachers now-a-days, who can, at all, remind us of their proceedings, are the principals of Female Institutes or Colleges, whose name is legion, and each of which advances, like an army with banners, under a cloud of advertisements thick, as the Persian missiles at Thermopylae. Unlike the Spartans, I found it very inconvenient to fight under the shade of these Yankee arrows, which completely eclipsed my preten-

sions, and darkened my prospects of living.

Now that former swarm of locusts has passed away, and another still more hungry has succeeded, to eat up the green youths, on which my lean purse might have fattened.

I have made myself pretty well acquainted, by private study, with the mode of teaching at the University; but, as no one can be made to believe this of one so insignificant, the whole patronage is engrossed by the real Simon Pure, of higher prices and pretensions. I cannot even get that numerous class, who go to the University, without even being properly qualified to enter my humble grammar school. The very cheapness of my tuition fees, which have scarcely risen above the old rates, makes every one suppose, that my instruction is of little worth. My revenue is ever "growing beautifully less," while my expenses are steadily on the increase.

In this connection, I have omitted to mention a very important event of my life, viz. my marriage to a very pretty and excellent, but poor, girl, who took the singular fancy of sharing my fortune. In my romantic youth, I had written her a few verses, and won her heart, before she had time to calculate the risk of uniting her destiny with so thriftless a personage. She has met the consequences of her imprudence bravely, and stems the billows of misfortune with stronger arms than I.

Every year, she adds to our joys and our sorrows, too, by putting another in "my quiver" of children, which is already heavier than I can bear.

Matters have gone so far with our wardrobes, that her ingenious fingers can no longer "gar au'd claes look amaeest as well as new." There is a point of antiquity beyond which garments cannot respectably go, which is yet often passed by my children's and mine. We try very hard to be honest, but cannot always strictly obey the Scripture precept: "Owe no man any thing, but love." She patches, cleans, and cooks, for we are exactly prepared for turning abolitionists, by having eaten up all our negroes, while

"From rise of morn till set of sun  
I see my little Mohawks run,"

or rather crawl up the hill of knowledge.

With a sort of unavailing conscientiousness, I continue to impart all the knowledge I have been accumulating by uninterrupted study, to youths, who receive it, not with the "proris auribus," Tacitus ascribes to the hearers of slander, but with the backed ears of stubborn donkeys, when pressed into service. These aforesaid donkeys consider me the greatest bore in existence, and usually succeed in impressing their parents with the same opinion.

I never find any one so kind, as to remove my threadbare coat, while I am sleeping, and substitute a new one, as was done, of yore, for my bachelor prototype, Dominie Sampson. I dare say the garments might be as easily changed, without my perceiving it, were any one inclined to try the experiment. But my good Lucy, surrounded, as she usually is, with a toddling army, which engrosses her eyes, hands and heart, has neither means nor time for playing me such tricks.

We are thankful, when the meal and meat hold out, and are contented to keep out the cold with garments antique enough to satisfy Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, although not flowing enough to pass with him for specimens of the Roman toga. There is no discinctus puer in our family, where economy reigns supreme, and every inch of cloth and of candle is saved and used with the most scrupulous care. It often pains my heart to see Lucy drudging, and to feel, that I have no power to relieve her by giving her some of those recreations, which her buoyant temper would enjoy so much.

Had I possessed the tact, necessary for securing the patronage of influential men, I might have done better. But, like Murad, I am unlucky, from want of care, dexterity, and flexibility.

None will pity me, because all consider my situation the natural result of my faults. My person and address are as uncouth as Dominie Sampson's; but my fondness for teaching never impels me

to resume the operation with Harry Bertrams who have passed beyond my jurisdiction.

When I see boys and loafers laughing at me, as I sneak along the streets, I remember Juvenal's

*Nihil habet infelix paupertas durius in se  
Quam: quot ridiculos homines facit.*

Yet satire is never to be received as  
*true au pied de la lettre.*

Starving is worse than being laughed at, and poverty seems ready to look me in the face. Whether I shall keep myself and mine out of the poor house, is a problem yet to be solved, and for which I fear I have scarcely sufficient mathematics. With all my teaching, I could never teach this to an unfortunate

PEDAGOGUS.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## C O U S I N J O N A T H A N .

BY CORA LYNN.

BEFORE a bright fire, in a handsomely furnished drawing-room, two persons stood one evening—a young and very lovely girl, with a merry glance and smile: she was dressed in something soft and white, that floated round her like a mist; and in her nut-brown hair nestled a half-blown rose.

Her companion was a man, past the prime of young manhood; and, perhaps, the first impression his appearance gave was that of awkwardness only. Short and ungracefully, yet powerfully made, with features far from regular, it would be difficult to describe him as other than a plain man, some five-and-forty years of age. Yet he had one charm—a voice of wonderful richness and depth; soft and gentle too, when speaking to his fair companion.

"I hope you will enjoy it as much as you expect, Alice."

"I hope I shall; but, cousin, why are you not going with us?"

"You will not miss me, and I have letters to write this evening; besides, what should an old fellow like me do at a ball?"

Alice turned round and gave him a very saucy little look out of her brown eyes.

"What a silly thing you are, Cousin Jonathan!"

At that moment, a tall, hearty-looking old gentleman entered the room, evidently enjoying some joke, much to his own satisfaction. He carried a parcel in his hand.

"See, Miss Alice, here's a queer sort of a thing come for you; can you imagine what it is? I'm sure I can't."

She unfolded the silver paper, and brought to light an exquisite bouquet of hot-house flowers.

"Oh! how lovely! how very lovely! But who can have sent them?"

She glanced at her cousin as she spoke, laughing.

"Not Jonathan, I'm sure," said her father; "he's old enough to have more sense."

"Did you send them?" persisted Alice, moving nearer to him, and her voice faltering a little.

"I! no; is it likely? See, here is a card in the paper."

She took it up, and read aloud: "With Captain Ray's compliments."

"Very polite—very proper—very kind," said her father, rubbing his hands—"very much so indeed."

Cousin Jonathan had moved away.

Mr. Braybrook took his daughter's hand, and turning her deliberately round, examined her with great apparent satisfaction.

"Not amiss, is it Jonathan?" said he, appealing to their quiet companion.

That gentleman was reading a letter, and, looking up for a moment, replied: "Certainly not, sir."

He bent over the paper again, but any one near might have seen it tremble in his hand.

Alice grew very rosy, and drew up her slender figure to its full height.

"Pray, papa, don't ask Mr. Waring to admire poor me, you disturb him from his letter; and, besides—I—I'm sure it doesn't—I don't—"

"My opinion can be of no value, I know," said her cousin, with another glance from his occupation.

"Never mind him, Puss," added Mr. Braybrook, as he thought he saw Alice's lip quiver, "these old bachelors always are cross and ill-tempered."

"The carriage is at the door," cried the footman, entering very opportunely.

Mr. Braybrook left the room, and Alice's maid came in with a warm cloak of white and cherry-colored silk.

"Good-night," said the little lady. Then this charming affair was properly put on, and a black lace veil was thrown over her head.

Mr. Waring looked up. She stood beside him, holding out a tiny white-gloved hand. He took it, saying: "Good-night; I hope your 'first ball' will be a merry one, Alice."

The hand lingered in his.

"If you were only coming, Cousin Jonathan —"

He interrupted her quickly, almost harshly.

"But I'm not, so good-night."

She went away silently, but turning at the door to say "Good-night" once more, he fancied he saw tears glistening through the shadowy black veil over her face.

He started to his feet; but a thought seemed to strike him, and he sat down to his papers again, muttering: "She'll make me make a fool of myself, whether I will or no, with that voice and those pleading eyes. Pshaw! a man at my age—ridiculous! And on went his pen faster than ever.

Hour after hour passed on, and still it was busily at work. One—two—three o'clock struck. There was a sound of bustle and hurry in the hall below. He heard Alice's clear, ringing laugh—that laugh that was like no other. He heard Mr. Braybrook's hearty voice, and another—a voice he did not know.

They came up-stairs—Alice, her father, and a tall, elegant-looking young man in uniform.

"Mr. Waring, Captain Ray," said Mr. Braybrook; and then the three began to talk over the ball, and apparently forgot the very existence of the writer at the sofa-table.

Jonathan Waring's heart grew full of bitterness. Alice glanced towards him, saw him pale, and with compressed lips.

Her eye grew brighter, her laugh more joyous: Captain Ray thought her each moment more and more lovely.

Refreshments were brought in, and soon after the Captain took leave; not, however, before he had promised to call on the morrow, and bring Alice a book he felt quite sure she would like.

"I am sorry you sat up for us," said Alice, as Mr. Waring was leaving the room, letters in hand: "you look quite tired out."

"Thank you, but I do not feel so."

"It must have been a long, lonely evening for you."

"Not at all; I was too busy to find it either. Good-night."

"Good-night, cousin. How do you like Captain Ray?"

"I think he is a very elegant man."

"So do I; very fascinating too?"

"I can well fancy it."

"Good-night."

She ran up the stairs half-way, then turned and ran down to him again.

"Cousin Jonathan, will you tell me if you think I looked nice to-night? Really I mean —"

"To me you looked just as usual."

"Well, many people told me I—I —"

"Looked lovely? no doubt; and as plenty of others told you so, there is all the less need for me to do it. Now, good-night; go up-stairs: you will be quite tired out to-morrow if you do not."

Alice, when in her own room, wept bitterly.

"He sees that you care for him, and shuns you. He wants to guard you from yourself," whispered pride.

Some weeks had passed away since the thing of Alice's first ball. It was the height of the London season; and of all the beauties fluttering nightly from one scene of gayety to another, none was more admired, more courted than the lovely Alice Braybrook. People did say she was a "bit of a flirt"—and perhaps people were not very far wrong; certainly it seemed so. "Legion" was the name of her lovers, and she apparently enjoyed their adoration to no small degree.

Sometimes "that quiet Mr. Waring" was seen with herself and her father, but not often. No one took much notice of him, and he did not keep with Miss Braybrook much, unless she happened to be tiring herself with dancing too long together, or resting where there was a chill draught: then Cousin Jonathan was sure to be near, with a kind word of warning, or her scarf ready to put on.

One morning, as she lay buried in the cushions of a luxurious sofa, trying to read a newly-published novel, Mr. Waring came into the room, and struck with the wearied, listless expression of her face, stopped, and asked if she had a headache.

"No, not much, thank you. What time is it?"

"Nearly two. May I sit with you a little, Alice? I have a great deal to say to you."

The weary look was gone in a moment: it was a very unusual thing for him to

ask to stay with her, and it made her color come.

He brought a chair, and sat near her, but where she could not see his face. He took up the book she had been reading.

"Who sent you this, Alice? Which of the adoring swains?"

"Mr. Craven sent it to me."

"Did you ever hear an old song—'Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! I'm afraid too many,' \_\_\_\_?"

"Hush!" cried Alice, rather pettishly; "if you talk in that way I shall send you away."

He took her hand, and held it in both his own.

"My dear little cousin, will you take a word of advice from one who really has your good at heart?"

She neither spoke, nor yet withdrew her hand.

"You have no mother to watch over you, dear Alice, and are placed in what I know must be a very, very trying position. I am sure you always wish to do right; but it is very hard to escape from the unkind remarks of the world. You are very young, very lovely; many envy you—many censure you \_\_\_\_."

He paused a moment, and Alice hid her face upon the arm of the sofa.

"Do not think me presuming, dear Alice, in speaking thus: we are old friends—we shall always be friends, shall we not?"

Her fingers closed on his.

"Remember that you have much to answer for, many responsibilities. Above all, take care that you do not make others unhappy, or trifle with affection, which, if true, is more priceless than all the wealth of the world! You know what I mean, Alice?"

"Yes."

"Do not raise hopes unless you mean to fulfill them?"

She was sobbing, in a low, subdued manner, that went to his heart.

"You are not angry with me, Alice?"

*Angry with him!* If he could only read her heart!

"We old bachelors are privileged persons, you know—nay, you must not sob in this way. I only wanted to give you a word of caution before I go!"

"Go!" cried Alice, springing to her feet—"Oh! are you going to leave me?"

He was not prepared for this. He hardly dared trust himself to look upon

her, as she stood there with clasped hands and quivering lips.

"Yes, I am going back to Lescome: I have been here too long!" he added, half to himself—but she heard the words.

"Too long! Then you have been dull, lonely with us—and now you are going! Oh! what shall I—what shall we do without you?"

"Nay, Alice, you will hardly miss me; it is not as though I were a young man, and could be more companionable to you; besides, my people at Lescome want me; and—but, Alice, Alice, do not cry, I can not bear it, 'dear child \_\_\_\_,'"

That word recalled her to herself. It was better to hear it, though, from *him*. Yes! he thought of her as a *child*; and she, she had dared to love him, not as a child loves, but as a woman: she had poured out her whole heart at his feet, and perhaps he knew that it was so—perhaps he scorned her for it!

She dashed the tear-drops from her eyes, struggled to stay the sobs that nearly choked her, and sat down by his side.

"Tell me about Lescome."

Lescome was his home—the manor-house of a country village. He told her of his tenantry, and how poor some of them were; of the efforts he had made, and was making, to improve their condition; of the schools he had built, and the new parsonage then in progress; of how he visited among them, and tried to win their confidence and love; and, as he spoke so earnestly and truthfully of all this, his homely face to her seemed beautiful, with a higher beauty than that of mere form, and she felt, as she had often felt before, that to be his wife would be the happiest lot on earth, and one of which she was unworthy.

Mr. Waring was in reality but a distant connection of her father's; but Alice had known him since she was a little child, and the name of "Cousin Jonathan," given to him then, had been retained in after-years. She had always looked upon him as her friend, but unconsciously had learnt at last to love him as a woman loves but once. The very fact of his being so many years older than herself had, for a time, blinded her as to the real nature of her feelings; but when she met with that love from others, which from him she would have given all the world to possess, she knew how it was, and bitter, very

bitter, were the pangs of wounded pride and hopeless love in her young heart.

"When do you leave us?" asked Alice as she rose to quit the room.

"To-morrow," he replied, without looking at her.

That night they had no engagement. Alice made tea for them in the drawing-room.

"My darling, are you not well?" said Mr. Braybrook, taking her hand in his.

Mr. Waring looked earnestly at her for a moment. A bright crimson spot burnt on each cheek, but there was a livid circle round her eyes, and her lips were almost colorless. A strange thought came over him—a thought that made his pulse bound wildly and his hand tremble.

*Could it be so?* He tried to put the thought from him. He dared not dwell upon it.

The footman entered: "Captain Ray is in the library."

"Why did you not show him in here?" asked old Braybrook sharply.

"He asked to see you alone, sir."

Alice had risen and walked to the fireplace, where she stood, holding the mantel-shelf with both hands; but Mr. Waring had caught a glimpse of her face as she passed—it was deathly pale. Her father left the room.

There was a dead silence.

"She knew of this, hence her agitation," thought Mr. Waring, as he covered his eyes with his hand, to shut out the sight of her from before him.

The silence continued unbroken, and he felt his self-control deserting him.

"Alice, I shall go to my room—I have letters to see to—and—I might be in the way."

She turned to him—such a mute expression of anguish on her face that he uttered an exclamation of horror and surprise. She stretched out her hands to him, as though in wild entreaty. He sprang to her side, clasping hands like death, so cold, so lifeless.

"Alice, darling, do not look in that way: all will be well; you will be happy—you must be. God bless you and him!"

He hurried from her presence, feeling unable to bear it even one moment longer.

The morning came—the morning of a day fraught with fearful interest to Alice Braybrook—the day that must part her

from Mr. Waring, and decide the fate of Captain Ray, for Alice had petitioned time to think. She came down to the breakfast-room looking almost like a living statue, so calm, so pale. Mr. Braybrook was not yet down, but a figure stood in the deep bay window.

"Good morning, Cousin Jonathan."

He started, and turned at her voice.

"I have a beautiful morning for my journey."

"Very. What time do you go?"

"In an hour."

"Then I must give you your breakfast."

"You shall; but first I have a word to say to you. Nay, Alice, do not look afraid, it is no lecture this time—only to tell you how deeply, how fervently I pray that the lot in life you have chosen may be a happy one."

He had meant to be very calm, but his voice faltered, and, unknowingly, he almost crushed her delicate hands, as he held them in his own. She raised her calm sad eyes to his face.

"And you care this much about me, Cousin Jonathan?"

"Care, Alice!"

"I did not think you cared so much; I am very, very glad."

She spoke so low, it was almost a whisper; but suddenly clasping her hands, and holding one of his to her heart, she went on to speak vehemently, passionately; all her assumed calmness gone.

"I know that to you, so noble, so true, so good, I seem but as a weak and erring child; but do not think—oh! never think that all your kindness can be by me forgotten; or that my heart is not full of gratitude for every gentle word you ever spoke; and more than all, for telling me when I was wrong, which no one else beside has ever done."

She would have spoken more, but something in his face arrested her. His voice sounded hoarse and unnatural.

"Alice, hush! you know not what you do."

A change came over her. She dropped his hand, and with both her own pressed tightly down upon her breast, as though to stay its beating, stood gazing on him with wondering eyes and parted lips, from which all shade of color had faded.

He passed his hand across his forehead, and turned from her.

“Alice, leave me! in mercy leave me!”

But she stood as though rooted to the ground.

“Would to God I loved her less!” burst from him like a groan.

She heard it, and her lips moved, her arms were stretched out to him; one uncertain step forward, and she fell senseless at his feet.

Cousin Jonathan did *not* leave London that day; Captain Ray *did*.

When the winter was coming, Lesscombe had its master back again, but he did not come alone. Alice lived a happy woman, for she had one ever with her who could guide her right, and sometimes she used to call him “*Cousin Jonathan*.”

Tuckerman, Edward O

*Ballou's Dollar Monthly Magazine* (1855-1862); Feb 1860; 11, 2; American Periodicals

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ing a moral trailing at the end of your favorite fairy tales, like a piece of dirty paper catching at the skirts of a magnificent silk dress, and dragged along over the pavement by its charming wearer, wholly unconscious of the grinning chimney-sweep and shop-boys? We recollect very well the voxation of spirit that filled our own youthful bosom, when gorgeous palaces and fair princesses vanished at the approach of some axiom of commonplace morality, such as "Be virtuous and you will be happy," "Vice always produces misery," and the like. If your moral is a necessary accompaniment of your story, why not give it to your little victims at the beginning, rather than at the end, on the same principle that physicians give the nauseous dose of cod liver oil first, and then afterwards the nice little bit of preserved ginger, to "take the taste out?" We, however, hold that a moral is a disagreeable excrescence, a wen on a beautiful nose, the fifth foot of the five-footed calf, the one great and tiresome superfluity. We preface the following veracious history, therefore, with the frank avowal that there is no moral to it that cannot be summed up in this short maxim—"Pretty cousins are dangerous things." But if you, sage reader, still believe that the moral is the soul, and the story only the body, why, just bury this soulless body in the grave, and turn your attention to that useful and instructive little work, entitled—"Plums for Good Boys: or, How to buy a Pound of Happiness with an Ounce of Self-Denial."

Who does not know the pleasures and conveniences of cousinship? If you are a lively young bachelor, how pleasant it is, when you make your annual visit up country, to be greeted by half a dozen rosy faces with a—"Fie, Cousin Tom! you ought to be ashamed of yourself for your impudence!" Then, your male cousins are capital fellows to go partridge-shooting with! What royal times you have with them trout-fishing! Moreover, cousins pre-suppose uncles and aunts; and who ever made mince pies so well as Aunt Mehitable, or told a story so well as Uncle Josh? The delights of cousinship are manifold; and so are the conveniences, too. If your cousins are nice girls and hearty, pleasant fellows, it makes them tenfold nicer and pleasanter to know they are your own kith and kin; and if otherwise, they are only cousins, after all, not brothers and sisters—and, good gracious! who cares for his cousins? But these considerations are palpable and self-evident; did you ever reflect on the dangers of the relationship? If not, read this warning exposition of them, and ponder its awful lessons with due solemnity.

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[ORIGINAL.]

## DANGERS OF COUSINSHIP.

BY EDWARD O. TUCKERMAN.

WHEN you were still in jacket and trousers, dear reader, if you are of the masculine gender, or in frocks and pinasfore, if you belong to that gentler sex whose name is a synonyme for lowness, did you not feel distressed at always find-

## PART I:

### IN WHICH THE HERO MAKES A RASH VOW.

In the retired little village of Hanaford (don't consult your map—or if you must, look at Cochin-China; you will find it there as soon as anywhere) no man was better known or more highly respected than Squire Ketchup. A selectman, a justice of the peace, the owner of some three hundred good acres and some ten or fifteen thousand dollars safely invested, he found life a "toler'bly pleasant kind of institooshun," as he phrased it; and he seemed disposed to make it "toler'bly pleasant" to those around him. He was very benevolent and open-handed, but shrewd withal; he had as keen a scent for an impostor as a dog has for a woodchuck, and about as much mercy, too. If one of his fellow-towners had a few hundreds to invest, he would "happen in" upon the squire some afternoon, and in the course of an hour or so, carelessly remark:

"Wall, squire, I dunno much about them 'ere sort of things, 'cause I aint so much in the way of hearin' on 'em as you men of prop'ty air, but I hearn 'em tellin' down at the store, t'other day, that the Hodge Podge Railroad is a doin' a purty smashing business, now-a-days, and makes consid'able dividends to the stockholders."

"Wall, yes," the squire would dryly say, "p'raps it does do a purty smashing business; I calc'late it'll go to smash one of these days, directors and all. Tell ye what, neighbor, it don't pay to make dividends of ten per cent., and borrer the money to do it with."

"Wall, I kinder thought as much," the other would say, closing his fingers tightly over something he had in his coat-pocket. "I sez to my old 'oman last week, 'Polly,' sez I, 'I don't b'lieve the Hodge Podge Railroad is worth half so much as the Cat's-Wool Factory; and Polly,' sez I, 'if I had a thousand dollars, it shouldn't go to the railroad, Polly. Eh, squire?'"

"Folkses has diff'rent opinions," the squire would rejoin, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "I never set much by the factory myself, but it's a free country, neighbor. I don't mind telling ye I consider them 'ere two critters mighty resky kind of cattle. If I had a peck of dimes I didn't want to lay out on manure, and if there wasn't no claims upon me, sech as wife longing for a decent gown to go to meetin' with, or suthin' of the sort, wall, I dunno, I guess I might p'raps buy a few shares in the Farmers' Bank, or invest 'em in a safe mortgage. It doosn't do no good to 'make haste to be rich,' 'cause Scripter's agin it, and Scripter is gen'ally about

right, I expect. If I was you, I'd put your money in somewhere that you know it will be safe and pay you six per cent. There's more loses than wins when they play at speculatin'."

"Wall, I didn't exactly say, squire, that I'd any thought of layin' up money myself, jest now, but p'raps I may bimeby, if the Lord prospers me. Poor men like me, squire, have other things to think of. Fine day, squire—good for the hayin'."

Now the worthy squire lived in a substantial, two-story house, with barns and outhouses around it, situated on the edge of a hill sloping gradually to the waters of the Assaquon River. Everything in the neighborhood, the orchards, the cornfields, the kitchen-garden, the little flower-plot in front of the house, the honeysuckle over the little porch, all betokened the carefree farmer of easy circumstances. A matron of the true New England stamp, busy, good-humored and "smart," together with an only daughter, constituted the family of the squire; and it was commonly increased by the addition of a hired man or two. The daughter (we will be communicative and frank with you, gentle reader—she is our heroine) was a blithe, merry damsels of seventeen, of a generous and affectionate disposition, but withal, self-willed and (it must be confessed) a little coquettish. All the gay bloods of the quiet country village paid their homage at the feet of the triumphant little beauty, who was fully aware of her own charms and conquests. There was great strife and contention as to who should drive her to the temperance lecture, which was occasionally delivered in the "middle of the town," or drive her back from the huskings or other merry-makings, which were the especial scenes of her victories; a strife which not unfrequently resulted in the total discomfiture of all the contending parties, while she saucily declared that Pete Brown drove too slow and Jehu Crane drove too fast, and Ichabod Frey did not mind his driving at all, but kept looking at her; for her part, she couldn't conceive why he looked at her all the time. Was she a black slave from Kamschatka (her geography was rather vague), that she was to be stared at forever? And by this time, having worked herself into quite a little miss, she would jump into her father's sleigh, and vow she admired to ride three on a seat; while the rival aspirants to the honor of being her protector, were left to settle the quarrel among themselves as best they might. Her father used to watch her proceedings with a dry smile on his face, and simply say:

"Take care, Bess—it'll be their turn by-and-by!"

Things had been in this state for a year or two, and Bess had been growing more and more imperious, until the little tyrant was hardly to be endured, even by her most devoted admirers. In vain her father satirized, and her mother more seriously reprimanded her; she could no more help flirting than a bee could help buzzing. Her heart was kind, almost to excess; and the tears would come, at the mere thought of another's grief or suffering.

But the giddy-brained girl had never *loved* in her life, and how could she know that love is at once the root of half of the happiness and half of the misery in the world? —She could not conceive that Jerry Williams could be touched, except in his vanity, when she smiled on his rival, Ike Jones; she did not care a snap of her pretty little finger for any of them—why should they care for her? So she coqueted and flirted to her heart's content, and felt lonely enough, when she sat down by herself to think; and she did think, once in a while.

For a long time past, the inhabitants of the little community of Hanaford had been ambitious to have an academy of their own, that they might "teach the young idea how to shoot" with guns of Hanaford manufacture. No one had been more energetic in promoting this scheme, than the squire; and at the last town-meeting he, with two others, had been appointed a committee to carry it into execution. An appropriation, deemed sufficient to start this school, was passed without one dissentient voice, except old Asa Stickleback, a crabbed, hard favored elder, who said that the town shouldn't put its fingers into *his* pockets, "jest to give Aaron Washburn's boy his schoolin' for nothin'." Of this committee, the squire was chairman; and on him devolved the duty of providing a teacher. Now there was some trouble in procuring just such a man as was wanted; and the squire was in some perplexity of mind about the matter, when one pleasant day in the latter part of July, the Dingletown and Gresham coach, which passes semi-weekly through Hanaford, rolled up to the squire's door, and dropped a young man with a carpet-bag and umbrella in his hand.

As he approached the door, he cried out in a cheery, manly voice:

"How d'ye do, all? Why, uncle, how hale you look! Never looked so well in your life—never!"

"Wall, lad, I aint in a *consumption*," responded the individual addressed, complacently regarding his burly proportions, and shaking his nephew heartily by the hand.

"And aunt, too! I declare, you must have lived in clover since I saw you last. And Bess! why, how you've grown! Must have *one*, the Great Mogul to the contrary notwithstanding."

And bending down to take a cousinly salute, he was somewhat startled at receiving such a box on the ear from the insulted beauty as made his head ring on his shoulders.

"Take that, Mr. Impertinent, and learn to ask in a different style next time," she cried, laughing at the young man's look of bewilderment.

"Bess, Bess!" exclaimed the scandalized mother, "aint you ashamed of yourself to treat your cousin Roger in such a hoydenish manner? I'm sure I don't know what that girl will come to," she added, parenthetically, with a sigh and shake of the head, as she folded up her glasses and put them in her pocket.

"Now, Cousin Bessie," said Roger, good-humoredly, "they used to call me in college the Grand Unsophisticated Eterial Roaring Rampaging Invincible Tiger, because I never gave up what I once undertook, you see; so you must excuse me (seizing her in his arms) since you decline to help me voluntarily to Venus's Patent Panacea for the ear-ache, if (smack, smack) I ev (smack) er (smack) help—ev (smack) myself (smack, smack, smack)."

"Let me go, sir—let me go," screamed the surprised and mortified girl, "or I'll never speak to you again as long as I live—never!" And she ran off up stairs to hide her tears of anger and vexation.

"Served her right, boy—served her right!" said the squire, as soon as he could recover from his astonishment at his nephew's unexpected *coup d'état*, and the long peals of laughter to which he gave vent on its signal success; "but I reckon you're down in her black books now. Haw, haw, haw! I calc'lato you're the first man ever did that to her—oh, Roger? I guess it'll be long enough 'fore you git another."

"Perhaps not," said Roger, demurely.

"Perhaps not!" echoed the squire, incredulously; "you don't expect to ketch her agin, do ye? Mebbe you air a purty smart hunter, but you wont trap that 'ero rabbit agin, I can tell ye."

"O, I sha'n't trouble myself at all! she will come into the trap of her own accord," said Roger, following his uncle and aunt into the house, and depositing his carpet-bag and umbrella in the entry.

"What in the old gallus doos the boy mean?" said the squire, turning short round and facing his nephew so abruptly as nearly to throw him sprawling backwards.

"Why he means, uncle," said Roger, laughing, "that the next time he gets a kiss from Cousin Bessie, she will give it to him of her own accord, without his asking."

"Wall, yes," replied the squire, dryly, "I reckon that *will* be the next time."

Roger felt a little piqued at the skeptical tone of his uncle's voice, and deliberately planting a chair by the open window and seating himself in it, he said :

"If you will give me leave to try, uncle, I'll engage that before three weeks are over, she will kiss me of her own free will before your face and eyes."

"Wall, you'd better leave her alone," answered the squire; "you'll only burn your fingers if you handle hot coals, and she isn't exactly a *cold 'un*. It doos well enough once, for a joke; but you'd better make up with her, and not mind her tantrums. You'd come off kinder second-best, I reckon. But I'll give you my best mare Dolly the day you can coax her to kiss yo."

Roger said no more, but mentally resolved to make a little experiment with his pretty cousin, and prove his own ingenuity by obtaining from her, *malgré* his uncle's predictions, one of those delicious little bonbons of the arch-confectioner, Cupid, which our expressive Anglo Saxon tongue christens a *kiss*. He had considerable confidence in his powers of fascination, and still more in his strategical abilities; the combination of the two, he reasoned, could not but bring his plans to a successful issue. Meantime the steam of the dinner which was in process of preparation, assailed his nostrils, and sharpened his appetite, never very dull, to such a degree that he welcomed the call to the table with the greatest alacrity.

## PART II.

### SHOWING HOW THE VOW WAS KEPT.

It was not long after the arrival of Roger Wheaton at his uncle's house, that the squire rode over to Deacon Covenant's, to have a consultation with him and his brother committee-man, Colonel Bearskin. This visit was speedily followed by the news, which ran like wildfire through the little town, that Mr. Wheaton, the squire's nephew, who had just graduated at Dartover College, would open an academy in the middle of the town, and would receive applications until the twentieth of September.

There were enough gossiping tongues in the neighborhood to make every man, woman and child in Hanaford acquainted with the fact that

Mr. Wheaton's salary, as offered by the committee, in accordance with the vote of the town, would be two hundred dollars per annum, with the privilege of making as much more as he could get. Everybody declared what a fine chance it was for a young man! As it happened, applications began at once to pour in, and Roger soon saw that he should have a full school, at least for the first term; and as the tuition fees of the scholars were his own perquisites, in addition to the two hundred dollars, he made his mind quite at ease on the subject of his next year's operation. Moreover, as he was to board at his uncle's, he saw the way clear for carrying into execution a scheme his fertile brain had already concocted for securing the now coveted kiss from the rosy lips of his fair cousin. To be sure, he sometimes regretted his braggadocio boasting, when he looked at her spirited little head, and he felt secret misgivings that he should never bestride the handsome mare Dolly as his own property. He saw plainly enough that notwithstanding her coquettish and saucy, self-reliant manner, she was at heart coy and shy as a wild deer of the woods, and was far more of a mature woman than he had given her credit for being. He felt half inclined to give up this mock chase, and then perhaps—pshaw! what a fool he was! So he watched his opportunity.

Two weeks elapsed, and Roger had long ago made peace with Bess, and they were often together. The bilberries furnished an excuse for many a ramble in the pastures and fields; but Roger was not altogether pleased to see that for some unaccountable reason Bess was almost sure to be accompanied by her friend Jennie Singleton, who lived in a little house, on the banks of the Assaquon. Why he should object to the society of a very pretty and intelligent girl, who evidently liked him much, we leave to better magicians than ourself to divine; but as to the fact itself, there can be no doubt. He concealed all chagrin, however, and devoted his energies to making himself as attractive as possible to his cousin, who found him of a very different character from her other admirers; for the first time she had met her equal.

They were in the squire's garden together, one forenoon, only two days before the expiration of the three weeks, and, strange to say, Jennie Singleton was not present. A peach tree, well loaded with luscious fruit, hung its gifts near where they were standing, and one large downy, mellow peach caught the fancy of the young girl, who pointed it out to Roger.

"What! that one?" said he. "Perhaps I might reach it, if my arm were as long as the

Boston Liberty Polo. Is there any particular star in the milky way you would like me to flinch for you, Bessie?"

"No, thank you," she replied, with a mock courtesy, "my cousin Roger is more brilliant than any star, and he is always visible in my horizon."

"He will be most happy to set, if his radiance is too resplendent," said Roger, taking off his hat and making a low bow.

"I should prefer to see him rise, at least as far as that peach," was her answer; "but perhaps such a star would be put out, if it had to climb a tree."

"Well, then, here I go, Bess, regardless of expense!" exclaimed he, with a face of feigned terror, as he nimbly swung himself among the branches. "Adam fell because of an apple, and if Roger Wheaton falls because of a peach, remember it was a woman tempted them both!"

So saying, he climbed up as high as he thought the branches would bear him, but found the peach still beyond his reach. Unwilling, however, to give up, perhaps through fear of losing his sobriquet of the Invincible Tiger, he strained forward as far as he could, keeping hold of a small bough with one hand, while he reached forth with the other. But his last words were ominous; just as he was on the point of securing the prize, the bough which supported his weight gave way, and after an ineffectual effort to save himself by clutching at another branch, he fell heavily to the ground and lay motionless. Bessie stood aghast for a moment, and then, without losing her presence of mind, ran to her cousin and raised his head—at the same time calling loudly for her father. Before many seconds had elapsed, her father and two hired men were carrying the senseless form of the young man into the house, where they laid him on a bed, and tore off his cravat.

"No bones are broken, thank God!" ejaculated the squire, feeling his legs and arms; "but no thanks to the pesky tree. Rub his wrists, wife, and wet 'em in cold water; and hero, Bess," he added, turning to the poor girl, who, now that she could do no more, stood "like Niobe, all tears," "chase his temples, and pour cold water on 'em, too!"

By some chance, the two women exchanged offices; good Mrs. Ketchup took his head, and Bess his wrists, laving them plentifully with nature's ever-ready restorative (prythee, kind reader, do not take us for hydropathists), and using their best efforts to resuscitate the lifeless figure before them. As Bess looked at the pale, handsome face of her prostrate cousin, a new

feeling sprang up in her bosom, different from any previous tenant of that lovely mansion, which she called to herself by the harmless name of pity. (And here, O fair reader! let a friend speak a word to you in confidence—all for your own good, of course—when you begin to "pity" a handsome young fellow, no matter for what reasons soever, beware! beware! for the little god masks himself in no disguise oftener than in the garb of Pity.) The truth was, Roger was by no means an ill-favored twig of the tree of humanity; and Bess was never so fully aware of this interesting fact as at the present moment, when he lay helpless and insensible through his desire to gratify an idle whim of hers. Her mother, too, was so struck with a likeness to her own honored spouse, whom the good lady dearly loved—a likeness all the more prominent from the perfect immobility of the features—that she stooped down and gently kissed the pale white forehead of her nephew. The young man opened his eyes.

"Uncle!" said he, faintly, while a feeble smile played over his face.

"Wall, lad, how be you now?" was the answer, as the squire bent down to catch the words his nephew was essaying to speak.

"Is Dolly safe?"

The squire looked with a puzzled expression now at his wife and now at his daughter.

"Is Dolly safe, I say?" repeated Roger. "I'll trot her out to-morrow, and see how it feels to own a lively mare."

"Not so fast, I reckon," said the squire, fully understanding the young fellow's drift by this time, and with the faintest ghost of a smile flickering round his mouth. "I calc'late she wont change hands in a hurry, boy, though you're welcome to ride whenever you're ablo."

Roger turned his head so as to see Bess, and at once comprehending his mistake, said, with a decided blush and a much more energetic expression of voice than before :

"Hang the luck! I needn't have played 'possum quite so long." At the same time, he got up slowly and limped to a rocking-chair, with a strange mixture of amusement, mortification and physical pain in his fine face.

Bessie looked in astonishment at her cousin, evidently thinking him out of his mind, and then at her father, for some clue to the riddle. But Roger laid his finger on his lip, when her head was turned, and glanced meaningly at the squire. The two women, however, were so rejoiced at his recovery, that they asked no questions as to what they merely considered the incoherencies of returning consciousness. But the look of per-

plexity that occasionally clouded Bessie's brow, showed that this explanation was not fully satisfactory to her, at least.

The next day, Roger exhibited few signs of having been seriously injured by his fall; on the contrary, he found himself able to walk as far as Miss Singleton's dwelling, and to request to see the young lady. She was somewhat surprised at this unexpected honor, but did not refuse an audience to her young and handsome visitor.

The interview was not very long, but Roger, as he left the door, wore a look of satisfaction and complacency on his countenance, and there was a quizzical expression on the features of the young lady as she watched his retreating figure. All that day he was more than usually attentive to his cousin, and, as she felt some compunctions of conscience at having caused the accident of the preceding day, she received his attentions with more than her usual urbanity and kindness. The squire watched his motions with a curious eye; but in the imperturbable gravity of his strongly-marked physiognomy, you could read little of what was passing within.

After tea, which took place at the old-fashioned country hour of half past five, the squire and his nephew were sitting together in the growing twilight, while Bess and her mother were engaged in their household duties, in another part of the house, when a light rap was heard at the door, and a soft voice inquired :

"Is Bess at home to-night, squire?"

"Wall, yes, I guess so," was the reply; "unless she's harnessed the horse and cleared out in less than no time. She was here half a minute ago. Come in, Jennie! Sit ye down, and I'll call the gal right away."

With these words, he left the room and presently returned, followed by Bess. The room was nearly dark by this time, as candles were only so many baits for mosquitoes; and the squire's only weakness was a terror of those winged pests of summer. In the uncertain light Bess advanced hesitatingly towards her friend; and, just as she took her hand and leaned forward to kiss her mouth (how provoking to see women waste their honey on one another!) the treacherous Jennie slipped her head aside, and the ready mouth of Roger received the proffered salute. A suppressed giggle at her side first warned poor Bess of the mistake she had made; but when she heard her cousin say to her father, "Well, uncle, perseverance is a 'rum 'un,' and I'll try Dolly to-morrow, if you please," the whole truth flashed across her mind, and with a low sob, covering her face, she noiselessly stole out of the parlor.

The squire made no response to Roger's remark. Deliberately lighting a candle, he looked around for Bess, but found her gone. Having carefully snuffed the candle and closed the windows, he left the room, and his heavy boots were presently heard ascending the stairs that led to Bessie's chamber. Roger and Miss Singleton looked in one another's faces without speaking a word, alarm unmistakably painted on her every feature, and uneasiness as plainly written on his. At last she likewise left the room, and merely saying—"I am afraid, Mr. Wheaton, I have hurt my friend and done you no good," she took her homeward path down the hill.

### PART III.

#### SHOWING THE RESULTS OF THE VOW.

At breakfast, the next morning, Bess appeared silent and wholly changed in her demeanor; her sprightliness was gone, and her eyes showed signs of a restless, perhaps tearful, night. The squire likewise was rather taciturn, and made no allusion to the events of the preceding evening. Although Roger endeavored to dispel the gloomy atmosphere of the breakfast-table with his accustomed raillery and jocoseness, his shots rather hung fire, and provoked but little merriment. No sooner was the ceremony of the morning repast concluded (and it was not much more than a ceremony), than Roger seized his gun and started for the woods, hoping that by noon the effects of his unlucky pertinacity in keeping his resolve might have worn away.

For an hour or two he strolled through the woods in search of game, but at last, wearied with ill success and his own uneasy thoughts, he turned his steps toward the banks of the Assaquon; and finding himself not far from an old haunt of his boyhood, he resolved to visit it again, and rest awhile in the shade. The woods descended from the top of a hill of considerable elevation to the water's edge, and half a dozen large trees formed a little clump together nearly in the form of a semi-circle; while in front the river had hollowed out the broad pool much deeper than the rest of the stream, in which the water slowly eddied round and round. Here Roger and his cousin had been accustomed to float paper boats in former years; and his boyish ingenuity had formed a delightful little arbor by weaving evergreen branches together, from trunk to trunk, and carefully clearing away all dead boughs and underbrush. This romantic little retreat he had christened with the name of Bessie's Bower, and many a happy half-day had they spent in its calm seclusion, before they had

been separated by his departure for college. By some impulse which he did not care to analyze too closely, Roger was drawn to visit the spot once more; and, pre-occupied with his own thoughts, he found himself there before he was aware of it. The little arbor was partly concealed from view by intervening bushes and trees; but as he was turning aside to find the old entrance, he was startled by seeing his cousin, with her hands clasped before her, leaning carelessly against a veteran pine. For several moments he stood petrified at the sight. Her bonnet lay beside her, and her hair, escaping from its confinement, lay drooping upon her shoulders, its wavy brown tresses mingling and twining in exquisite confusion. The perfect colorlessness of her face, enhanced by the dark background of the tree's trunk, gave her beauty a more delicate loveliness than usually belonged to her fresh, rosy face. Her eyes were fixed upon the river, and her whole attitude was expressive of entire self-forgetfulness. Roger was unable for some minutes to do aught but contemplate the beautiful statue before him; and it was only with an effort that he at last broke the spell and said in a low tone of voice:

"Bessie!"

The girl started, and, meeting his glance with a frightened air, for a moment stood irresolute what course to pursue. The only exit from the arbor was by the opening where Roger now stood, and she seemed at first to shrink from approaching him; but soon recovering her self-possession, she moved forward with a quiet dignity which Roger had never beheld before, and said, calmly:

"Let me pass, if you please, sir."

"No, Bessie," exclaimed the young man, passionately "stay just a moment, if only to hear me ask forgiveness for my shameful conduct, and to tell me that you will pardon it."

The pale face before him, which as yet had not changed color, became suddenly suffused with a blush so deep that the rebellious blood mounted even to the roots of her hair, and tinged her neck with its rosy hue.

"I cannot stay," she replied, hurriedly. "I have nothing to pardon; or if I have, it is all forgotten. You must let me pass, indeed you must."

"Bessie, dear Bessie," pleaded Roger, retiring a step, but holding out his arms to prevent her egress, "I have been a wretch, a cruel, heartless wretch, and wounded the feelings of her I love best in all the wide world. Yes, I love you, I love you," he cried, with increased vehemence, "and I would die for you, if that would make

you happier. O, believe me, Bessie dear, and tell me you will forgive the past."

"I have told you so already," said she, turning again pale as ashes, and trembling from head to foot; "but how can you speak to a woman of love, when you prove by your conduct that you do not respect her? Yes, you make her the subject of a disgraceful bot, and that, too, with her own father, and then insult her still more by speaking of love! O, Roger, Roger!"

The poor girl covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

"It is too true, Bessie, dear," said the young man, sadly, "and the second crime is worse than the first. I have no right to speak of love where I have sinned so deeply, and I will go where I can love alone, without paining by my presence the heart of her I love better than my own life. May God bless you, dearest, and send you a worthier, nobler heart than mine to lean upon."

The poor fellow dashed his hand across his eyes, and stooped down to pick up the gun he had dropped. As he rose again, he cast one look back at Bessie, before leaving her to go or stay, as she chose. She had dropped her hands from before her face, and was looking at him with all her soul in her blue, moist eyes. In their clear depths shone what a world of earnest, strong, unspoken love! It was but a pause—a step—a cry—and the two were locked in one another's arms.

Reader, will you believe it?—Bessie's soft lips, of their free will, imprinted a kiss on the mouth of her Cousin Roger; and what is worse it was not the last time they did it!

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For the New York *Observer*.

## EVENINGS IN MY LIBRARY.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

No. I.

### Recollections of New York.

On accidentally stumbling this morning upon my copy of the "Perils of Pearl street,"—that spicy but forgotten book,—I was forcibly reminded of my own experiences as a clerk in that famous street; and the following are a few of my Gotham recollections. The Astor House, when first I knew it in 1835, was unfinished, and of all the first-class hotels started in New York since then, the "old Astor" is the only one now remaining in a flourishing condition. A larger number of famous men have probably slept under its roof, than have lodged in any other hotel of modern times, and few landlords are so extensively and agreeably known as Coleman & Stetson. It was from the portico of this hotel that I caught my first and last view of Andrew Jackson, when the whole city came out to welcome him with their plaudits, on his last visit to the commercial metropolis. Years afterwards, when Henry Clay visited New York, I remember to have seen him, in spite of his dignity, borne from his carriage in Broadway, over the heads of the people, as if he had been a bale of cotton, into a secure corner of the Astor House. My first interview with Daniel Webster, moreover, took place in this hotel. It was after his return from the State of Illinois. In the way of business, a piece of paper had come into the possession of the House where I was a clerk, and when Mr. Webster's arrival was announced, I was sent up, with the paper, to get the money for it, as it was past due. I approached him with awe, was treated politely, and told that he would attend to the business soon. On the next day, the acceptance for six thousand dollars was paid; and the name of the drawer was one that has since figured extensively in connection with filibustering in Central America.

It was in 1835, I believe, that Mr. Wm. Deane Lawrence completed the erection on Broadway, just above Bleecker street, of a block of brick houses, and was laughed at for his pains. People thought it unaccountable that a man should spend so much money on the outskirts of the town. At the present time, the very heart of the city, so far as its elegant residences are concerned, is at least a mile above Bleecker street, and several square miles, which were then vacant lots and cow-pastures, are now covered with splendid buildings. In those days, when ladies and gentlemen had taken a walk on the Battery, they felt that they had done a genteel thing, as well as a most agreeable one, fanned by the breezes of the sea; to go there now implies that you are the agent of some sailor boarding house, or expecting to meet a pauper relative from one of the emigrant ships, which now cast their anchors off Castle Garden. Even the places known as St. John's Park, Washington Square, and Union Park, though not much changed externally, have lost, it seems to me, many of their former charms. An old Dutch Reformed Church, (I believe it was, but am not certain,) which, twenty years ago, looked down upon the money changers of Wall street, was taken down, and, stone by stone, was conveyed to Ninth street, where it deservedly commands more respect, as a work of art, than the flashy affair, with a wooden steeple, called Grace Church. Another edifice, where a good sermon might always be heard in the olden time, was called the Middle Church or the aforesaid denomination, and has for many years been occupied as the city post office. Doctors Knox, De Witt, Vermilye, and Brownlee, were all popular preachers in those days, and better men or more eloquent, I ween, are not now to be found anywhere. The representative men of the Episcopal Church at that time were Doctors Milnor, Eastburn, Author, and Hawks; the appearance of the first, with his snowy hair and gentle voice, always filled me with delight; the fervid appeals of the second (now the honored Bishop of Massachusetts) I can never forget; the long continuance of the third in one position, proves his devotion to duty; and as to the latter, I have always considered him one of the most fascinating orators of his day. And the Presbyterian Church boasted of its giants also: Doctors McElroy and Mason, Potts, McAuley, Spring, and Adams, were all men of mark, whose reputations must be perennial; and it is a subject of thankfulness that so many of them should be still among the living, and in a condition to combat, by their teachings and example, the unhappy influences of modern infidelity and political fanaticism.

### A flock of School Girls.

Ten years ago a beautiful little girl came bounding into my library, and asked me to lend her a pretty story book. I gave her a delightful volume called "Children's Mission," by George Warrene, with which she was much pleased. One week ago, that same little child, now a young lady, walked demurely into my study, and asked me to lend her my illustrated copy of Milton, and after her departure, it was whispered in my ear that the young lady was not only very literary in her tastes, but engaged to be married. That picture and this reminded me that I was decidedly "growing old," and by way of banishing the thought, I began to think of the flock of school girls whom I daily meet on Pennsylvania avenue during my morning walks. I cannot tell you their number, nor do I know a single one of their names. Whatever may be the weather, I am sure to meet them. They walk briskly, and are always in a frolicsome mood. They are all beautiful, but as unlike as possible. One of them is tall and slender, with a black roguish eye, and a cluster of curls that seem almost too cumbersome for comfort; another has a pale and thoughtful countenance, bespeaking a mind that has outgrown her body, in vigor and strength; one of them is such a wild and harmlessly boisterous creature, that I am really unable to tell you reader, the color of her eyes; one of them is demure, but very watchful of all that may be going on among her companions; and the last one that I would mention has rich rosy cheeks, and always seems to be laughing behind, as if more happy alone with her own pure thoughts than in the centre of a crowd. Children were the longest, the still living, and in a few years, at the longest, true, very true. And is there anything in this way, torn and wicked world, deserving of more respect and true affection, from the noble-hearted, and venerable matron, who has brought up children, and without a murmur would willingly die to promote their welfare? Does our language contain any thing better calculated to touch the manly heart than the words—"my good old mother"? Surely we shall have fallen upon evil days, if we, as a people, shall forget to love and respect old age; and it may be, that if there were more old women and old men now living in the land, there would not be so much in the religious and political world for the American patriot to mourn over and regret.

### A Courageous Bird.

During the rain on a June afternoon, a cow, with her head out of the window, was enjoying a feast of fresh leaves

from the branch of a peach tree, which had been blown off by a storm on the previous night. When the cow was eating, a little bird of the thrush family,—a cat bird,—flew upon the branch and began to twitter as if offended, and intending to attack the cow, and as the latter moved away, the bird followed, hopping at her heels. The cow went up a bank near by, as if for the purpose of getting another branch from the peach tree which was hanging over the fence, when the bird flew in her face, whereupon the cow struck at the bird with her foot, and it fluttered on the bank for a while as if injured. The cow moved a few steps forward and the bird followed, and on reaching the end of the fence the cow again attempted to injure her antagonist by butting and kicking at it, so that the bird was apparently killed; but it again recovered itself and continued in pursuit of the cow, which getting desperate, stumbled into a ditch, evidently to her great astonishment, and the delight of the bird, which had for an instant perched upon the fence. After she had recovered herself the cow contrived to walk away, and on casting a sidelong glance behind, the bird was seen to be still in hot pursuit, and quickening her pace, with a few more kicks and shakings of the head, the cow disappeared from view. In a few moments the bird returned to the first place of attack, and after fluttering about in an excited manner for some time, was frightened by a passing boy and disappeared in a neighboring garden. The undoubted cause of all this commotion was, that the storm had broken off the limb upon which the bird had built its nest, the leaves of which were affording the cow a comfortable repast, when unexpectedly attacked by the little heroine.

On referring to my books, I find that the reputation of the cat-bird for various good qualities is already established. Audubon speaks of it as a sweet songster; says that it possesses a generosity and gentleness worthy of beings more elevated in the scale of nature, having been known to nurse, feed and raise the young of other species, for which no room could be afforded in their nests; and also that it deserves a better name than the vulgar have given it, and more kindness than it usually receives, because of the benefit it confers upon the husbandman in cleaning his fruit trees from larvae and insects. Nuttall intimates that the cat-bird possesses a refined and perhaps a literary taste, alleging that he had known its nest to be formed of bits of lace and newspaper, as well as of other materials. The common idea that the black snake is in the habit of charming this bird, Wilson pronounces erroneous, and adds that when a meeting takes place, the bird is always the aggressor, or rather the punisher of the aggressive snake that would rob the bird of its eggs. And Bartram, in a note to his friend Wilson, thus describes a conflict which he witnessed between a cat-bird and snake: "It took place in a gravel walk, in the garden, near a dry wall of stone. I was within a few feet of the combatants. The bird pounced or darted upon the snake, snapping his bill; the snake would then draw himself quickly into a coil, ~~and~~ for a blow; but the bird would cautiously circumvent him at a little distance, now and then running up to and snapping at him; but keeping it a sufficient distance to avoid a blow. After some minutes it became a running fight, the snake retreating; and, at last, he took shelter in the wall. The cat-bird had young ones in the bushes near the field of battle." To my mind, such battles as have been here described, are quite as exciting and certainly far more reasonable, than the sometimes apprehended wars between America and England, and between England and France.

### United in Death.

A letter recently received from New London, Connecticut, has recalled to my mind a remarkable coincidence with that town. The wife of a leading citizen of the place, whose ship floated in almost every sea, was advised, for the benefit of her health, to visit the Mediterranean. She did so, accompanied by her husband, and after remaining absent for about a year, turned her face homeward in despair of regaining her health. On the return passage she died, and with all the ceremonies of a burial at sea, her remains were consigned to the deep. Some twenty years afterwards, the husband of that lady fell into a decline. His physician also advised him to try the sea for his complaint, and, embarking in one of his own whale ships for a voyage of three years, sailed for the Pacific. At the end of two years the ship was filled with oil and started for home. After rounding Cape Horn, the disease of her owner took a deeper hold upon his constitution, and in less than sixty days from that time, after stopping at several ports, he breathed his last, and was buried in the ocean. When the ship arrived at New London, and the sad news was communicated to the afflicted family, dates and notes were compared, and it was found that the merchant and his wife had both found a grave almost in precisely the same latitude and longitude.

# GRACE PALMER'S JOURNAL.

Townsend, Virginia F

*Lady's Home Magazine (1857-1860); Feb 1860; 15, American Periodicals*

pg. 106

## GRACE PALMER'S JOURNAL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was well that the blow fell suddenly, or it would have killed me; as it was, it paralyzed, stunned me, physically and mentally. I couldn't realize it; I can't now; and hereafter I shall always understand what, to me, has often been a subject of curious speculation and wonder, viz: the half indifferent, half stolid appearance of persons who have been suddenly bereaved of some precious friend in whom their life was bound up, and who, going out from them, carried the best part of their existence; the hope, the love, the faith which are of this world. Now, I have often observed such people calm, immovable, statuesque, and wondered whether this indicated coldness of temperament or want of feeling; but I see now they didn't REALIZE it. If they had, they too would have died or their reason would have been wrecked. God has mercifully ordained this; and I shall never again be uncharitable in judging others. Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints.

It is strange how one's old habits cling to them through all the changes of good and evil. Here I am, sitting at my table, with flakes of

sunshine strewed across my paper, and summer winds, which hide in the old pear tree by the window, playfully tossing them back and forth, and I am at my old habit of moralizing—I, who wear on my forehead this morning less than a score and a quarter of birth-days, and in my heart the weariness and hopelessness of old age—I, whose youth died out from me that night, just three week's ago; I cannot talk with any one about it, and therefore it is a sort of comfort and relief to tell it with my pen to my paper, certain that here I shall never be shocked by interjections of wonder, or even sympathy—that my story will be heard in silence and held in secret.

It is singular that my mind recalls every circumstance of that evening so vividly, and dwells on it with such pertinacity. I had been very happy all that day, and thoughts of him had been flying through the open windows and doors of my soul, as birds fly through newly blossomed apple branches.

It was a little chilly towards evening, though it was in the heart of May, and as Uncle Dennis' rheumatism makes him very sensitive to any change of temperature, I had Benny, our new errand boy, build a fire in the sitting room—a real, old-fashioned birchwood fire—and I went up garret and got a basin of butternuts, as uncle is so fond of them; and I sat cracking these before the fire, while he read a paper which some old friend had sent him, or paused to tell me some story of his youth—those stories of old times and long-ago scenes that I never grow tired of hearing, that rise up and walk across half a century of years, and stand before me clothed and living realities.

So, I listened to Uncle Dennis and cracked the nuts, and looked at his fine old gray head, over which the firelight went in gusts and eddies of crimson; and I thought what a blessed and holy thing is a ripe Christian old age, and how gracious a thing it was to look far back from a stand-point of seventy-five years, over an earnest, honest, manful life; a life whose deep, underlying purpose had been to live for *God and do good to His creatures*; and I thought how such a purpose rose up in its grand, shining sublimity, and shamed all those miserable aims of getting wealth, or fame, or social reputation—those paltry things which men's vanity and ambition do so struggle and pant for, and to secure which they barter the life of their souls.

And then I thought of Harry, and wondered whether, if God appointed us to walk together from the gardens of youth to the mountain tops

of old age, if our lives would be calm, and serene, and blessed, as that of Uncle Dennis.

I remember that there crept a little shadow in and out of these thoughts, for I had not heard from Harry in a month, and we parted in mutual, though, as I supposed, transient irritation. Still, that day, the silence had not troubled me—it had, more or less, for the previous month; but I had fully made up my mind that his letter had been miscarried. This has been the case twice before, and the useless anxiety I had suffered on both those occasions, made me resolve never to be so disquieted again. Then, during the last year, I have succeeded somewhat in learning the slow lesson of patience, and I was expecting Harry the next week, and I believed his presence would make all right.

Still, I was always troubled when I thought of that little misunderstanding, which occurred on the last day of his visit.

Looking back at it now, it seems that we were about equally at fault. I had had one of my distracting nervous headaches all day, and every nerve was in that jarred, vibratory state, when the least discordant word or action drives us almost into frenzy. The pain, too, had been greatly intensified by my efforts to "keep up" and conceal it from Harry, as it was the last of his three days' visit.

In the evening Edward Lane and his sister happened in. He has just graduated at West Point, and as we have known each other from childhood, and as Annie and I have always been intimate friends, an unusual degree of freedom has existed in our social intercourse. Edward is lively, playful, witty, and full of that half-bantering style of conversation which people of his temperament are so apt to indulge in.

My temples were throbbing with such acute pain that I hardly was conscious of what I said, and I was just in that sort of state when one cannot think or reason consecutively—when the whole system is stimulated into abnormal excitement, and I laughed at and responded to the young cadet's witty sallies with much more than my usual hilarity.

He sat on the sofa by me, and Harry endeavored to entertain Annie. I remember that it struck me their conversation was forced and intermittent, but I could not risk a succession of those acute pangs through my temples by turning to look at them. I just managed to sustain myself until the company left, and then threw myself back on the lounge, with what must have seemed sullenness or dullness,

but which was, in reality, nervous prostration.

Harry broke the silence in cold, constrained tones:

"I regret, Grace, that the departure of your friends has so soon deprived you of animation. I never saw you so brilliant as on this evening."

"Well, Edward Lane and I are old friends."

I should have completed the sentence more to Harry's satisfaction, but here a pang struck my head, which sent a sudden faintness through my whole frame, and I leaned against the sofa.

"So I presumed, from the very exhilarating effect that his presence had upon you. I really felt myself quite an intruder when he left, knowing that but for my presence you would have enjoyed his society for another hour had I not been here."

The sarcasm which pointed this remark, was more than my nerves could endure. I burst into tears; which, I suppose, seemed to him the mere ebullition of irritable feeling, but which was in reality something very different.

"I think you are very unkind, very silly, Harry Raymond, to censure me for a little jesting with Edward Lane. It is really unworthy of you to be jealous of him."

This last word irritated him more than all the rest. And I always knew that Harry Raymond was an angel in temper, from the time when he and I used to recite our Virgil to Uncle Dennis; though I would only make this confession to my journal.

"And I think, Grace Palmer, you are most unjust to accuse me of a feeling which never for a moment entered my heart; though I am not surprised that your own conscience suggested its propriety, after the flirtation which I have just witnessed."

"Harry, your words insult me," I sobbed. "But I cannot reply to them, with this distracting headache, from which I have been suffering all day."

"All day?—and you never complained of it until this moment, and you never looked better; never seemed in finer health or spirits than this evening."

His tones almost implied a doubt of my truthfulness; and perfect faith as I knew he had in me, it is not strange that he could hardly credit the story of my illness; but wounded and stung, I rose up.

"Well, Harry, you know you have often laughed at me, over what you called my morbid conscientiousness about the truth, and perhaps you will not doubt me now, when I

solemnly assure you, that I have been suffering acutely all day, though I have tried every means to disguise it from you. I cannot prolong this conversation to-night. We shall have an hour in the morning before you go, and, perhaps, I shall then be able to convince you that you have wronged me."

His better nature triumphed in a moment; he came, and drew me to him—for I had gone to the table for a light.

"Grace," he said—with all the old tenderness in his tones—"forgive me if I have spoken harshly. I had no idea that you were ill, and I have been fretted this evening. I see, now, that you are looking pale and worn. Go to your room, my darling, and in the morning all shall, I trust, be well betwixt us."

I smiled acquiescence, as he kissed me, but I could not speak, I was so faint and dizzy, and perhaps my manner struck him—as cold, as I left the room; but I did not feel so.

I had a terrible night. Phebe was up with me until after three o'clock, and then, I sank into a slumber, induced by the strong opiate she had given me; and in the morning, when she related this to Uncle Dennis, he would not allow me to be disturbed, though Harry was going.

Both my uncle and Phebe told me he was greatly shocked on hearing of my sufferings, and insisted that I should not be awakened. He left many promises of writing that week, and expressions of sympathy for my illness.

I have been thus minute, in recording all that transpired that last evening we passed together, because I have wished to be able to recall it, if any long sickness should paralyze my memory so that passages of the past should become blurred or blotted out from my life.

I was greatly disappointed when I awoke, late that morning, and found Harry was gone without taking leave of me, but his parting messages comforted me.

"Now, uncle, do put down that paper, and eat some of these nuts. Don't they look tempting?"

And I laid the fork across the well-piled saucer.

"Yes, they do, my little girl," glancing at them from over his silver spectacles. "It used to be one of your aunt's most successful ways of coaxing me away from an unfinished sermon, with a plate of butternuts."

"Well, as I'm her successor, I shall follow in her footsteps," playfully seizing hold of one corner of the paper.

"Just one moment, dear. Let me see if there are any deaths or marriages in the county; you're a woman, Gracie, and will want to hear those."

"Of course; and afterward you must tell me some story of the times when you and Aunt Margaret went butter-nutting."

"I remember the first one, she couldn't have been more than ten at that time,—what does this mean?"

He stopped short, and drew the paper closer to his glasses—I see this moment just how his gray hairs swept the columns. Then the paper fell from his shaking fingers. "Harry Raymond, is it possible?" he said to himself. Then he looked at me—"My poor child, may the Lord God have pity upon you!"

"Oh, uncle! what is it—is he dead?"

I sat still, but I knew some terrible trial had fallen on him and me.

"No, Grace, would to God that he were!"

"But I must know, Uncle Dennis, do read it to me."

"I can't, Grace!"

Then I took up the paper. My uncle put out his hand, "Grace, it will kill you," and he would have drawn the paper from me, but of a sudden I grew strong, and held it above him in the lamp-light. My gaze seemed to flash and burn down the columns, and then they fell on these words; and the words scorched my brain, and eat like fire, into my heart:—

*"Married, in the village of Woodstock, on the eighteenth inst., HARRY S. RAYMOND, of Grafton, to LUCIA, youngest daughter of Rufus Patterson, Esq."*

I put down the paper quietly. "Uncle Dennis, is it true—really true?"

"My poor child, may the Lord help you, for your grief is beyond the help of man."

"Oh, Harry Raymond! Harry Raymond!" That is the last thing which I remember crying, and it has been the cry of my heart during all these three slow weeks which are gone over it; but it is not for the Harry Raymond who has bartered his honor and stained his soul with so foul a lie, that my heart makes this cry. It is for the Harry Raymond of old, manly, and true, and noble—the man of unsullied honor, and tender affections, and generous impulses; the brave, handsome, noble-hearted youth who dwelt for three years under this roof, and with whom I had such rambles in the spring, such nuttings in the fall; the man whose very faults I seemed to discern, and yet to love him the better for all these.

And for a whole year I had been his be-

trothed wife! and he has told me so often of this Lucia Patterson, his old school friend—of her beauty, her grace, her brilliancy—and always closed all these conversations with some words after this fashion:

"And yet, her face, my darling, has not half the expression and sweetness which are the wondrous charm of yours. It is a face for men to gaze at and admire; not one to sit in tender, womanly grace by the firelight of home; not one to soothe and gladden a man's eyes in sickness, to give his heart rest, and healing, and repose, every time he looked on it."

And I laid up the words of Harry Raymond in my heart, and they were like a box of sweet spikenard, filling all its rooms with fragrance.

I try to struggle, and conquer, and bury this old love, and I believe, by God's grace, that I shall do it. But my feelings are tenacious, my nature is not a flexible one, and the work cannot be sudden.

Then, I do not love the Harry Raymond of now—false, miserable, perjured; but the Harry Raymond of THEN, or, rather, the Harry Raymond of my dreams, and fancies, and idealizations.

I know that he was always very susceptible to beauty and grace in woman, and probably hers appealed to his love, and perhaps her regard to his vanity—for I was always certain, by his manner of speaking of her, that she admired him. Then he is constitutionally impulsive, rash; I have sometimes thought reckless.

Probably in some hour of weakness he committed himself too far to the lady, to feel that he could honorably withdraw; and in such a case, it would be like him to hasten the consummation of their marriage.

How kind and tender Uncle Dennis was to me during those two weeks which followed my knowledge of Harry's marriage! Yet, I can see that it was a terrible blow to the old man, for Harry and I were to him in place of the children, who went out from this low-roofed parsonage to that upper homestead, whose columns are of pearl, and whose foundations are of all precious stones.

Once in a while the old man comes in, and looks at me, and shakes his head, and mutters to himself, "I would not have believed it of him—I would not have believed it of him!"

Ay! I too would not have believed it of him, Uncle Dennis.

I must try to be brave and strong-hearted, though. No woman has a right to yield up

the life which God has given her for the loss of any man's love. I shall try to fill up the years of my future with what of use and duty I can. Especially must I do all in my power to make the last days of Uncle Dennis peaceful and pleasant ones; for I owe him what children tenderly sheltered and dearly beloved do their parents. He took me, before the summer grasses had sealed with their green signs the graves of mine; and he was father and mother, in very deed and truth, to his motherless sister's orphan girl; and now I, in turn, am his greatest earthly comfort—his little girl housekeeper, as he calls me.

Sometimes, though, I feel a great, unutterable longing to get away from the dear old parsonage; for every room and corner, every path, and tree, and shrub, is full of stories and associations which strike my heart with pangs.

This morning I noticed, for the first time, the change which had come over my face. I began to find in it a faint foreshadowing of what it would be when it had grown into an old woman's. I was combing my hair at the mirror, and the thought flashed suddenly over me, of the thousand times Harry had praised it while he twined the "golden brown" curls around his fingers. But now there was none to love or care for it.

With this thought I sat down, and shed the first tears I had done since—

Oh, God! out of the deeps I cry unto Thee!  
Lift Thou up my head!

One week ago this very night, I wrote that cry—the wail of a broken heart—and God heard and healed it. It seems like a dream now, all that I have passed through; and so it is, like a dream of doubt, and fear, and anguish, which is gone in the morning; with the first royal sweep of sunlight, and the outbursting of birds' songs and the stir of fragrant winds, and as, by the authority of Day, with the first notes of its joyful service, the night and the dream disappear and are forgotten, so my dream and my darkness have vanished, for God's voice has spoken in my heart, "My child, it is morning!" It happened on this wise: The day had been calling and beckoning me with its sunshine and soft flowing winds, until I couldn't resist any longer, and so, after dinner, when Uncle Dennis took his nap in his arm chair, I took Tennyson and my canary and went out under the plum tree, where the small, unripe fruit hung on the gnarled old boughs and among the tender

leaves, like great emeralds. I suspended the cage on one of the lowest branches, saying, as a current of glad song flashed from the bird's throat, "I wish my heart could make melody like yours, for joy in the sunshine, little bird; but it never will again!"

"Now, why wont it, I'd like to know, Grace Palmer?" asked a voice at my ear, which seemed to shoot through every nerve of my being, and, turning, I beheld Harry Raymond.

He stood there, handsome and smiling, with the old easy grace of manner, and I must have grown very white, for everything swam before me, and I should have fallen if Harry had not caught me; and the light went out of his face in a look of great alarm and a cry—

"Oh, Grace, what is the matter? How you are altered?"

Then new strength came to me suddenly; I pushed away his hand, almost fiercely, for it seemed as though the touch defiled me; and I asked, sternly:

"What right have you, Harry Raymond, to come here—to address such words to me?"

"The right which you gave me—the right of your betrothed husband."

"Oh, Harry, how dare you utter such words to me—you, another woman's husband!"

"Grace Palmer, are you gone mad?"

Looking into his face and hearing his tones, a doubt struck into my soul and dazzled it.

"Oh, Harry," I gasped, "tell me if you are not a married man."

A smile, brimming over with amusement, broke into his face.

"Well, then, upon my honor, and according to my best knowledge and conviction, I am not."

I knew that he was speaking the truth now; I sank down on the grass.

"Thank God! thank God!" and I said it then, and there, as I would not have said it for my life, or for the lives of those dearest to me on earth.

The next thing that I remember, his arms were around me, and I was sobbing convulsively on his shoulder. He only said to me:

"My poor, poor Grace, how you must have suffered!"

And he soothed me with the touch of his hands on my hair, just like my mother's, that last night of her life.

In a little while I told him *all*, and a few words explained the matter. It appears that the name of the bridegroom was Howard Randolph, and that Squire Patterson hastily scribbled the announcement of his daughter's mar-

riage, and sent it to the county paper, fearing it might be too late for insertion that week.

The editor had twice met Harry at the Squire's, and supposing that he was the newly-made husband, copied the announcement and gave it to his compositor.

The misapprehension was fully explained the following week, and as the circulation of the paper is simply a local one, Harry had little fear of its falling into the hands of any of his friends.

He had been very ill with an attack of fever since I had seen him, and only able to write me once, and this letter I had never received.

And then, with my head lying on his shoulder, and my hands crushed up in his, Harry said to me many precious words, which my hand cannot write here, but which are set to sweet, living, eternal melodies in my heart; how, in the days when he had lain with weakness and pain for his daily and nightly companions, a new revelation had been made to him; he had seen that he had been irritable and exacting that last night we had passed together, and many times before; and he begged me to forgive all this, and to believe that he came back to me a stronger and a truer man, with a more earnest and living purpose to give to God the life which he had spared.

And I answered him—oh, how has woman ever answered her beloved, listening to such words.

Then we knelt down under the green temple of the plum tree, set with emeralds, and thanked God that after the night it was morning with us.

And we went toward the house, and Uncle Dennis had just risen from his nap, and come out on the porch, and the winds played with his white hair, as they play with wheat ripe for the harvest.

He stood still, looking at us in blank amazement as we came toward him, until I cried out, "It is all a mistake, Uncle Dennis! Harry was not married;" and a few words explained the whole.

I never saw the old man so overcome. He sat down in his chair, and the tears rolled over his cheeks like the tears on the cheeks of a little child. And Uncle Dennis laid his hands on our heads, and blessed us.

And the sun of the summer day, going through the gates of the western hills, to meet the night, rained down its last golden light upon us, and, standing there, we blessed God in the words of David, the son of Jesse: "The Lord reigneth! Let the earth rejoice. Let the multitude of isles be glad thereof."

# HOW PRUDENCE OVERREACHED ITSELF.: CHAPTER I.

BY CATHARINE R. SILLIAM.

*Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Feb 1860; VOL. XXXVII., No. 2.; American Periodicals*  
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## HOW PRUDENCE OVERREACHED ITSELF.

BY CATHARINE R. SILLIAM.

### CHAPTER I.

MR. JACOB HOLLISTER was a bachelor of forty-five. Now when gentlemen have reached that age without taking on themselves the yoke matrimonial, the case is generally regarded as desperate; yet neither Mr. Hollister nor his lady acquaintance so viewed it. In the first place, he was still very good-looking; portly, erect, dignified; courteous in manner; unexceptionable in the blackness and glossiness of his attire; and best of all, provided with that charm, which, taking everything into consideration, is best adapted to win and retain the affections of maid or widow—a full purse, whose contents he dispensed with liberal hand. No wonder the semi-nine population of Baldwin were very, very loth to relinquish hope of him. On his own part, Mr. Hollister by no means purposed going to the end of his days in a state of single blessedness. When a young man, beginning the world with nothing, he had deferred the thought of marriage till he should be able to keep a wife in comfort; and when that time arrived he had become so prudent, so fearful of being duped, that he hesitated to commit himself. He was much in ladies' society, and very welcome there; occasionally he devoted himself to some fair one in particular, but the faintest jest on the subject, the least shadow of a hint that his attentions were noticed, and lo! he was off at the antipodes. For the rest, Mr. Hollister was perfectly good-tempered, though rather severe in his judgment of some matters; a little too much disposed, thought his best friends, to make his own opinion the law for others; a trifle too prompt and lavish in offering advice which nobody wanted to hear. But he was honest and honorable; a true Christian, a most thorough friend; and none doubted that his wife, when he should choose one, would be a very happy woman.

At last, however, his attention was caught by

one whom all regarded as likely to bring him to the point, and make him a joyful Benedict. Miss Sarah Norris, for such was her name, was a pretty, gentle-looking girl of twenty-three or four; she dressed with good taste, was amiable in disposition, and neat in habits; moreover, she belonged to the same church with our friend, and made herself very useful in the Sunday School, the choir, and all "society" matters. "Just the woman for him," said every one, except those who wanted him for themselves; and for a time it seemed as if Mr. Hollister thought so too. He talked much with Miss Norris at parties, he called frequently at her father's house; he drove her out in that sweet little carriage, which was the admiration of all Baldwin. But suddenly his attention slackened; he scarcely saw Miss Norris except by accident; he took Catharine Carter and Loo Simmons out to ride; and gossip was on the *qui vive* to know what could possibly be the matter. Poor Sarah, too, had her own sad surmises as to the cause of such singular conduct; she had allowed a very kind feeling toward the recreant Jacob to take possession of her gentle little heart; and it pained her beyond measure to find herself thus deserted without fault or explanation. But, of course, she was powerless to remedy the evil; she could only hope and wait.

Now Mr. Hollister had a friend, a young man, some twenty years his junior, for whose opinion and advice he had a great esteem; and this friend having recently perpetrated matrimony on his own score, and finding his account therein, was naturally anxious to place his friend in the enjoyment of the same happiness as himself. He had frequently remonstrated and advised, but now he took the liberty to rebuke.

"I can tell you one thing, Jacob," he said, "the way you are treating Sarah Norris is a little too bad for anything. If it were done by

a regular flirt like John Backers, or Peter Van Schoonhoven, it would be all in character; but for you, a man of your age, a man of religious principle, the fact is, it's shameful!"

Mr. Hollister blushed like a maid of seventeen. "Why, Hobart," said he, "seems to me you are rather severe! I am sure I wish Miss Norris every happiness. I would do anything in the world for her."

"Except marry her, which is the only thing you are wanted to do."

Mr. Hollister's blushes became more crimson. "Marry her!" he repeated; "I don't know that she would have me."

"And what business have you to know till you have asked her? Do you suppose I knew when I spoke to Helen? I can tell you I expected nothing short of a downright refusal; but she took me, and you see for yourself how happy we are! And you may do just the same, if you like; she has given you all the encouragement consistent with delicacy. I am not her confidant, of course, but I believe the game is in your own hands, and I say, Go in and win!"

Mr. Hollister did not at once respond to the friendly outburst. His words, when he *did* speak, were of rather a deprecatory nature.

"You see, Hobart," he observed, "I don't feel entirely certain of her character; she seems amiable, to be sure, but then I can't tell how she may be when there is nobody by. Then she always looks neat, but, whenever I see her, she is either in company, or might reasonably be expecting it. I can't secrete myself in the house, and see how she behaves with her mother and the children, or how she dresses at breakfast; and how am I to know?"

"How, indeed?" said Hobart. "The truth is, Mr. Jacob Hollister, you are a little too exacting in your demands. Your wife must be pretty."

"Well, yes. I am a great admirer of beauty."

"And young—because you're so juvenile that she wouldn't be suitable otherwise—and stylish. I put it to you if it isn't so?"

"It's true. I do like to see a woman that's well dressed. There is something so proper—so—so—agreeable about it."

"And then she must be amiable, economical, and pious."

"Oh! certainly. I couldn't possibly do without those qualifications."

"Now Sarah Norris has all these gifts. I must conclude, then, Hollister, that there is one thing more which you have never named, and yet consider requisite. She must be rich; yes, my friend, you are a fortune-hunter!"

"No, no!" cried the bachelor; "you do me wrong. If she has expensive habits, of course, I should like her to have something of her own, because my means couldn't afford it."

"Fiddlestick for your not affording it. Why, man, what do you mean to do for her aside from conferring on her the supreme honor of becoming Mrs. Jacob Hollister? give her the privilege of looking after your house and wardrobe? furnish her with goods from the store at cost?

"Don't jest, Hobart; I assure you it is a serious thing to me."

"I wish it were, for then you would do as you ought. No man has a right to place a girl in the position you will put Sarah Norris in if you leave her without saying anything more. Her acceptance of your attentions has already drawn remark upon her; people will say she was willing to have you, but you did not give her the chance. It isn't generous, it isn't fair. If you know your own mind so little, or were so doubtful about her worth, you ought never to have been so attentive to her. Come, Hollister," he continued, "do be persuaded. Lay aside a few of your old-maidish notions, and act like a sensible man. Sarah Norris appears to be all that you wish; and, should she have a few opinions or habits different from yours, her affection will doubtless teach her to conform to your views hereafter; or, if not, you can agree to differ. Helen tells me Sarah talks of going to Chicago to spend the winter; if I were you I would not let her go. Keep her at home and make her consent to have you before Christmas."

Mr. Hollister hesitated; then half promised; then said "he would take the matter into consideration."

A few mornings later found him in Mr. Norris' comfortable parlor. Sarah was looking her very prettiest; her blue eyes were unusually gentle, her fair cheek wore its softest rose. She was very busy with some wonderful tidy in crochet; and, as she sat near the table—now intent on her work; now raising her head and looking at him as she joined in the conversation—he decided in his own mind that she would form a charming piece of furniture for any drawing-room. Imagine, now, that he had purchased that handsome house of old Squire Baldwin's: imagine the large front room, east of the hall, fitted up as their daily parlor, handsome carpet and curtains, sofas, and all that; he could afford to have things handsome, and he would have them. Then fancy Sarah there as mistress; the lamp lit, the curtains drawn; himself not so very far off; her smiles all for him; her

thoughts for him; the picture was delightful! He was almost tempted to run every risk, and offer himself the minute Mrs. Norris should step out of the room, and give him an opportunity of doing so.

But then came up the old doubts; oh! what would he not have given for a clairvoyant power to see whether the foot inside that pretty shoe were just as neat and as pure as it ought to be; whether the attire, not seen, were as cleanly and delicate as what was outwardly visible. How he wanted to know whether the kind, pleasant voice always sounded as gently as it did now to him! Above all, how he wished to be certain what Sarah's answer would be! She had seemed encouraging, but then one never knew; perhaps she was engaged to somebody else all the time. With all his fine qualities, his undoubted piety, our good Mr. Hollister had his share of vanity; he would have liked, as little as anything, to have it known through Baldwin that Miss Norris had rejected him. So he looked, and longed, and lingered, and hesitated, and finally went away without declaring his mind. The next day Sarah set out on her journey to Chicago.

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## CHAPTER II.

"HOBART," said Mr. Hollister, a few days after, "you can do me a great favor, if you like."

"Well," returned his friend, "speak, and command me."

"Would you be willing, now," said the bachelor, coaxingly, and blushing like the morn—"would you object, that is, to write to Miss Norris?"

"Why, under the heavens, should I write to her? Write yourself, if you want to hear from her. What do you suppose Helen would think?"

"She might see all the letters on both sides. You see, people say that one's real character comes out so in a correspondence; and she wouldn't be on her guard with you as she would with me."

"Mr. Hollister," said Hobart, fixing a severe eye on him, "don't expect me to be a party to any such paltry plan. In this world, sir, we have to walk by faith in other than spiritual matters. How do I know that you are not a pharisaical hypocrite—a devourer of widows' houses? How do I know that all the men I associate with are not thieves and gamblers? I can't go following them around in every act of their lives; if they seem upright and good, I must believe them so, and treat them accord-

ingly. I advise you to do the same thing with your lady love. And just remember that ours are not the days of Methuselah; and, if you spend all your life in making up your mind, you will be in the country where there are no marriages, and your chance will be over."

Poor Mr. Hollister! he sighed and deliberated; he thought often and long of Sarah; sometimes he *almost* wrote, but he never quite made it out. So the winter slid away, and when the spring was well advanced Miss Norris returned. But not quite as she went; there were rumors, talks of special attentions in Chicago; jests about a tall, dark-haired gentleman, &c. Sarah was as discreet as young ladies usually are, and nothing was really known about it. But the rumors reached Mr. Hollister, and decided him at once. Sarah grew doubly valuable now that there was a possibility of losing her. He did not believe the report; she used to treat him so kindly, and he was sure she could not change so much in one winter! But there was nothing to be gained by waiting, and he was certain he preferred her to any woman in the world. So he made an early call on Miss Norris, distinctly proposed, and was as distinctly, though courteously, declined.

Mr. Hollister was aghast! He begged to know the reason—was there any other attachment?

Miss Norris hardly considered that it was a question he had a right to ask; yet, since he wished it, she would inform him. Yes, there was another attachment.

"And you are engaged?—you will be married, Sarah?"

"I hope to be, certainly—some time, it is probable during the next month."

Mr. Hollister forgot all prudence, all caution. "Oh! what a fool I have been!" he cried. "Why didn't I ask you this question the night I was here last fall? Oh! Sarah, I know you liked me then. Tell me, was it not so? Or would your answer have been the same as now?"

Sarah colored, and hesitated. "Perhaps it is as well to be frank with you, Mr. Hollister," she answered. "There was a time when I felt a true regard for you; I thought your manner had authorized it. I thought you showed more interest in me than in any other woman, and I preferred you to any other man. I do not say I loved you, for that would be too strong an expression; but I was sufficiently interested to feel a good deal of sadness when you so suddenly, and as it seemed without reason, ceased your visits and attentions. Of course, were I not now most happily engaged to a man whose

worth I cannot doubt, you would never have known of this; but I think it may do no harm to warn you against such fickleness and vacillation. I trust, if you should be again placed in the same circumstances, you will have more regard for yourself and another than to treat her as you did me."

She spoke hastily and with feeling; and Mr. Hollister was considerably moved. How he regretted those poor habits of caution, so impossible to explain, which had come between him and happiness! But it was too late to help it now, and he left the house a sadder, and, as he thought, a wiser man than he entered it.

The wedding came off in due season, and Mr. Hollister, with other friends, was present. He had made the bride a very handsome gift, and he wished her joy with unusual warmth; but, poor man! he was thinking every time he looked at her, so sweet and graceful in her snowy robes, that, but for his own folly, he might have been in the bridegroom's place; he might have been the one who was to claim in future her cares, her company, her affection. They were mournful meditations truly, but they could not undo the past.

### CHAPTER III.

A YEAR passed on, and Mr. Hollister, warned by sad experience, had been shy of ladies' society; particularly cautious about devoting himself to any especial person. But, in the second summer succeeding the marriage of Sarah Norris, a new belle appeared in the Baldwin circles. Miss Anna Chambers dawned on an admiring village. Our friend, always an admirer of the dashing and stylish in woman, was very much captivated at first sight. Miss Chambers was above the ordinary stature, of a full and finely developed form. She had a dark, rich complexion, dazzling teeth, raven hair, and great black eyes, flashing like jewels. Then she dressed beautifully; in excellent, though rather brilliant taste; but that corresponded with the style of her beauty. Her manners were very fascinating: quiet, but easy and graceful. She had always enough to say, but she never fatigued one with liveliness, never made weak or trifling remarks. All the young men were wild about her; even Peter Van Schoonhoven, who had come up from Schenectady for his annual term of ruralizing, and who was the most redoubted flirt in the state, was dragged at her chariot wheels in triumph. But on none did she smile so sweetly and encouragingly as on Mr. Hollister; and the heart of our bachelor was deeply moved. He began to think he had found the

twin soul; and that he was amply paid for all his years of waiting. No thought of caution now; no fears of careless habits, shrewish temper, extravagant tastes. The mere idea of such things in connection with that angel would have been profanation.

Ah! could he have lived but a little while in her native place? Could he have seen her father's house, so illy-ordered, the large family of poorly-tended children, the mother worn-out with labor and care, while her daughter led a life toilless as the liles. Could he have seen the beautiful Anna in her slatternly home-attire, and heard her "snub" her little brothers and sisters, and even her parents, when she was out of temper, as not unfrequently happened! But he could not; and Miss Chambers played her part well. She soon inventoried the worth of her various admirers, and found that with the exception of the gentleman from Schenectady before mentioned, they were all young men with their way to make; and the one exception was too thorough a coquet to be relied upon. Mr. Hollister was undeniably the best card in the pack. Miss Chambers was well up to the world and its wisdom; she was twenty-eight if she was a day, although to look at her fresh and beautiful face you would never have thought it. She felt that it behooved her to lose no time, and she laid close though decorous siege to Mr. Hollister's heart. She was very regular at church, and sometimes attended the "monthly concerts" and the Saturday evening prayer meetings, observing on all these occasions the most becoming gravity and close attention to the services. She regretted that there was no class in Sunday School that she could take during the few weeks of her stay; she praised the society of Baldwin in that it eschewed cards and dancing—of which, she said, she had formerly been fond, but now saw her error. She conversed about various preachers and styles of sermonizing; she was always industriously employed. Yet she was never too busy to lay aside her work and sing for Mr. Hollister's benefit. All misgiving fled from his mind. He knew, indeed, that she was not a "professor," but she was so serious, so religiously disposed, that he was sure that need form no obstacle. He ventured to ask his friend Hobart's opinion, but that gentleman dismissed him rather shortly; he had given his best advice before without result, and Jacob must now "gang his ain gait." It was just as well, for he was too much in love to have heeded any rational opinion. So he declared himself, and was graciously accepted, and Miss Chambers went home to prepare for

her nuptials, feeling that she had done "a good stroke of work." An excellent establishment had been secured by a short campaign, and a very moderate outlay of thought and trouble. Her father's slender purse was taxed to its utmost capacity to provide funds for the approaching occasion, and Miss Chambers reveled amid silks, and feathers, and laces, and ribbons. Soon all was ready, and Mr. Hollister being duly notified came on, and was made the happiest of men. After the bridal trip they came back to Baldwin, and a few weeks were pleasantly occupied in getting settled in their handsome house, receiving and returning calls, attending parties, &c., &c. But after three months had elapsed, the fair bride began to weary of perpetual complaisance, and to think she should enjoy having her own way again.

"Come, Anna, it is time for you to get ready," said Mr. Hollister, one evening. "The bell is ringing."

Mrs. Hollister raised her eyes from the book she was reading.

"I don't intend going out to-night," she replied.

"Not go out, Anna! Why it is our regular prayer meeting."

"Very well; but as I am not a member of the church, I see no occasion that I should attend so constantly; I have been every time before since we came home. And besides, I am in the midst of John Halifax."

Mr. Hollister looked grave. He had, as we have before stated, a love of advising, and could hardly be expected to forego his favorite pastime on this opportune occasion. "I should think, Anna," he remarked, "that you might find some volume more suitable as a preparation for the holy Sabbath now so closely approaching." A pause. "I am astonished. You told me you did not care for novels."

"And I didn't then, you dear, cross creature," she replied, "my mind was entirely taken up with you. Don't frown so savagely, or I shall think you are really angry with me," and she put her beautiful arms round his neck, looked laughingly in his honest blue eyes and kissed him. Jacob was too much a lover yet to resist this tender argument. He went off alone to the meeting, and his wife finished John Halifax at forty-five minutes past eleven.

But things could not go on thus always. Causes of discomfort became too serious to be laughed or kissed away, even if Mrs. Hollister had always been disposed to employ that mode of treatment. But her temper, not good by nature, could not bear opposition and fault-

finding. Sometimes she laughed, it is true, but often she answered sharply.

"Anna," said Jacob, one morning, at breakfast, "how does Bridget make this coffee?"

"I don't know, indeed," she returned, with provoking coolness.

"You ought to know; it is your duty as mistress of the house. The coffee tastes as if it was made from burnt potato skins, and I send home regularly old government Java, which is now at a very high price, and ought not to be wasted in concocting such a vile draught as this. It is my wish, Anna, that you look to this and other household matters; you have no right to neglect them."

"If you intend to make a drudge of me, Mr. Hollister," replied the wife, with spirit, "you will find yourself mistaken. If you wished for a servant you should have married one."

"Not the slightest need of getting in a passion, Anna. I don't exact or expect a servant's part from you—only a wife's. You have two girls in the kitchen to perform all the drudgery. Pray see to them a little; the spoons are nearly black, and the knives look as if they had put on mourning. The biscuit are sour, the meat is overdone, and the table-cloth would be a disgrace to a fifth-rate boarding-house. It was understood, when we married, that there was a mutual compact; I was not to furnish you with everything you wished, and have my own comforts totally neglected in return. I hope I shall not have to speak again on this subject, I trust your own good sense will be enough."

Very good, reasonable words, but uttered, alas! to a "stony ground" hearer. Anna enjoyed luxuries, but she did not care for neatness. The charms of glittering steel and silver, of clean table-cloths, laid square and even, all the folds "straight as a die," were unfelt by her; fresh napkins she was indifferent to; she did not know good bread from poor. It would have needed a great deal of resolution, a great deal of real love for her husband to overcome her native indolence, and change her into a tolerable housekeeper; and these she had not. Poor Jacob had to learn the lesson of endurance.

Her personal habits, too, caused him great annoyance. Beautifully dressed away from home, or when expecting company, she was extremely careless when they were alone. During the earlier years of their marriage, Jacob sometimes ventured to remonstrate. "Anna," he would say, "your hair is not tidy—your stockings are full of holes. It would be very easy to take a little time every week, and look over your stockings and put them in order. And if

you would comb your hair every morning, when you got up, you would feel much more comfortable, besides being really much more to be respected than you are at present." Sometimes Anna laughed, sometimes she sulked, sometimes she "flared up" fiercely; but she never reformed. It was not pleasant to the husband to find how much more other men's opinion was valued than his own; to see the hurried flight up stairs when Mr. Van Schoonhoven called; the quick exchange of the wrapper, with the large grease spot on the front breadth, for the new silk, the Mechlin set, and handsome jewels; he felt that, as he had paid for these things, he had a right to see them put on occasionally for his own gratification. But Mrs. Hollister thought otherwise. Neither did he approve of her manners to young men. Not that he at all feared her bringing discredit on herself or him; but it was not pleasant after he had been receiving all day the benefit of her peevishness or *ennui*, to see her beam forth all gladness, animation, and smiles on every one

that approached. It showed him too clearly how little she respected his opinion or valued his regard.

Poor Mr. Hollister! his punishment was hard. If his friends had not been too sorry for him, they might have laughed over his defeat and disappointment; but they *were* too sorry. They dreaded for awhile lest the petty and vexing trials of home should undermine his religious character; but there he was too firmly fixed. He was constant as ever in duty, and liberal as ever to each good cause. He was a shade less severe, less prone to insist on his own opinion, but that was a change for the better. And the friends who valued and pitied him, could only console themselves with thinking that this life was short; and that in a few years it would be all the same whether his wedded life had been a happy or a thorny one.

This, however, is a view of the case which we would find it easier to adopt for our friends than for ourselves.

# IMOGENE'S LAST VOLUME.: CHAPTER II.

GRANNISS, MARY C;MAPLE COTTAGE

*Lady's Home Magazine (1857-1860); Jan 1860; 15, American Periodicals*

pg. 21

## IMOGENE'S LAST VOLUME.

BY MARY C. GRANNISS.

ALL the gossips of Elderville decided unanimously that Frank Stanton was a silly-head, to think of marrying such a bookish sort of a girl as Imogene May. Not but she might be good enough in her way; but what could he do, on a clerk's salary, towards supporting a wife, whom they knew couldn't mend a garment or cook a meal fit to be eaten!

"Them are kind of gals," (chimed in Aunt Persey Potter, at the social tea-drinking, where the matter was being pretty thoroughly discussed,) "that's allers readin' and writin' and talkin' about things in the moon, without knowin', maybe, much more of 'em than us commoner folks, aint jist the kind for young men to marry who want to git along in the world; not that I've anything particular agin Miss Imogene, only *she aint the sort for Stanton.*"

This last sentence was delivered with emphasis, in an oracular tone, and Aunt Persey pursed her mouth into more than its usual unyielding primness, as she took another cup of her favorite Souchong from the hands of her hostess.

"No more have I any disrespect for the young lady, for it's her misfortune, leastwise, that her head is so full of notions," responded another of the guests. "She takes it naturally from her father, whose brain was so crammed with knowledge that he never *was* like ordinary mortals. But *then* he was a good man, and amazing fond of Imogene; and I've heard said he took the whole care of her after her mother died."

But notwithstanding the adverse decision of his case of alliance given by this neighborhood "Court of Errors," Frank Stanton and pretty, blushing Imogene May were pronounced one, by the white-haired village clergyman, as side by side they stood before the altar in the little brown church, one fragrant June morning. Even these croaking gossips, who had been so ready with their dismal forebodings concerning the match, were, in spite of themselves, led captive by the happy influences of the scene, and forgot all ominous shakes of the head, as seated in the carriage which was to convey them to the railroad, and thence to their city home, the happy pair bade adieu to the crowd of sympathizing friends, and, amid smiles and tears, drove away from the church door, beneath the roseate light of a new summer day—and of a new, and, as they fondly hoped, a richer, happier life!

Did Frank have cause to regret his choice? Not a bit of it! True, Imogene—or "Genie," as he lovingly called her, *would* now and then write *verses*, simply because she couldn't help it—(ask the birds if they can help warbling on a sunny spring morning, when their little hearts are brimful of joy)—and Frank, foolish fellow as he was, thought these effusions charming; as, also, that no simple stories of the heart could excel in true pathos and beauty those that so readily flowed from *her* busy pen. But as to housekeeping—*there*, Master Frank, we have you! We will acknowledge the wife's genius and accomplishments, her sunny face and winning tenderness; but, as Aunt Persey says of these quite pardonable attractions, "they aint jist the kind for a young man who wants to git along in the world," eh?

"Housekeeper," replies the happy, infatuated Frank, with an offended air; "if you can show me a better one you can work miracles!" So, the old-wives were at fault for once in their prognostics; and Frank, the fortunate fellow, rejoices in a wife whose good practical sense and active knowledge of every-day affairs, are fully equal to her intellectual worth and her amiable social qualities.

It was Imogene, the bride of a few months, who proposed exchanging their rather expensive boarding place for a quiet, humble tene- ment, where they two might make for themselves a peaceful home, in which she was the beneficent fairy whose ready skill and active hands worked such marvels of convenience and comfort, and even elegance, out of a limited portion of her husband's not extensive income, that he was no less astonished than delighted.

"Ah! Genie, darling, you are a veritable witch. Its quite evident that I am under the wand of an enchantress. Who but you could have made such a splendid transformation!" and the astonished Frank examined with delight the old, worn office-chair, now glowing in oriental splendor, with its richly flounced cover of crimson chintz, set off to the best advantage by a snowy tidy of delicate net work thrown over the back, while its capacious depth, stuffed soft and tacked with bright tufts of worsted, together with the added castors, made it "quite a model affair for deserving husbands"—at least this was Frank's decision, as he threw himself into it, with such an air of happy abandon that Imogene clapped her hands and burst into one of those musical peals of laughter, calling him a grand old Turk; to which he playfully added, "that if so, she was certainly his 'Sultana,' and must

share his throne with him;" and catching her in his arms he drew her towards him, and thus they sat together in the big arm-chair, before a bright fire, in their pleasant little sitting-room, all that stormy winter evening!

With such a help-meet, who could make easy chairs out of next to nothing, with her own skilful hands and a bit of chintz; and who wrote nice little stories, the proceeds of which brought them many an added comfort—(though of this, sly little witch as she was, Frank was kept in utter ignorance,) what wonder that fortune smiled upon the young husband, and at the end of three years he found himself raised to the office of junior partner in the establishment where he had previously been a clerk; and that by the excellent thrift of his sweet wife, he also found himself unpressed by debt, and with means sufficient, with their present prospects, of purchasing a delightful cottage-home in the suburbs of the noisy, dusty city.

## CHAPTER II.

'TWAS a cold November evening when the door bell rang, and hearing a familiar voice in the hall, Imogene hastily threw open the sitting-room door, and the next instant was clasped in the arms of her early heart-friend, Bessie Warden. For two long years these two congenial souls had been separated; and after the task of dressing Bessie of her several extra travelling wrappers was laughingly accomplished, and the fatigue of her journey somewhat removed by a late supper, with a dish of tea from the still hissing urn, which Bessie declared "a delicious comfort after so cold a ride;" with many regrets that Frank should have been obliged to be out, on this particular evening of all others, when he was usually at home, and when he would have been so happy to welcome her old school-mate to their cottage, Imogene drew up the rockers before the blazing grate, in the cosy parlor, and, hand in hand, as of old, they sat together in the soft fire-light, talking of the happy past and present, comparing notes in regard to their individual experiences, and each, still in the morning of her days, looking forward to the future as to hours beautified by the roseate hues of a still unclouded hope, only Bessie recognized in the young wife's tones, while speaking of coming hours, a richer music than ever before, and felt the influence of deeper inspiration, breathing in all her words of loving endearment—felt a consciousness in her

presence that there had been a fuller unfolding of her woman's soul during their last separation than ever before, adding a sweetness and dignity to her every look and tone.

"But tell me, dear friend, about your new book. Do you know how interested I have been in it?" This question Bessie suddenly asked, during a slight pause in their conversation. "Is it published yet?"

"Yes," answered Imogene, softly, while a bright warm blush mantled her cheek and a beautiful light shone in her large hazle eyes.

"You know," said Bessie, "you wrote me, in reply to my inquiries about your idle pen, that you were concentrating all your energies upon it, and I shall expect a rich intellectual treat—something quite worthy of your genius." Bessie, who was herself a bit of an authoress, continued: "You will bear me witness, ma chère, that I have always insisted that your literary efforts were too spasmodic, and your productions, especially in poetry, quite too detached and fragmentary, to do justice to the talents which I know you possess; but why did you not send me a copy? I shall begin to feel jealous, considering how prompt you used to be in forwarding such favors."

"I thought to do so, certainly, but concluded to wait a little longer," said Imogene, with a half comical smile hovering about her lips; "and now let us on to the library; for you must know," she added, as they rose, "that Frank, dear soul, has fitted me a cosy little nook, which I dignify by this appellation;" and leading the way, Imogene and Bessie passed through a side door into a good sized sleeping apartment, and from this into a smaller room, the faint outlines of which were scarcely distinguishable by the dim light of a half extinguished gas burner. The next moment, with a soft, quick step, Imogene passed before Bessie, and turning on a full blaze of light, revealed, indeed, rows of well-filled book shelves, extending around two sides of the wall; the convenient little writing-desk, with all its *et ceteras*; but something still more surprisingly interesting in the small snowy canopy by her side, within whose softly falling folds stood a richly carved mahogany crib, where, like a little "cupid, lying among the roses" of a richly flowered satin coverlet, slept a beautiful babe!

For a moment Bessie, struck dumb with astonishment at this vision of infantile loveliness, could only hold her breath, lest the sweet vision should dissolve into "airy nothingness," and gaze upon the cherub, like

one spell-bound. A profusion of golden hair, soft and shining, surrounded the faultless head; one dimpled arm lay under the rosy cheek, while the other arm was tossed out among the roses—a thing of waxen beauty.

“And *this*, oh, Genie?” she at length asked, in a hushed whisper, of the happy young mother.

“Yes!” replied Imogene; “*this*, dear Bessie, is my last published volume—does it not exceed your expectations?” And the thankful mother bent over her darling of one short year with true maternal fondness. “Ah, Bessie,” she added, “is not this worthy of my highest efforts?”

“Yes, isn’t this Genie’s best book,” asked a low, manly voice in Bessie’s ear.

The two friends turned with a start, and Frank, who had softly entered the room, threw both arms around them; and thus they stood, a happy trio, looking reverently down upon that great mystery—a *new human life*; while each decided that nothing which had ever been achieved in the realm of art or the fields of literature could equal this, greatest of all her productions—this unlettered book, fresh from the divine hand—Imogene’s Last Volume?

MAPLE COTTAGE,  
Hartford, Conn.

wished to hear what it was before she promised.

"Will you say this short prayer every night before you go to bed: 'O Lord, give me thy Holy Spirit, to teach me about Jesus Christ?'"

"Yes, I will," she said; and that she might not forget the prayer she repeated the words over a great many times, until she knew them quite well.

It was now time for little Jessie and the minister to part; but before he left her he gave her a little book and a new sixpence.

"You cannot read the book now," he said: "you must keep it, that when you look at it, you may think of the true words I have spoken to you, and of the promise you have made to me. Perhaps you will have learned to read it by this time next summer when I hope to come to this place again."

Months passed away, and at length summer came again with its green fields and flowers. And the minister went into the same part of the country; but not to preach this time. He was not well enough for that; but it was to benefit his health by a change of air. When he came to the village, he did not forget little Jessie whom he had met at the spring, and after some inquiry he found out the cottage where she lived.

"Does Jessie live here?" he asked of a woman who came to door,

"Yes," said the woman, "but she is very ill indeed: and I fear she won't last much longer."

"Can I see her?" "Oh, yes, if you please, sir."

The minister went up stairs into the front room, where he found the little girl very ill from a fever. Her lips were quite dry, and her cheeks were full of color, but it was not the color of health. In a minute or two she heard his footsteps, and looked up. Oh, how full of joy she was as she once more saw her kind friend!

"I was afraid," she said, "that I should not see you again. I did want so to see you, sir, before I die."

"Why, my dear child?"

"I wanted to thank you for teaching me that little prayer. I never forgot it. I said it, though I did not for some time quite know what it meant; but I know now. God has, I think, taught me by his Holy Spirit. He has heard my prayers. I do now love my Saviour, and I shall soon go to him."

What was then said by the minister to Jessie there is not room to tell: this only we can say, that in about a week after this time little Jessie died happy and full of peace.

Young reader, will you pray to God to give you a new heart, and to lead you to believe in the Saviour of sinners? Happy will you be if you seek and find the Saviour as little Jessie did—happy for this life, and happy forever.

But if you should not seek him, what will become of your soul? If you should die without having tasted of the "living water," how sad will be your state in the world to come! Let the prayer of little Jessie be your prayer. He will give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him. "Ask and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

Lord, teach a little child to pray,  
Thy grace betimes impart,  
And grant thy Holy Spirit may  
Renew my infant heart.

A sinful creature I was born,  
And from my birth have stray'd;  
I must be wretched and forlorn  
Without thy mercy's aid.  
But Christ can all my sins forgive,  
And wash away their stain;  
And fit my soul with him to live,  
And in his kingdom reign.

## YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

### JESSIE AT THE SPRING.

A TRUE TALE.

It was the pleasant time of summer; the week was closing, and the next day would be the holy day. The sun was about to set behind the hills, and the wind blew softly and sweetly over the hay fields.

At such a time a minister went out for a walk in the evening. He was many miles away from home, and had come to a village to preach two charity sermons. He passed along the green lanes. They were just such quiet, shady spots as he loved. And as he walked slowly he thought of the texts from which he was to preach on the morrow.

After walking for some time he came to the end of one of the lanes, where a spring gave out a clear supply of water. A little cottage girl was standing by it, with a large pitcher in her hand, which she was about to fill. She wore a neat straw hat, and a clean pinafore.

It was not often that a visitor came to that place, and when one did, the eyes of the people of the village were sure to be fixed upon him. We must not, therefore, be surprised that this little maiden stood and looked at the stranger.

The minister kindly spoke to the child, and asked her if she would give him a drink of water from her pitcher, as he was thirsty. She stared again at him with a look of wonder, and then with willing hand and heart raised the pitcher for him to drink.

He tasted the cold sweet water, and thanked her; and thinking it was a time when he might speak a few words to do the little girl good, he said to her, "Did you, my child, ever hear about 'the living water' of which if we drink we shall never thirst again?"

The girl opened her eyes widely, and replied, "No, sir."

"Can you read?" "No," was her short answer.

"Do you not go to school?"

"No; mother can't spare me."

"Nor yet to church, where they pray to God, and sing his praise, and hear of his great love to sinners, through Jesus Christ our Saviour."

The girl gave another strange look, and shook her head.

The minister now sat down on the side of the lane, that he might talk with the little girl. He asked her many questions, and found that she was dull and untaught, but she seemed glad to hear all that he told her. As she still gave attention to his words, he tried to show her what was meant by "living water," and where an account of it is to be found.

"Water is the gift of God," said he, "and is one of the most useful of all his blessings: without it there would be neither fruit nor flowers, and all creatures would die. But our souls must be refreshed, as well as our bodies. When Jesus was on earth, he met a woman at the side of a well, and asked her to give him to drink; and then he said that those who drank of that water would thirst again, but he could give 'living water,' of which if a man drink he shall never thirst."

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# "JUST LIKE A WOMAN!": CHAPTER I.

Townsend, Virginia F

*Lady's Home Magazine (1857-1860); Apr 1860; 15, American Periodicals*  
pg. 236

heart of my classmate, for an old millionaire. Much good may his gold do the foolish, mistaken woman!" and he glanced at the open letter which he had thrown on the table, and his face—that strong, thin, beautiful face—settled down into an expression of sternness and severity, such as I had never seen there before. I do not think he knew to whom he was talking then.

"Are all women like those, Uncle Phil?" I asked, with a vague comprehension of his meaning.

"Nearly all, I'm afraid, Wealthy!"

"Shall I be so, when I grow up to be a big woman?"

He gathered me up close to his heart.

"God forbid, my little girl. I'd rather cover up your bright head and fair limbs under the grass this day, than see you grow up to be a selfish, ambitious, heartless woman."

"Was mamma such a woman, Uncle Phil?" I believe an angel dropped this question into my heart at that moment.

"No!—a thousand times no!—bless you for the thought, my little girl! Your mother was a gentle, sweet, loving woman; true and self-sacrificing to the last hour of her life, and her memory in my heart is like sweet myrrh, filling its rooms with fragrance, and when I am tempted to lose all faith in woman's truth and love, I remember my sister, Mary Dunham."

The words of my uncle sank so deep into my soul, that they have not faded out of it through a decade and a half of years.

We were alone together in the library of the large old stone house, which my grandfather had built for his bride, and it stood in the pleasant village of Wilmot, among graceful cottages and fair white houses, like a gray old patriarch among his children.

I, Wealthy Craig, was an orphan, with no near relative on earth, saving my mother's only brother, Philip Dunham. My father was an artist, and he had died in Italie, while my life was yet in the twilight of infancy. My mother brought her dead husband and her living child to their old home; but she followed him in two years, for anxiety and grief had worn down her naturally delicate constitution.

So, in my fifth year, I was left to the guardianship of my young uncle, Philip Dunham.

His father had been an East India merchant, and amassed a vast property there.

But the death of one of his partners, and the rascality of the other, followed by one of those sudden commercial crises which are like great storms, sweeping down the fabrics of vast

## "JUST LIKE A WOMAN!"

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

### CHAPTER I.

"It is just like a woman—just like her." I remember the tones with which he said these words, just as though the bitterness and sadness which wound in and out of them, had stirred the air about me a moment ago.

"What is just like a woman, Uncle Phil?" and I clambered up into his lap, and put away with my small, weak fingers the silken brown locks from his forehead. The bitterness went out of his face, as he looked in mine and a half fond, half amused expression, neutralized whatever of sadness remained in his eyes. "What do you want to know about it, you inquisitive little six-year-old?"

"Because I do. Please to tell me, uncle."

"That's like a woman's argument, too—as reasonable and just as two-thirds of them, Pussy."

"Please to tell me what you meant, uncle?"

"I meant that it's just like a woman to throw away the love of a true, noble, manly heart, for wealth or position, or anything else which should simply gratify her pride and ambition, just as that girl has thrown away the

fortunes in a day, made my grandfather a poor man. He was an old one at the time, and never recovered from the shock.

My uncle had just finished his professional studies (he was educated for the law) when the tidings came of his father's failure, and he only reached home to find him prostrated by a paralytic stroke, out of which he never awoke to recognize his son.

This occurred a year before my father's death. My uncle managed to retain the old homestead, but this was all that he saved from the wreck of his father's property; and it was only with great difficulty and by much perseverance that he succeeded in doing this.

The old patriarchal house stood a little way from the road, behind a couple of majestic horse-chestnuts. From the windows you could see the great hills, which were like green gates locking in the valley where the village rose, and the little lake in its emerald vase of alders, and the river flashing its silver fluting through the meadows. An old, rambling garden, stocked to plethora with fruit-trees, and vines and bushes, ran from the back of the house to the lane; and birds built their nests in its green, shadowy stillness, and inaugurated every dawn with the service of their sweet songs.

He was only twenty-four when the storm burst on him, but Philip Dunham had in him the grain of a true, strong character, and it did not crush him.

He set himself bravely to work at his profession, and when his widowed sister brought her orphan child to his home, he took them both into his heart; and God be witness that he was husband to the one and father to the other.

But another and heavier blow than all the others was appointed to him, one which I learned long years afterward from his own lips, crushed down for a while all hope, and faith and courage in his soul.

Gertrude West, the Squire's daughter, was his betrothed wife. She was a rarely beautiful woman, with all those outward charms of grace and manner, which bewilder and fascinate men; but her domestic and social education had not nourished the finest and noblest part of her character, and her soul was enamored of wealth and splendor, and though there is no doubt all that was best and truest in her nature, loved the man Philip Dunham, still, when misfortune fell sudden and heavy upon him, worldly counsels and innate selfishness triumphed over her affections.

She broke her engagement with my uncle, and in less than two months afterward married the wealthiest and most brilliant of her suitors, a Southern planter, and a widower, nearly a score of years her senior.

My uncle recovered from the great shock which the treachery of Gertrude West had occasioned, but it was a long, slow work to forget the beautiful girl who had so cruelly wronged him, for all the poetry of his youth, all the springs of his deep, overflowing tenderness, had been poured out on the woman of his love, and because of her he lost faith in the truth and enduring affection of all women; still, it was in that time when his fortune had taken wings, and all human love had failed him, that the soul of Philip Dunham turned to his God, and found the rest, and the peace, without which the strongest are always weak, and afterward the tree of his life put forth branches, and bore gracious blossoms and goodly fruits of truth, and charity, and love—for Philip Dunham became a Christian man.

"You better take the whole dozen bushels, sir; I'll put 'em down to fifty cents, seein' as it's you; they're the very best o' Rosebury russets, and they'll keep all winter in a dry cellar, and you can't beat 'em for eatin' apples in the county."

Farmer Ritter thus delivered himself, as he stood before his wagon, with his peck measure in one hand, while my uncle was on the opposite side, listening to the man and surveying the heap of apples brimming over the sides of the wagon.

"Well, Mr. Ritter," laughed my uncle, "I guess I'll take the whole pile on your recommendation; Pussy here has a remarkable capacity for good apples, as well as myself, and I think we shall be able to dispatch the whole before the winter is out."

"I'll promise to do my share, uncle," I said, climbing up on the wheel of the wagon, and watching the farmer measure out the fruit into the great bushel baskets on each side of him.

He was a tall, sunburnt, raw-boned man, with shaggy eyebrows, and weather-benten face; but with the first glance into those rugged features, you felt that a good heart and an honest soul dwelt within them.

Farmer Ritter was a man of a great deal of shrewd practical sense, and my uncle was always fond of chatting and joking with him, when he came to the house to supply us with the various produce of his farm.

"How about that butter you promised us last week, farmer? We're almost out."

"Wall, *Miss Ritter* meant to have it, and a couple o' dozen eggs for you, when I carted over the apples, but she's had her hands full, fixin' for the new school ma'am. You see the Committee was set on our takin' her to board, and my wife finally gin' consent, though it's put her out a good deal."

"I don't doubt it; and we haven't suffered for want of the butter, as our household numbers but three. You'll be down in a couple of days, I suppose."

"Not inside o' four, I'm afeard, much as I'd like to oblige you, Lawyer Dunham. You see I've got to cart all my flour over to the mill to-morrow, and if this weather holds, I must take advantage on't to sow my wheat."

"That's bad, isn't it? (Look out, Wealthy, my child, I'm afraid you'll hurt your foot amongst those spokes.) That settles it," bringing his hand down on the wagon side. "I'm going into town day after to-morrow, to see an old client, and I'll just take the creek road up to your house, and get the things. *Mrs. Ritter's* butter is worth taking a little extra pains for."

"She al'ays was an astonishin' hand at butter and cheese, and got the premium three times at the County Fair, when she was a gal," answered the gratified husband.

"Oh, uncle, say I may go—please say I may go with you," jumping down from the wagon wheel, and catching hold of his hand.

"What's the use of taking you, chicken? You'll only be a bother," answered my uncle, but there was a laugh in the beautiful eyes which looked down on me so fondly.

"You better bring her along, sir. She'll like to see the white calf, and the young turkeys, and have a slice o' raised cake."

"I shall put in my claim for a slice, too," answered my uncle.

"I shall come, Mr. Ritter, you may depend upon it," I interposed very decidedly, at which both the men laughed.

"Spiled child, I reckon," said the farmer.

"I presume so," replied my uncle, playfully twitching my curls as they glanced around him.

## CHAPTER II.

It was early in the afternoon when we drew up before the brown gate of farmer Ritter's home.

We had had a delightful ride through the still woods and around the creek. It was a

day in the Indian summer, and it had been born on the hills amid silver mists, and clothed in gold and purple it walked the earth, amid the sweet services of soft leaping waters and the song of birds, and winds swung their censers about it, filled with wood fragrances, for that day was like a High Priest, bearing, with crimson tunic and flashing ephod, the benediction of the year.

Uncle Philip and I had been mostly silent during our ride. The voice of the day spoke tender and sadly to our hearts. We heard the nuts dropping in the still woods, and the apples on the orchard grass, and the jingle of the little brooks, that hung their silver embroidery on the hills, and my uncle broke the long silence which had fallen betwixt us by saying, as he drew up before the house, "This is the place, Wealthy."

I looked curiously at the old farm homestead. It was an ample two-story red house, with a steep, moss-covered roof, which had braved the storms of three quarters of a century, but it looked friendly and home-like in that mellowing autumn sunlight, with the cherry-trees in front, and the low quinces at the side.

We alighted and went up to the house; the door was open, and a single stroke of the heavy brass knocker must have reached any one inside.

I heard a slight stir in one of the front rooms, and then a lady came into the hall, and approached us. I use this word *lady* in its broadest, completest sense; she was a lady, or better, a *gentlewoman*, not simply because of position, or antecedents, or any social adjuncts, but she held the title by the gift and grace of God, by the fine grain of her soul, by the dignity and gentleness of her character.

I was just nine years old that autumn, but I *felt* all this, with my first glance at the stranger, as certainly as I write it now.

I wish that I could describe this lady, or girl-woman, as she looked coming toward us; but it will be difficult to do this, for there was nothing striking or brilliant about her.

She was small and slender, with a pale, oval face, and a sweet, tender, delicate mouth, in which smiles and love seemed to lurk. Her eyes were of a clear, soft, steady brown, shielded by long, thick lashes, and the fair, pale face wore no hue of ill health, though you felt the soil where roses flourish was not in those delicate checks.

"Good afternoon, ma'am," said my uncle, lifting his hat, and surveying the strange lady. "Is Mrs. Ritter in?"

"She is not, sir. She was summoned very unexpectedly this morning to her mother, who is ill, but she left the butter and eggs in my charge. Will you walk in?"

"I see that you know me—so there is no use of my presenting myself."

A slight blush wavered across her cheek.

"I think not. You are Lawyer Dunham?"

"Yes."

"And I am Miss Day, the school teacher."

She said this as she led the way into the low, old fashioned kitchen, around the ceiling of which were festoons of "dried apples" and red peppers, while the carefully scoured floor was sprinkled with sand. A basket of eggs and a box of butter stood on the table in one corner, and my uncle was lifting these, when I interposed.

"Uncle, I must see the white calf and the turkeys first. You know Mr. Ritter said I should."

"But you can't this time, for his wife is away, and there is no one to show them to you. Come, now, be a brave girl."

For a shadow of disappointment had fallen on my face, as I had set my heart upon an investigation of the farm-yard.

The lady observed it. "I think I can introduce you to all the curiosities we have, if you'll place yourself under my charge for half an hour."

I did not wait for my uncle's consent, though indeed there was no need of that. I went to the lady, and slid my hand in hers.

"I can't allow you to take off my niece, without you consent to take me also, ma'am." And my uncle returned the box of butter to the table.

I forgot the lady's reply, but I know that we all went out under the hop-vine, which set itself like a green tent around the back door.

Half an hour later we returned. I had inspected the white calf in the barn, and the speckled turkeys in the yard, and seen the black ducks sail out on the pond, and was returning greatly delighted with my expedition, when a nail, in a wooden bench near the door, caught the skirt of my dress, and made a large, ugly rent in it.

"Tut—tut, Wealthy, I can't take such a ragged little girl into town with me!"

"If Betty was only here, she'd mend it for me. Oh, uncle, don't say I can't go with you."

"Perhaps I can turn Betty for a little while," said the soft-voiced lady. "Never mind, we'll have it all right," for the tears had forced themselves into my eyes."

My uncle at first declined the lady's offer, fearing it would give her too much trouble, and it was only after some persistence on her part, that he accepted it.

I remember just how she looked in that low, old-fashioned parlor, sitting on a stool at my feet, and mending the rent in my dress, with the serene autumn sunlight, which seemed to sanctify and spiritualize everything, drifting over her soft brown hair, and about her slender, quick-flying fingers.

Uncle Phil sat and watched her, pulling the faded leaves from the "morning glory" vine which draped the window, and scattering them upon the ground. There was a pleasant smile in his eyes as he looked down upon us, and I knew that some light pleasantry must have passed betwixt him and the school teacher, because of the laughter which ran in low, sweet gurgles out of her lips.

In a little while my dress was restored, and we took our leave. Miss Day accompanied us to the gate, and my uncle gave her his hand at parting, and said to her: "If I can serve you in any way, at any time, do not hesitate to call on me."

And there was a blush in her soft cheek as she thanked him, just as you have seen a drop of crimson in the heart of some snowy blossom.

"Uncle, I liked that lady, I liked her very much." We had been riding silently for a mile when I made this remark, with a good deal of emphasis.

That was all we said of her.

I think that a man who has poured out all the great wealth of his tenderness on a selfish, ambitious woman, one whose outward, sensuous loveliness has kindled his imagination, and stirred his fancies—and then been awakened, with one terrible shock, to the true knowledge of her character—I think that such a man is afterward better able to recognize that grace of soul, that sweetness, and gentleness, and steadfastness, which make true womanhood, and of which graciousness of manner and beauty of expression are only the outward symbols.

The young teacher had these, and though she was not dashing or brilliant, still, her face was one of those which, the more a man studies, the more its sweetness grew into his heart and rejoiced his life. It was a face to shine out tender and serene in his home, to soothe his heart in sorrow, to heal and strengthen it in weakness, and to be loving and faithful to him through all calamity or affliction; and it would

follow him in joy or sorrow, his wife, in the best and holiest meaning of the word, through life, unto death.

### CHAPTER III.

"Why, Miss Day, is it possible you are out in this terrible storm?"

My uncle had just turned the corner of the lane, not more than a quarter of a mile from his home, when he came upon the school teacher. It was a day late in December, and it was going out into the night in a fearful convolution of storm.

The snow had been falling for several hours, and the wind tore up the great sheets and piled them along the roadside, and hurled the thick flakes through the air in great, blinding clouds, so that it was with difficulty he could see where to guide his horse, for he was returning from an adjoining village, where he had gone in order to attend to some important legal business.

My uncle recognized the lady at the first glance, though the wind had tossed her hair over her eyes, and her face was bent down in order to shield it as much as possible from the wind. He sprang from his carriage. "How in the world did you come here?"

"I think that I must have lost my way," she said, but her voice was weak and strained; "I was trying to get back to farmer Ritter's."

"Why, you are at least three miles from his house. Come, let me lift you into my carriage, and I'll carry you home, for you'd certainly have perished in this storm if I hadn't found you."

He didn't hear her reply, for the wind beat up just then with the voice of a thousand trumpets, and carried it away; but he lifted the small, delicate figure into the carriage, and wrapped it in the buffalo skins, and springing in beside it, urged his horse on as rapidly as possible.

"It will take you a long distance out of your way. I had no idea we were so far from home," said the sweet, faint voice.

"We are not far from mine; I shall carry you there first. How you shiver! You must be almost perished with cold."

But this time she did not answer. Her head fell down until it rested on his shoulder, and looking into the fair face Philip Durham feared it was struck with death.

I stood at the window, peering out into the thick clouds of snow for a sight of my uncle's carriage, and I shrieked for joy when I saw it drive up to the gate.

He dismounted, and lifted what seemed to be a heavy bundle from the carriage, and I rushed out into the hall and opened the door.

"Oh, uncle! uncle! have you brought a dead woman home with you?" for I did not at first recognize the white, stark face, from which the bonnet had fallen away.

"I hope not, Wealthy. Run quick for Betty!"

And he carried the lady in and laid her on the lounge before the warm grate fire, and Betty, the faithful old domestic who had nursed Philip when he was a boy, hurried down to the sitting-room.

"We must get brandy down her throat, and her feet into warm water. If that don't bring her to, you may depend on't she's frozen to death!" exclaimed the frightened old woman.

She came back to life at last, with low groans and convulsive shivers; but she did not recognize any of us, and before morning she was in a high brain fever.

For three weeks Janet Day, the school teacher, lay under our roof on the borders of the grave, and in the delirium which accompanied her illness we learned the story of her life.

She was an orphan, the daughter of a clergyman, who had died several years previous. She had had sorrows, long and heavy ones, no matter what, for we who learned them by her sick bed, in the midst of the fever which had fired her brain with madness, never betrayed them.

Suffice it, she had been a brave, patient, long enduring woman, and her trials had at length driven her to apply for the situation of district school teacher at Wilmot; but, while her sorrows had only clarified and enriched her character, they had worn heavily on her physique.

Farmer Ritter and his wife had no idea that she went with failing strength and aching head every morning to her arduous school duties, for she never complained of illness.

But that day she dismissed her scholars early in the afternoon, because of the storm which had just commenced, and then she started for home. She could remember nothing, however, after she left the school house. But it was appointed Janet Day to live, and not die.

"I reckon she'll be able to stand the ride in your spring carriage in a day or two," said farmer Ritter one pleasant January morning, as he stopped on his way to market, with a china bowl of blackberry jam for the "school

ma'am." You've had her here a risin' o' seven weeks, and mother was sayin' this mornin' she knew quite enough on Miss Day to be sartin she'd want to leave as soon as possible.

"Why, farmer Ritter, don't you think we make the lady as comfortable as your wife could?" asked my uncle, with a shade of annoyance on his face.

"We aint no fears on that score," subjoined the farmer, cracking his whip, and awkwardly setting one foot before the other, "but you know it's a little oncommon for a young woman to be visitin' a man that hasn't a wife of his own."

A comical smile wavered over my uncle's face. "I haven't thought of it in that light," he said.

"Well, I hope you wont take no offence, lawyer, but bein' as things are, we thought we'd better try and take her home, if she keeps up, and the January thaw holds on."

"Well, I'll speak to Miss Day about it," answered my uncle.

"Uncle Phil, I do wish you'd come and help me place these flowers," for I was intent on arranging some golden immortelles after a somewhat intricate pattern, on a cushion of gray moss; and he had been pacing to and fro before me, evidently much absorbed in his own thoughts.

"I can't attend to your nonsense now, Wealthy, I'm too busy."

I was highly indignant at this reply, especially as my uncle continued his walk up and down the room for another hour

Late in the afternoon of that same day, our invalid guest came down stairs for the first time since her illness. I had established myself in the deep bay window of the sitting-room, with a new book which my uncle had brought me, and the heavy crimson curtains fairly hid me from sight. My uncle wheeled the invalid before the grate fire, and sat down by her side.

I remember the fair pale face resting against the crimson cushions of the arm-chair reminded me of some of the heads which had belonged to my father's studio, and it sat on the small, delicate neck, as a lily sits on its slender stem, rocked about by the winds.

"How much better you are looking," perusing the pale face.

"That is what they all tell me, and I have but one answer, 'I am feeling better, too.'"

I do not know what reply my uncle made to this remark, for I became absorbed in my

book, and they chatted together for an hour perhaps, when his tones called my attention again.

"Farmer Ritter was here again to-day, and he thinks that he must have you home in two or three days. But I don't know how we can spare you."

"You are very kind to say this, after all the trouble I have given you. But farmer Ritter has only foisted my own intention."

"I cannot think of your returning with any pleasure. Kind as they are, and much as they love you, you cannot be happy in the midst of such uncongenial environments."

A shadow fell upon the pale face, and the brown eyes shone in it like lamps far out at sea. "I have learned to take my life as God sends it."

"But are you quite certain that He wills you should go back?"

"I think so, because, as you see, there is no other place to go."

"But you can stay here."

The deep brown eyes sought his face, filled with wonder. "I do not understand you," she said, just as a child might have said it.

My uncle took the thin, soft fingers in his own. "Janet Day," and a tremor ran through the low, deep tones, "I am an abrupt man, and you are a woman with whom it is not necessary to use soft phrases and lover's flattery. When I said 'stay here,' I meant as my wife, tenderly sheltered, dearly beloved, the mistress of a home that will never again seem so without you."

Her white face had kindled and died, in changes like the fire flames. She covered it with her small hand, fair and transparent as some curving shell. I saw the tears which glistened on her fingers, and heard the sobs which shook her.

My uncle leaned forward. "Janet, have you no answer for me but tears?"

She looked up and smiled in his face, a smile that must have brightened a man's heart forever. She laid her hands in his.

Leaning forward to see them, my book fell.

"What does this mean?" said my uncle, and he sprang to the window.

"It's only I, Uncle Phil; I just got behind here because it's such a nice place to read."

"And you've heard all we've been saying, you little witch, you!" and I was sure that he blushed, almost as much as Miss Day did.

"Only the last part, and I wont tell anybody, I wont, as true as I live!"

My uncle burst into one of his hearty

laughs, and Janet Day's blended in with it, like a merry air, and sweet as the gurgle of soft-flowing waters.

“ Wealthy, you little rogue, come here and tell me how you should like to say ‘my Aunt Janet.’”

“ I should like to say it very much indeed, Uncle Phil,” and I went up to the lady and kissed her, and she put her arms about me and called me her little girl, with eyes full of shining tears.

The next day farmer Ritter called to confer with Miss Day respecting her return home, and great was the old man's astonishment when my uncle informed him that she had concluded to pass the winter at his house.

“ But she can never foot it three miles to school, lawyer Dunham.”

“ She has concluded to give it up, and take only Wealthy and me for her pupils.”

My uncle enjoyed, for a few minutes, the look of blank astonishment which settled down on the old man's weather-beaten visage.

At last he explained the true state of affairs, and when the farmer came to understand it, his face brightened up wonderfully, and he shook hands warmly with my uncle and Miss Day, and wished them “ much joy ” in a voice hoarse with emotion ; and he went out of the house muttering to himself, “ Wont mother be dumb-founded when I tell her ! ”

It was the time of the singing of birds and the glory of apple-blossoms.

My aunt, Janet Dunham, sat in the bay window, with the soft winds stirring her brown hair. To what shall I liken her that is fair, and lovely, and of good report ? She was like a fair lily set full of beauty and fragrance, in the currents of my uncle's life, or like a sweet chime of bells waving back and forth melodies in the air about him.

His head was in her lap, and her soft hand was lying, a still caress, in his hair, while he read alternately the book which he held, and the face above him. I sat still and watched them for a little while.

At last I spoke : “ Uncle, do you remember what you said to me so long ago, that it was just like a woman to be selfish and ambitious, and sell a true heart for gold ? Do you think so now ? ”

“ What a memory that child has, Janet ! ” Then he called me to him, and drawing his arm around my waist, said very earnestly : “ If I think it is like a good many women to

be and do this, Wealthy, I think, also, with Luther, because I know ‘ that the sweetest thing this side of Heaven is the heart of a Christian woman ! ’ ”

From The Englishwoman's Journal.

## LA SCEUR ROSALIE.\*

In the month of October, 1855, an aged woman, who had spent all the years of a long life in works of charity, was called away to her rest, amidst the lamentations of Paris. To attend her coffin came the clergy of her parish church, with numerous other ecclesiastics, and a stream of young girls who had been educated and trained by her. Around it walked the sisters of her order, and behind it followed the public officials of the quarter of Paris in which she had lived. After the procession walked an immense multitude such as could be neither counted nor described; every rank, age, and profession was there; great and small, rich and poor, learned men and laborers, the most famous and the most obscure. Political parties, in the most unruly city in the world, hushed their dissensions as they walked towards the grave. Instead of going straight toward the church, the body was borne through the streets where she had been accustomed to visit, and the women and children who could not walk in the great procession fell on their knees and prayed.

Jeanne Maria Rendu, afterwards known as Sister Rosalie, was born on the 8th of September, 1787, just before the terrible years of the French revolution. It was a tranquil, though a sorely discontented, France upon which her infant eyes opened, but she was destined to see that mediæval framework of society shivered to atoms, and to know intimately many of the successive actors on the political stage.

Her family belonged to the class of respectable burghers, and she was brought up by her widowed mother. Among the deep valleys of the Jura, and surrounded by the simple and pious people who knew nothing as yet of the flood of new ideas which were destined to arouse, and for a time to desolate France, little Jeanne grew up to the age of five years, a pretty, clever, and very mischievous child, endeavoring, according to her own whimsical assertion, to commit as many naughtinesses as possible, in order to exhaust the list of faults and be quite good when she grew up. Then came the Reign of Terror, and even the Pays de Gex could not escape from the effects of those dread decrees of the Convention of 1793, which proscribed the priests and denounced the aristocrats, and forbade man or woman to succor the outlaws under pain of death. Atheism ruled in the capital, and to perform Divine service in the manner appointed by the church was a capital offence, both for priest and congregation. Madame Rendu, her family, her servants, and her neighbors, undaunted by these threats, continued to receive the proscribed min-

isters of religion, and to afford them facilities for celebrating Divine worship; and little Jeanne, who had been trained by her mother in habits of the strictest truth, was exceedingly discomposed by the amount of necessary concealment.

The arrival of a new man-servant, whom everybody appeared to treat with unaccountable respect, gave the honest child a sense of some doubtful mystery; and in "*une petite discussion*," with Madame Rendu, she exclaimed, "Take care, I will tell that Peter isn't Peter!" It was the Bishop of Annecy! Such a revelation from the innocent lips of this *enfant terrible* would have cost the lives of the bishop and of his protectors, and they were obliged to tell her all that hung upon her silence; a fatal lesson which Jeanne was not slow to comprehend, when some few days afterwards her own cousin, the Mayor of Annecy, was shot in the public square, for having tried to save the church from spoliation. When La Sœur Rosalie, in latter years, recalled these frightful events, she trembled and thanked God, who had preserved her from the terrible grief of having caused such a crime, even by a childish and involuntary indiscretion. When at length the Reign of Terror ended and France drew breath once more, Jeanne's mother sent her to complete her education in a school kept at Gex, by Ursuline nuns. This order founded in 1537, by Angela da Brescia, and named after the British St. Ursula. The vivacious child had sobered down into a sensitive and deeply pious young girl, and so strong appeared to be her bias towards a religious life, that the Ursulines thought of her rather in the light of a novice than of a scholar. But Jeanne was not inclined to the life of the cloister; it was foreign to her nature. She wanted to be busy in active charity; she loved and admired her teachers, but when she left the church she felt an impulse to go straight to an hospital; and when she prayed she wanted to supplement her prayer by some work of mercy. She did not feel it enough to wait for Lazarus at the door of a convent; she wanted to go forth and seek him, to give him shelter, to warm his cold limbs, and comfort his sad heart. The wish, in short, to be a Sister of Charity grew up in her soul, and a visit which she paid with her mother to the superior who had charge of the hospital at Gex, gave it additional strength. She got leave from her mother to pass some time among the patients, helping the superior, and serving an apprenticeship in devotedness.

It came to pass that one of her friends, fifteen years older than herself, had come to the resolution of entering the Sisterhood of Vincent de Paul, an order wholly devoted to works of benevolence, and which Napoleon, then First Consul, had recently re-established in France. When Jeanne heard this she poured out her heart to her friend, told her desires, hopes, and prayers,

\* This memoir is abridged by a Protestant writer for Protestant readers, from a book entitled "*Vie de la Sœur Rosalie.*" Librairie de Mds. Ve. Poussielgue-Rusaud, Rue St. Sulpice, 23, Paris.

nd how she had prayed God to accept her for the service of the sick, and implored Mademoiselle acquinot to take her with her. The woman of thirty objected to the youth and inexperience of the girl of fifteen ; told her to wait, to give herself more time for reflection, and assured her that her mother would not consent. Then Jeanne went to Madame Rendu, and knelt at her feet imploring her leave. Madame Rendu was afraid of a hasty project ; she dreaded her child mistaking her vocation ; but she had two other daughters, and, herself a devout Catholic, she saw nothing unnatural in Jeanne's determination, provided it was well grounded and likely to be followed by no repentance. Finally, she gave her a letter to an ecclesiastic in Paris, sure that he would test Jeanne and send her back if it were best, and allowed her daughter to leave with Mademoiselle Jacquinot. The young girl grieved bitterly at leaving her mother, for it was characteristic of her whole life that her religious devotion never weakened her human affections ; but, amidst the thousand distractions of a busy and useful life, she lost any dear friend by death or separation, she seemed to suffer as much as those who waste their lives in passive loving. One part of this remarkable woman's character did not overbalance the other, and she found peace in her large heart for the tender fondness of individual ties, beside the sublime charity by which the world learned to know her, both ruled and vivified by the supreme love of a Christian towards her God.

It remains on record that the journey, a serious undertaking nearly sixty years ago, was apid, without incident, and that the two friends reached Paris on the 25th of May, 1802 ; when, binking little or nothing of the wonders of the capital, they went straight to the Rue du Vieux-Joumber, and knocked at the door of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul.

In order, as Protestants, clearly to understand the sort of life to which Jeanne Rendu had devoted herself, we must consider the peculiar circumstances of the foundation and development of this order of nuns in the Catholic church. Among the great men, authors, statesmen, and divines, who in the seventeenth century made the name of France peculiarly glorious among the nations, foremost in popular affection stands St. Vincent de Paul. His whole life was a series of beneficent acts : the orphan, the sick, the aged ; provinces decimated by war, famine, and pest ; the far shores of Algiers, where he was carried as a slave and where he ministered incessantly to slaves more wretched than he ; the galleys where criminals worked, and the scaffold on which they died ;—all shared his presence, and the healing power of his charity. The mark of his powerful hand is seen on everyious work inaugurated during his lifetime ; and influence breathes in each emanation of

Christian love. But his great legacy to the poor and suffering was the order of sisters who bear his name ; whom we indifferently call "Sisters of Charity," or "Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul." In these he united, in one person, the piety of the servant of God, the experience of a physician, the watchfulness of a nurse, the enlightened patience of a teacher, and the devoted aid of a servant. Hitherto, the miseries of the poor had been allotted for alleviation to the different members of Christian congregations ; he created a society to whom he confided human griefs as a special portion and a peculiar field. To find fit instruments for offices which would in many cases seem beyond the endurance of human nerves, the founder did not go about to seek those rare natures whose spiritual life transmutes every emotion ; nor did he impose any of those spiritual exercises by which the Catholic church endeavors to train some of her flock to lives of entire abnegation, and withdraw them wholly from human influences into the divine life.

But St. Vincent de Paul called into his community simple souls, who, loving good and fearing evil, felt a yearning to devote themselves to the welfare of their fellow-creatures. Had they remained in their families they would have been good honest Christians, only distinguished above other women by rather more benevolence, self-abnegation, and piety. In the life of the community they still remain in daily contact with the world, from which they are only separated by an engagement, very short and very light, since it is only binding from year to year. But while thus mingling intimately with the world, they yet live in the continual presence of that God whom they serve in the person of the poor. The other orders of the Roman Catholic church, even when devoted to charitable works, had deemed it impossible to preserve their pristine fervor without attempting to secure it amidst the seclusion of the cloister and by the aid of perpetual vows. Even St. Francois de Sales was afraid, and changed the plan of life which he had at first laid down for his "Filles de la Visitation."\* But St. Vincent gave to his sisters, as he himself said, for a monastery the house of the sick, for a cell a humble room, for a cloister the streets of the town ; instead of a grating he placed before them the fear of God, and clothed them with the veil of a holy modesty. And the God whom he trusted proved that he judged rightly. After the lapse of two hundred years the community which he founded is more flourishing than ever, and its action extends to the furthest part of the world. Wherever Sisters of Charity show themselves, orphans find a mother, the poor a sister, soldiers a consoler upon the field of battle, the sick and the aged a succor upon the bed of death. France confides to their care her schools,

\* "Daughters of the Visitation."

her hospitals, and her asylums : other Catholic nations have gratefully borrowed the institution, and Lutheran Prussia has organized an order of Protestant Deaconesses to supply their place. Even the Mussulman learns to tolerate their presence ; in the steep and narrow streets of Algiers the writer has often seen the blue gown and white cap of the sisters disappearing under the tunnelled passages of that intricate and extraordinary town. They have charge of the Civil Hospital, where the poor colonists, struck down by the malaria of those fatal plains, so long gone out of cultivation, are brought to die. Within sight of the hospital is an immense Orphanage, where destitute orphans and foundlings, chiefly of Arab parentage (but comprising numerous other races), are reared by the same order. The sight of Christian women living in an open community, and devoted to works of practical charity, is one calculated to impress Mohanetans with profound amazement ; and its daily repetition, year after year, must necessarily affect their prejudices in regard to the position of the female sex more than a thousand written or spoken arguments. It is the drop of water perpetually falling on a stone. We do not say that there are not two sides to this question, even in Algiers. Between the medical men and the Sisters there appears to be a smouldering division,—feud is too strong a word,—the rights of which it is exceedingly difficult for a Protestant looker-on to decide. Nevertheless, a great work is actually being accomplished before the eyes of an immense mixed population, such as the African shores have never witnessed since the tide of barbarism swept away the foundations of the early church, and made Carthage and Hippo a desolate region, when the Koran drove out the Bible, and the Christian name was known no more. To colonize and to Christianize the waste places of the Algerine dependencies is the great work of the French nation, its moral excuse for the cruel scenes of the African war. Tunis and Morocco must inevitably follow sooner or later in the same track, and submit to French power ; wherever the arms of France conquer, there follow the Sisters of Charity.

But we must leave the general history of the order, and return to our little Jeanne Rendu, and the times in which she commenced her noble and beautiful career. During the worst years of the French revolution the communities had been of course disbanded ; but the members kept up their individual ministrations one by one, wearing the ordinary dress of women, and shielded in numerous instances against the law by the gratitude of those whom they nursed and assisted. Sometimes they even succeeded by their concealed influence in saving victims from the guillotine ; and when the storm abated, and they could once more re-assemble in their own houses, many were the stories of peril passed, and of

heroic deeds accomplished, which they brought to the common hearth. The *Maison Mere*\* re established its discipline and its labors ; received its novices to train them in lives of active religious exertion, and welcomed with open arms the two friends come as “apprentices to charity” from the extremity of France.

(To be continued.)

## LEND ME FIVE POUNDS!

Walter, Clarence

*Ballou's Dollar Monthly Magazine (1855-1862); Jun 1860; 11, 6; American Periodicals*  
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his parishioners; and his only uncanonical habit and delight—if, indeed, it may truly be termed uncanonical—was, that he still adhered to his college liking for a glass of generous wine, taken in moderation, and was never happier than when, as he was in the habit of doing once or twice a week, he was enjoying his wine and his long clay pipe (he was above the snobbishness of cigars) with the lord of the manor, the squire, the village doctor, and occasionally a neighboring clergyman, together with his own curate, who—to do the worthy rector justice—was always invited on these innocent festive occasions.

I knew the Reverend Charles Markham when I was a boy, and seldom failed to spend a few days at the rectory on the occasions of my return—at periods long distant—from my sea voyages. I recollect it was always a matter of wonder with those who had known Charles Markham in youth and early manhood, by what means he, possessed of no family influence and no superabundance of money and no extraordinary talents, came to be inducted into a living which many a wealthy country gentleman, or even many a titled personage, would have been glad to have secured for a younger son.

To be sure, Charles Markham had been at Harrow—one of those great public schools at which, generally speaking, the sons of the nobility and gentry only can obtain admittance, on account of the expenses attending a boy's education there—and he had subsequently taken the degree of A. M. at Oxford; but it was known that he had been at Harrow, as it were, on suffrage, and that some time before he quitted Oxford to accept a small curacy of fifty pounds a year, he had become very poor.

The father of Charles Markham had made a moderate competency in the hosiery business, and retiring, had been seized with the mania of making his only son a gentleman. Though it cost him nearly half his income annually, he resolved to send the boy to Harrow, and to afford him such an allowance of pocket money as should place him, in that respect, on a par with the sons of the wealthiest; and though the lad's humble birth was somewhat against him in that assemblage of high-born youths, his spirit and good temper, together with his generous expenditure of money, and his readiness to oblige those of his school-fellows who, if his superiors in station, were his inferiors in wealth, had made him a favorite. The like generosity on the part of his father enabled young Markham to pass through his first three years at Oxford with *éclat*, amongst the aristocratic young men there assembled; but at the end of the third year, old

[ORIGINAL.]

## LEND ME FIVE POUNDS!

BY WALTER CLARENCE.

THE Rector of Chirley in N—shire, England, was one of those fortunate individuals who, being blessed with moderate desires and ambitions, was the happy possessor of everything that could render life agreeable. He was not past middle age; he possessed a handsome, portly person, a pleasant set of features, a beautiful and amiable wife whom he dearly loved, and by whom he was loved dearly in return, two lovely children—a son and a daughter—and a good living of fifteen hundred pounds a year in a delightfully romantic part of the country, of which no one, not even the bishop of his diocese, could deprive him, so long as his conduct did not do outrage to his sacred calling—a thing not very likely to occur with a man of the Reverend Charles Markham's character and temperament. For, though he was remembered by his classmates to have been a wild lad at "Harrow," and was spoken of by his fellow-colleagues as having been by no means remarkable for his hard reading at Balliol College, Oxford University, and as having been fonder of his dog and his gun than of the duties pertaining to the midnight lamp, he was now regarded with esteem and reverence by

Mr. Markham lost nearly the whole of his property through some unfortunate speculation, and dying with old age and grief, left his son, with no rich uncle or aunt to look to for assistance, to fight his way through the world as best he could.

Of course the son of the hosier was cut by his aristocratic companions, as soon as it was discovered that he no longer had *the means to compete* with them in their extravagant expenditure; but Charles Markham, instead of foolishly taking *this sad reverse of fortune to heart*, united himself with the graver and, generally, humbler class of reading men, and set himself to work to fit himself for a college "fellowship," or, that failing, a humble curacy.

With what many persons called foolish precipitancy, the young man very soon rendered himself ineligible for a "fellowship" by falling in love with, and marrying the pretty daughter of a farmer in the vicinity of Oxford; and as after taking to himself a wife, it was absolutely necessary to do something to maintain her, he was very thankful, shortly after, to accept the curacy *already alluded to*, which was offered him by the father of a young man who had still regarded him with some degree of friendship, when the rest of his college chums had forsaken him.

To the curacy the now Reverend Charles Markham retired with his pretty young wife; and all who knew him supposed that he would remain a plain curate for the rest of his days. Consequently everybody was taken by surprise when, some five years after, the announcement was made in the clerical record that the Reverend Charles Markham, late curate of *St. Mary's in Chelsea*, near London, had been presented with the rich incumbency of *Chirley, N—shire*, the income attached to which amounted to fifteen hundred pounds per annum!

On the occasion of one of my visits, by some chance the conversation, one evening when the squire and the lord of the manor and other of the reverend gentleman's friends were present, turned upon the chances which sometimes lead to fortune, and a gentleman present remarked that oftentimes that which at one time appeared to be the very bane of a man's existence, turned out to be a stepping-stone to fortune.

Mr. Markham had listened to the conversation without taking part in it. Presently, however, he laid down his pipe, and giving a preliminary "ahem!" thus commenced:

"Gentlemen, I know that it has been a subject of wonder to many of those whom I now esteem as my friends, how I, the son of a tradesman, without family influence—and through the unfortunate failure and decease of my poor

father, in the later years of my youth left without money—came into the possession of a living which I know the Earl of M—, whose estate lies in the adjoining parish, had expressed himself desirous of securing for one of his own younger sons. I have hitherto never mentioned the circumstances which led to my advancement to any one beyond the members of my own family; I will, however, now relate them to you, and you shall judge for yourselves how much or how little I am indebted to chance or fortune for my extraordinary success—for I acknowledge that I desire no loftier position than that I now hold, nor no greater share of this world's goods. Thousands whose prospects were far superior to mine, would be glad to be as I am to-day. But before I begin, gentlemen, fill your glasses! This claret wine you will find excellent. It is a present from the earl, and is of a rare vintage."

The glasses and in some instances the pipes were re-filled, and the Reverend Charles Markham thus continued:

"At the time of my father's decease, I was on the point of marrying my present wife. My father's death caused a postponement, and, as many thought, rendered it very improbable that I should marry for years to come, since, as many of you are aware, I was left almost without a penny in the world; but Susan and I loved each other, and a kind friend having offered to procure me a curacy of fifty pounds a year, near London, I eagerly accepted the offer and married—as everybody said, foolishly. However, at the end of a year, my wife's father died, leaving her a small property which, having been invested in the three and a half per cent. consols, brought us the very comfortable addition of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. We thought ourselves rich; and, happy in each other's society, were content to pass through life without burthening ourselves with ambitious desires for that which seemed to us unattainable. But Providence always sends some trouble to vex us, in order that we may not become too much wrapped up in ourselves, to the injury of our spiritual welfare.

"When I was a boy, I recollect that an old gentleman, who was always attired in a snuff-colored coat of antique cut, knee breeches of the same color, and worsted stockings, who wore buckles on his shoes, and an old three-cornered cocked hat set upon a rusty scratch wig, was a frequent and I fancy not a very welcome visitor at my father's house. He was an odd-looking little man, with a sharp, pinched-up face, and he appeared to make the same suit of threanbare though decent clothing last him forever, for his

clothes never looked better nor worse. I have a faint recollection that he was perpetually wanting to borrow money in small sums, and that he usually succeeded, much against my father's will, in obtaining what he wanted, or at least in obtaining *some* money, for which he was particular in writing out formal acknowledgments, the which, as soon as his back was turned, my father with a smile, half of vexation, half of pity, used to tear to pieces and throw into the fire. He always patted my head, said I was a fine lad, and would be sure to get on in the world, and asked me many questions relative to my studies. Who or what he was, or how old he was, I did not know; but if I recollect right, he professed to have known my father when he was a boy. So he must have been pretty well advanced in years, for my father was not a young man when he married my mother.

"After I went to Oxford, I saw no more of the old gentleman, and had almost forgotten his existence, when one day, soon after my wife had received her father's legacy, our maid-of-all-work entered my study, as I sat writing and compiling the three sermons I had to preach the next day (for my rector, who enjoyed a living of seven hundred pounds per annum, made me do all the work for fifty pounds), and informed me that a gentleman wished to see me.

"Show him in, Hannah!" said I, thinking that it was the church-warden, who was accustomed to call on parish business occasionally.

"In a few moments who should enter, to my great astonishment, but the identical old gentleman of my boyhood's recollection, clad, as it appeared to me, in the self-same threadbare snuff-colored garments and three-cornered cocked hat, knee-smalls, shoe-buckles, scratch-wig and all, that he had been wont to wear, and appearing to me not a day older than he had appeared at least twelve years before! To my great astonishment, did I say? to my amazement! His appearance confounded me—shocked me! Had it been midnight, I should have thought that he had stepped forth from the grave, where I believed he had long ago been laid; but there he stood, palpably, materially, *in propria personae*, before me—a living man, with now every well-remembered wrinkle just as I had seen them in my father's house.

"I rose from my chair, but was for some moments too confused to speak. He was the first to break the silence.

"My dear sir," said he, advancing and seizing me by a button of my dressing-gown, "this is indeed a pleasure, a happiness long eagerly sought for, until I almost despaired of its accom-

plishment; but"—and he drew back and surveyed me from head to foot with an expression of amazement—"how you *have* grown! Why, I recollect you when you was no higher than the table; ay, and I recollect your poor dear respected father, too, when he was not more than so high!" holding his hand some four feet from the floor. "Ah," he continued, with a sigh, "what a wonderful thing is memory! A kind gentleman was your father—my late respected friend. He did me many kindnesses. I shall always remember him in my prayers—yes, in my prayers—and, God bless me!" holding me at arm's length, "how much you resemble him! You are just like what he was at your age—only, perhaps, not quite so handsome a man! You will excuse me for saying that, I know. Ah, Mr. Markham, my old and respected friend, was a fine man—but people sadly degenerate—yes, sadly! Still you *do* put me in mind of your dear father."

"By this time I had sufficiently recovered from the shock his sudden appearance had given me, to speak. Of course I expressed my pleasure at seeing him, said I perfectly recollected him, and begged him to be seated. At the same time, I intimated that I had forgotten his name. I don't know that I had ever heard it.

""Warlock!" said the old gentleman; "Joshua Warlock. Dear me! can it be possible that you have forgotten the name of your late father's best friend, who knew him when he was a boy only so?"

"I put a stop to the repetition that I foresaw was coming, by pretending that I now recollected the name perfectly well.

""Ah, I knew you would!" he said. "I knew you couldn't have forgotten old Joshua, as your respected parent was wont jocularly to call me. Yes, he was fond of a joke—very fond—was my dear old friend Markham. You must often have heard him speak of my large property in the North and in the West Indies?"

"A sudden thought crossed my mind.

""Ah, yes!" said I. "That accounts for your long absence. You have been in the West Indies since my father's death?"

""O, no—never was there in my life! The property I speak of belonged to my great grandfather, Warburton Warlock! It was given to him by the premier of the First George as an acknowledgment of some great political service rendered to the government. He might have been Sir Warburton Warlock, baronet; but he preferred a grant in the island of Jamaica, and a large grant of money with which he purchased the estate in N——shire."

"I congratulate you, Mr. Warlock," said I, with some surprise. "I was not aware that you were so wealthy a man. You see me a poor curate."

"Yes," he rejoined; "but if I have not been misinformed, your amiable wife has succeeded to a property of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. That, with the profits of your curacy, amounts to two hundred pounds per annum—quite a respectable income!"

"Enough," I replied, "to maintain us, with care and economy; but a mere nothing to a gentleman who possesses an estate in the North of England, and large West India property."

"Just like your father!" said the old gentleman. "He was very fond of a joke, as I have said. You are pleased to be facetious. Ah, a very facetious gentleman was my dear friend, Mr. Markham! He often jested me upon my West India property."

"A jest, Mr. Warlock," said I, "that you I presume was very willing to take, though it was scarcely civil from a simple tradesman like my father."

"Your father was a kind-hearted man, who had a salve for all his jests," continued the old gentleman. "He knew, and felt for my poverty."

"Your poverty, with the property you have alluded to?" I cried, in some surprise at this remark.

"To tell the truth I began to think the old man was a little touched in the brain."

"Can it be possible," he resumed, "that you have forgotten the case of Warlock vs. Burbage? My dear young man, the property has been in dispute since my great-grandfather's death. In chancery—O, that tiresome chancery! But I have hopes—yes—I have hopes. It is not, it has not been forgotten. It comes up from time to time. No less than nine lord chancellors have at various periods during the last century given their special attention to it, and I have every reason to believe that the suit will terminate shortly in my favor. Every reason! The Tomkinsses and the Boraxes, and the Ewbanks, who profess to be the descendants of the defunct Burbages, will eventually be floored; yes, my dear young man, floored! I say it emphatically, floored!" and he struck his shrivelled fist a heavy blow upon the table, "and I shall regain possession of my great grandfather's immense wealth."

"It was half an hour past my dinner hour. Hannah had been once to inform me that dinner was ready, and twice my wife had gently opened my study door, and made me a private signal.

I had alluded to it—said that I was deeply engaged upon my sermons, and had looked repeatedly at my watch. Still the old gentleman would not take the hint, and as an old friend of my father's, and one whom I had known in boyhood, I could not avoid, at length, asking him to take dinner with us, or lose all chance of getting any myself. Still, I knew that it was Saturday, and in our economical household, we could not afford a fresh joint every day. On Saturdays, especially, we had always a makeshift dinner, made up of the cold meat of the day or two previous, hashed or stewed, and I knew that my wife would not like the presence of a stranger on such an occasion.

However, I had no help for it, and the old gentleman consented with joyful alacrity. Poor old fellow, I believe he had called with that object in view.

"As I suspected, my wife was ill pleased. She frowned, and spoke to me in a sharp whisper. It was the first, and almost the last time that ever we had a difference; but if I had had any idea of claiming the Dunmow fletch of bacon, certain it is that old Joshua Warlock would that day have put a bar to my obtaining it.

"He lingered long after dinner, and, at length, when I was almost compelled to hint to him that it was time that he should take his departure, he called me aside, saying that he had a word for my private ear. I recollect what I had seen at my father's house, and guessed what was coming. However, I reconducted him to my study. He led me aside, behind the curtain, and stood on tiptoe as he whispered in my ear:

"Could you—could you—lend me a five pound note—till—till—the case is settled? I will be sure to repay it—with—with all the little sums—of which I have kept, I assure you, a most correct account—that at different times I have borrowed from your late lamented father."

"Really, Mr. Warlock," said I, "I cannot. With my small income it is impossible."

"Ah, my dear Mr. Markham," cried he, with a comical whine, "that is not what your respected father would have said. He would not have refused me."

"My father, Mr. Warlock," I rejoined, "was better acquainted with you than I am; besides he, at the time you speak of, was a comparatively wealthy man."

"All I could say, however, was of no use; beside, I really pitied the poor old fellow, and at last, for old acquaintance sake, I let him have the five pounds he asked of me."

"He insisted upon writing an acknowledgment in an expressly legal form. I could not

help smiling, when I bethought me of the acknowledgments he used to write for my father, and the disposal he made of them. In this respect, when the old gentleman had at length taken his departure, I followed my father's example, and threw the acknowledgment into the fire, after which I returned to my studies, not a little put out at the idea of having been so foolishly wheedled out of my money.

"From that day I was continually bored with the old gentleman's presence, and as continually he asked for the loan of money, sometimes coming down in his demands to a few shillings, but always managing to obtain some trifling loan, for which he always insisted in writing his acknowledgment.

"If I told my servant to say I was busy, he would wait till I was at leisure. If out, till I returned. See me he would, if he had to wait for hours. When disappointed of seeing me in the house, he would come to the church on Sunday and seat himself right under the pulpit, often on the pulpit stairs, ready to waylay me when I came down, before the whole congregation, and seriously discomposing me while preaching or reading prayers, for I knew what was coming; besides, I began to fear that my congregation would suspect that he was a baillif, dunning me for some debt I owed. I often saw them whispering in each others' ears when he made his appearance in the church.

"He never but once again asked for so large a sum as five pounds; but the money he obtained, in sovereigns and crowns, and half crowns, and even shillings, must have amounted to a very considerable sum. How much I knew not, for I never kept an account, nor his acknowledgments.

"He would bore me all sorts of ways, always introducing his subject with his acquaintanceship with me when a boy, and with my father, when he was so high; and then he would ask me to listen to a long rigmarole respecting the suit in chancery, leaving all manner of musty, yellow, closely-written parchments for my perusal, to amuse me in my leisure hours, forsooth!

"The second occasion on which he asked for the loan of five pounds came about as follows: He had been absent a whole month. God forgive me! I hoped I had lost sight of him forever. I thought he was dead. It was Saturday, his usual day of calling. I heard the door-bell ring, something told me it was my 'bore,' my 'Monsieur Tonson' come again, and it was he. I heard the girl hastening to announce him, but he outstripped her, and without even knocking, entered the study.

"How do you do, my dear sir? How do

you do?" he exclaimed. Evidently he was unusually excited. "But I need not ask," he continued, "for you look charmingly; so like your respected father. I declare, you are growing stout. Your father was inclined to corpulency. Poor soul, he was a good creature—so generous, so free, so kind!"

"Perhaps, Mr. Warlock," I interposed, "he was too generous for his own good."

"Ah, he was indeed, as you say, too generous, too liberal. Forgive this tear to his memory. Ah, my dear sir, you grow strangely like him; you do, indeed."

"Well, well, Mr. Warlock," said I, somewhat sharply—I knew what all this preceded.

"Just what your dear father would say, sometimes. You have just his assumed irritability—merely assumed to cover his generous actions; but I know what you mean. You are hurried, and you wish me to proceed to business?"

"Really, Mr. Warlock, I have no time—"

"Not five minutes, my good friend, I will not detain you five minutes. I'll sit here. Thank you. No nearer the fire. O, no, not a foot."

"Mr. Warlock," said I, out of all patience, "you see that I am busy, and I have an appointment—"

"Pray pardon me, not a word, make no excuses. You have heard me speak of the chancery suit?"

"Heaven knows I had, too often! He continued:

"Dear me, how like your frown of impatience is to your late father's! Well, Ewbank is at it again; but at the next session he is sure to be floored—I could see it in the lord chancellor's countenance. There is a petition on the part of the infant Jowler, the third and only surviving child of Ewbank's elder brother; but he is a lunatic, and so was his father, and Nancy Higgins, who was Ewbank's nurse before old Jowler—"

"Good Heavens, Mr. Warlock," I exclaimed, "you will drive me mad."

"He did not heed me, and proceeded:

"Before old Jowler cut his throat—Now if this is refused, as it assuredly will be, I shall immediately come into—"

"Mr. Warlock, I really cannot at the present moment—"

"Of course not, until you have read the petition. I have a duplicate. It covers ten sheets of parchment crossed. I will read it to you, and then the analogy will be quite clear—"

"I didn't mean—"

"Certainly not; you would not be so pre-

cipitate, I know; but besides the petition, I have a letter in the handwriting of the testator dated in the third year of the reign of George the Second, which—

“‘Gracious, I shall go mad!’

“‘Rather I shall, with delight; but I know your kind sympathy. Now listen—’

“‘Mr. Warlock, I must insist, I cannot hear it now.’

“‘Well, if you think it will overcome you I will leave it, and you shall peruse it at your leisure. You will find it exceedingly interesting. When shall I call for it? Monday? No, not Monday; that will hardly give you time. Say Tuesday, at twelve o’clock? Good. On Tuesday, at twelve I will call.’

“‘Very well,’ said I, glad to get quit of him any way, and inwardly resolving that he should never be admitted into my house again.

“He laid the petition and the letter upon the table, and resumed his old battered hat.

“‘Good morning, Mr. Warlock. Forever,’ I muttered to myself.

“‘One moment, my dear friend. You will pardon me, I know you will; but on this pressing occasion—I hope the last time—may I venture to ask—I’ll write an acknowledgment—for the loan of five pounds?’

“‘No,’ I said, sternly.

“‘No,’ he repeated, mildly. ‘Ah, your good father would not have refused me. He was indeed a friend. I knew him when he was so high.’

“‘Mr. Warlock, I cannot, I will not—’

“‘Two pounds ten, then. Let me write two pounds ten? No! Ah, the world is not what it used to be. There is less kindness, less generosity. One pound ten? You will not refuse me, for the sake of the past? Say a sovereign. You will not? Ten shillings, then. Yes? Thank you, you are very kind. God bless you, my dear sir. How like your father—so open-hearted, so generous and liberal! Read the documents. On Tuesday at twelve o’clock, I will return for them. God bless you!’

“He was gone. I rang the bell. The servant appeared.

“‘Hannah,’ said I, ‘when Mr. Warlock calls for these papers, hand them to him; but on no account admit him. Shut the door in his face—slam it. Mind, if he gets into the house again, you lose your place immediately.’

“Hannah promised to keep him out if I said so. She always thought him a beggar, and hated the sight of him.

“He came on the Tuesday, punctual to his appointment. I heard the altercation at the door,

and laughed in my sleeve. Hannah was talking to him through the keyhole, afraid to open the door, and at last she handed the papers through the window. He begged very hard to see me, but Hannah was firm, and at last he went away.

“After that he came repeatedly; but the door was never opened to him, and I gave directions to the doorkeeper not to admit him to the church, saying that he was a lunatic, and that I feared he would create annoyance. I heard that he often came to the church door, but went away weekly on being requested so to do, expressing his regret.

“Once he kept me prisoner for hours by taking his seat on the steps of my house, and I was thinking of sending for a constable to carry him away; but my heart smote me, and at length he left of his own accord.

“It seemed now as if I had wearied him out. Two months elapsed, and he was not seen or heard of. He was, I thought, dead, or in the lunatic asylum, or had gone to some distant part of the city. I blessed my stars that, at last, I had got quit of him.

“Alas, I had reckoned without my host. One day business called me to the west end of the metropolis. I was walking along Bond Street, when I heard my name called in his cracked but well-known voice. Without glancing toward him, I hailed an omnibus, sprang in, and the driver drove on. Unfortunately, omnibuses make frequent stops for passengers. The driver waited a long time for some ladies, at the corner of a street, and after the ladies, in stepped my persecutor. I was near the door. He did not see me; but passed to the far end, where alone there was a seat. I observed that he wore the same old-fashioned suit; but somewhat cleaner and fresher. He had had his clothing renovated. Presently he saw me, nodded, and began to make his way toward me.

“‘Stop! I shouted to the driver.

“I got out and called a cab, into which I hastened.

“‘Where to, sir?’ asked the driver.

“‘Anywhere—as far as you can go,’ I replied.

“The man stared, but said nothing, and drove on. Presently I heard the sound of wheels behind, and the voice of some one shouting, ‘Stop, stop! I peeped out of the window, and saw a cab following at a rapid rate, the driver shouting, and the old gentleman adding his own cracked shouts, and gesticulating with his arms for my cab to stop.

“‘Driver!’ I said, in the calm tones of despair, ‘I must avoid that madman. Drive on rapidly

till you distance the other cab, then when they cannot perceive you, put me down, and I will treble your fare.'

"In ten minutes I was set down in the Hay-market. A coffee house was close by, and I slunk into it like a thief. I took a paper in my hands, but had not read a line, when to my horror, in walked Mr. Warlock. There was now no retreat; I braced myself up for the meeting.

"The old gentleman advanced, smilingly as ever. I now perceived that his clothes, though cut after the old fashion, were new!

"So glad, so very glad to see you,' he commenced. 'Have tried every means; was determined to do the business at last. My dear friend—how like your father you are at this moment, sitting there with the newspaper before you, just cocking your eye over the top—I owe your father and you a thousand, thousand thanks; and more, I owe you, as my dear old friend's representative, all the money I have borrowed from him on various occasions, as well as from yourself—always giving my acknowledgments. There, there it is, all right, with the interest at five per cent. added. I have had it in my pocket since the day I called for the documents I left with you. Couldn't get to see you. Sent it once in a letter, the letter was returned to me. You will see that it is all correct. I won't stay to count it now. I have gained the suit, as I told you I should, and more than that I am now Sir Joshua Warlock, of Warlock Castle, N—shire, baronet. God bless you! You will hear from me again.'

"Before I recovered from the stupor his appearance and words had occasioned, he was gone. I should have thought that I was dreaming, but there lay the money—a heap of notes, gold, silver and copper, before me—palpably before me. I at length recovered my senses sufficiently to count the money. It amounted to £700, 16s., 4 1-2d.! With it was a general statement of all the moneys borrowed from my father and myself, at dates extending over thirty years, with the interest added; and I, for months had been hiding myself, and refusing to see the man who wanted to pay me all this money!

"I returned home, astonished, confounded, yet delighted. The money was a godsend. So thought I, so said my wife.

"A few weeks afterwards I received a letter; it was from Sir Joshua Warlock, and in it he informed me that he had great pleasure in presenting me with the living of Chirley—worth £1500 per annum—as a slight token of his regard for my late father and for myself! He furthermore stated that he was on the point of sailing for

Jamaica to visit his estates on that island, and that he expected to remain abroad two years; but he hoped to see me on his return to England.

"Poor old man! he never returned. He died in Jamaica a year afterward, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, and the title and estates passed into the family of the Earl of —, to whom he was distantly related; but the living once presented could not be taken from me, and I have since held possession of it, and expect to hold it till the day of my death.

"Thus, gentlemen," said the reverend gentleman, in conclusion, "that which at one time was the bane of my existence, the destruction of my peace of mind, proved eventually to be the cause of my singular prosperity."